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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. XCV.

PUBLISHED IN

JUNE & SEPTEMBER, 1854.

L O N D O N :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET,

1854.

C O N T E N T S

OF

No. CLXXXIX.

ART.	Page
I.—The House of Commons. By Charles R. Dod, Esq. 1832–53 - - - - -	1
II.—History of Latin Christianity; including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicolas V. By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. Vols. I., II., III.	38
III.—Dramatic Register for 1853. 12mo. - - - - -	71
IV.—1. A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and My- thology. Edited by W. Smith, LL.D. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1844—1851.	
2. A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. By the same. 2nd edit. 1 vol. 8vo. London. 1851.	
3. A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography. By the same. Vol. I. 8vo. London. 1854.	
4. A Smaller Dictionary of Antiquities, Selected and Abridged from the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. 2nd edit. By the same. London.	
5. A new Classical Dictionary of Ancient Biography, Mythology, and Geography. By the same. 2nd edit. 1 vol. 8vo. London.	
6. A smaller Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, Mythology, and Geography; abridged from the larger work. By the same. 2nd edit. 1 vol. post 8vo. London. 1854.	
7. Real-Encyclopädie der Classischen Alterthumswissen- schaft; herausgegeben von August Pauly. 7 vols. 8vo. Stuttgart, 1839—1852 - - - - -	89
V.—1. Télégraphe Electrique: Documents relatifs à l'Eta- blissement de Lignes Télégraphiques en Belgique. Bruxelles. 1850.	
2. Electric Science: its History, Phenomena, and Appli- cation. By F. C. Bakewell. London. 1853.	
3. The Electric Telegraph: its History and Progress. By Edward Highton, C.E. London. 1852.	
4. Guide to the Electric Telegraph. By Charles May- bury. 1850.	
5. Historical Sketch of the Electric Telegraph, including its Rise and Progress in the United States. By Alexander Jones. New York. 1852.	

ART.	Page
6. The Electro-Magnetic Telegraph ; with an Historical Account of its Rise, Progress, and present Condition. By Lawrence Turnbull, M.D. Philadelphia. 1853.	
7. Traité de Télégraphie Electrique. Par M. l'Abbé Moigno. 2nd edit. Paris. 1852.	
8. New York Industrial Exhibition. Special Report of Mr. Joseph Whitworth. Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty. London. 1854	118
VI.—1. Life in Fejee, or Five Years among the Cannibals. By a Lady. 1851.	
2. Journals of the Bishop of New Zealand's Visitation Tours. Printed for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.	
3. A Letter to His Grace the Duke of Newcastle on Behalf of the Melanesian Mission of the Bishop of New Zealand. By Lewis M. Hogg, Rector of Cranford, Northamptonshire. London. 1853.	
4. Remarkable Incidents in the Life of the Rev. Samuel Leigh, Missionary to the Settlers and Savages of Australia and New Zealand. By the Rev. Alexander Strachan. London. 1853.	
5. Our Antipodes : or, Residence and Rambles in the Australasian Colonies. By Lieut.-Col. Godfrey Charles Mundy. 3 vols. London. 1852.	
6. Auckland, the Capital of New Zealand, and the Country adjacent ; including some Account of the Gold Discovery in New Zealand. London. 1853.	165
VII.—1. The Lives of the Queens of England, &c. By Agnes Strickland. Vols. VI. VII. London. 1843.	
2. Memoirs of the Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton, K.G., &c. By Sir Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G. London. 1847.	
3. The Romance of the Peerage, or Curiosities of Family History. By George Lillie Craik. Vols. I. II. London. 1848.	
4. Lives and Letters of the Devereux Earls of Essex, &c. By the Hon. Walter Bouchier Devereux. 2 Vols. London. 1853	207
VIII.—1. The Speech of Lord Lyndhurst, delivered in the House of Lords on Monday, the 19th June, 1854. London. 1854.	
2. The Russians in Bulgaria and Rumelia in 1828 and 1829 ; during the Campaigns of the Danube, the Sieges of Brailow, Varna, Silistria, Shumla, and the Passage of the Balkan, by Marshal Diebitch. From the German of Baron von Moltke, Major in the Prussian service. 1854.	250



THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW

052 QU
Vd. 95 (P. 1)

ART. I.—*The House of Commons.* By Charles R. Dod, Esq.
London. 1832-53.

A GOOD many years have elapsed since the attention of the country was very earnestly fixed upon the House of Commons, and during that period its place of meeting has been entirely changed, and some alterations have been introduced into its customs. As the generation which has arisen since 1832 is one which especially clamours for 'facts,' and is hardly satisfied to take a pin without being conducted through every room of the manufactory, and witnessing the process of wire-drawing, clipping, head-twisting, silvering, and sorting, let us so far fall into the habit of the day as to conduct Young England through the principal part of the Manufactory of Statute Law.

The manufactory itself, as is generally known, is situate on the left bank of the Thames, close to the foot of the now doomed Westminster Bridge. It is a magnificent pile, of enormous extent, covering in fact nearly eight acres, and was erected to replace the parliamentary buildings which were consumed by fire on the 16th of October, 1834. There are nearly as many opinions on the character of the edifice as there are in regard to what goes on within its walls. Its Gothic architecture delights those who see in it a stone embodiment of our Constitution—the slow, irregular, but picturesque growth of ages; but, on the contrary, excites the animadversion of others, who conceive that a national building should be the type of a national civilisation, or who, more probably rejecting any such sentimentality, simply prefer the comfortable apartments and well-fitting windows of our modern houses to the imposing chambers and obscuring lattices of our ancestors. The Earl of Ellenborough's proverbial simplicity of taste, which is conspicuous in the chaste and closely-reasoned speeches that have long made him a principal ornament of the distinguished assembly to which he belongs, recently induced his Lordship to say that 'he should have liked to have seen a more severe style of architecture adopted—one which would have been more fitting for the purpose to which it was to be devoted, and which should have had stamped upon it the appearance of that

VOL. XCV. NO. CLXXXIX. B eternity

eternity which we all¹ desire our institutions should possess.' And Lord Brougham, while paying a hearty tribute to the artistic skill displayed in the building, has 'always been of opinion that it was barbarous in the extreme to erect a Gothic structure for parliamentary purposes in the middle of the nineteenth century, and would infinitely have preferred some more sober style.' On both sides of this subject, as on every other, a great many strong and sensible things may be said. Those who have lost themselves in Sir Charles Barry's labyrinths—

' Whose wandering ways and many a winding fold
Involve the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which denies recess'—

who have shivered in his lofty chambers, and murmured at the early darkness of his cells, have often wished that the multifold magnificence of the New Palace had been exchanged for the convenience and comfort of a modern structure, where the feudal system had been less thought of than easy communication and practical accommodation. On the other hand, those whom Lord Willoughby d'Eresby's cards have admitted to the House of Lords on the day when her Majesty attends to open or to close the sitting, and who have witnessed the splendid and significant spectacle which is afforded upon such an occasion, warmly contend that no architectural arrangement could offer so fit a setting for the scene as the gilded and painted roof, the coloured windows gleaming with royal effigies, the illuminated heraldry, and the alternating glow and sparkle of that glittering chamber.

There are malcontents of another kind, who allow the propriety of Gothic, but who raise objections to the way in which the subject has been treated. They allege, for instance, that the river front of the manufactory is a mistake, inasmuch as it is a long unbroken frontage in a style which is beautiful chiefly from its breaks and variations, and that, seen from the Thames, the façade reminds the irreverent of a Birmingham steel fender, the small turrets at the corners doing duty for the places where the fire-irons repose. But, while admitting that there may be some force in various objections of detail which are urged to the edifice as seen at present, we must contend that no final judgment ought to be passed until the completion of the building permits the architect to say that, having at length done justice to himself, he demands it of the spectator. We believe that it is impossible to estimate by anticipation the effect of the grandest feature of the work, the colossal Victoria tower; and at the slow rate at which its richness creeps skyward, six or seven years must still elapse before the crowning stone is laid. This gigantic column, aided by the effect of the graceful clock-tower, may, and probably

probably will, so dwarf details into insignificance, that fault-finders will thenceforth be ashamed of their vocation. Meantime, the only word for Sir Charles Barry is—*excelsior*.

But it is to a single chamber in this mighty pile that we have to conduct the young Englishman, who, having seen in the outside world innumerable specimens of the way his country's laws are broken, has a laudable curiosity to see how they are made. We might begin with a pleasant picture of that youthful inquirer himself, and imagine him to be an ingenuous youth, of agreeable countenance, and country education, who has a befitting veneration for the British Constitution, for patriotism, and for statesmanship, and who has committed to his plastic memory the best passages from Demosthenes, Cicero, and Chatham, and in whom not even the scenes at the elections for the borough near his own quiet home have been able to shake the abstract reverence in which he holds the collective wisdom of the nation. But an Ingenuus of this kind is not easily found in these days of precocity. There was a poor old woman, nearly blind, who used to wander about Smyrna, with one thought only to trouble her fast waning intellect, which was evinced in the ever-recurring moan:—‘Where are all the children gone? There are no children now.’ With much less melancholy note—for we believe the hearts of the youth of England to be as sound and as noble as ever—we may ask, ‘Where are all the boys gone?’ Railway communication, popular literature, and adventurous tailors do wonders for the rising generation, and there seem to be no boys. One day you are helping a flaxen-curled child to turn summersaults on a grass plot, or to put together a dissected puzzle of Joseph, and next time you meet, behold a young gentleman in an evening dress, with a faultless cravat, and a grave smile, who asks you, with some concern, whether it is really to be Madame Grisi's last season. So, if we take Ingenuus with us to the House, it is not in the hope that he will meet many of his kind in the galleries or the lobbies.

As Parliament usually meets at the end of January or the beginning of February, to rise about the second week in August (the accession and fall of the late Derby administration temporarily deranged the practice), it may be held to be an afternoon towards the middle of the session, some time in the month of May. We enter the Hall, remarking as we go that Barry's adaptation of his design to the purpose not only of preserving the glorious hall but of making it a grand feature of the Palace deserves all plaudit. There is a long curved line of idle people, drawn up from the door to the ‘Members' entrance,’ broken through the left side of the hall, and they stand there to see the members go

in, while another detachment wait outside in the air to behold the senators come up in their carriages or on their horses. But we will not linger here, agreeable as it may be to gaze upon the notabilities of the House, or the graceful figures and pleasant faces of less known representatives, but will mount the steps at the upper end of Westminster Hall, and turn to the left. This is St. Stephen's porch; and it leads us into St. Stephen's Hall, of which we have only time to say as we traverse it that it stands upon the site of St. Stephen's Chapel, words so long the penny-a-liner's synonyme for the House of Commons. The statues are those of Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon, and Walpole, and eight other worthies are to share the proud distinction. Enter this noble central octagon hall, into which the electric telegraph is laid, with wires to the clubs, so that a man may save his dinner and his country too, by keeping his eye on the regularly transmitted messages: '9.30. *Colonial Churches. Mr. Nimbus, still. Is reading a great number of extracts from Commissioners' Reports. House very empty.*' Or, '11.45. *Conduct of Ministers. Mr. Disraeli just up. Is taunting the Government with having been beaten seven times in eight days. House crowded.*' We are between two corridors. That to the right leads to the House of Lords, that to the left, along which we are to go, to the House of Commons. Thus, at a prorogation, the Queen on her throne and the Speaker in his chair face each other at a distance of some four hundred and fifty feet, and the eagerness of the Commons in their race from their own House to the bar of the Lords has more than once amused their Sovereign Lady. It used indeed to be an open race, but the start is now so managed that the Speaker and the parliamentary leaders first 'touch wood,' as schoolboys say.

Through the corridor we enter the Commons' Lobby. Here Ingenuus will perceive considerable bustle. Members are perpetually coming in and out, and as the doors swing open he gets a momentary view of the Speaker actively presiding over the House. Of the people in the lobby some want orders for the gallery, some wish to know whether certain petitions have been presented, or certain questions asked, and those who are waiting for the Irish representatives are probably either gentlemen who correspond with the Dublin newspapers, and have come to get the latest political intelligence, or Hibernian adventurers who 'depend' upon their friends to obtain them some place or other, 'and in the same time to lind them a thrifle.' The good nature of the Irish members is sorely taxed by this class of hangers-on, who stand here fidgeting and smirking to catch the patron's eye while he is talking to more distinguished acquaintances; but, on the
other

other hand, the poor fellows are most reliable vassals, and their 'Sure I will,' on being asked to undertake any service, is a pledge always redeemed, unlike many another pledge to which they are frequently driven while waiting the emoluments of office. There is a post-office in this lobby for the convenience of members, which affords great facilities as regards hours, a fact, Ingenuus, which you will do well to conceal from your amiable wife (should you marry and settle in Parliament), as the old excuse for not writing to her—that you had to be down early at the House—is, you will perceive, untenable, if the truth be known to her.

A stranger is usually sent to the Strangers' Gallery, or, under more favourable circumstances, to the gallery below it, to which the Speaker's name is given. It is probable that before the night is over we may find it desirable to ascend to the former, but for the present, thanks to the agency of a member, we can enter the body of the House, and sit in one of those pens, or pews, by the side of the door. These are privileged places: members who require cramming by well-informed outsiders put their tutors here; here, too, are to be seen strangers who are personally interested in a discussion, as Baron Rothschild during the Jew debate—the London sheriffs in red gowns, when they bring up a civic petition—and on a field night still more illustrious visitors.

Behold yourself, Ingenuus, at last, in the principal chamber of the manufactory of statute law. The apartment itself is not very imposing, but the dark oak and dark green benches give it a good business-like aspect. The chamber, as Sir Charles Barry planned it, was far more handsome, and not an unworthy working-day companion to the House of Lords. Instead of that roof, which looks like the inside bottom of a huge barge, and which slopes at a rapid and unsightly angle to the windows, which are mean, there was once a fine room here. An experimental sitting, however, was held on the morning of Thursday, the 3rd of May, 1850, and, after this and some subsequent meetings, it was found that the fine room would not do. The principle of acoustics had not been studied, and Opposition members were incessantly rising and attacking clauses which the Government had struck out ten minutes before, while the supporters of Ministers were defying their antagonists to divide on amendments of which they had announced the withdrawal. It was felt that either the architectural beauty of the chamber must be sacrificed, or pantomime and the speaking trumpet must be introduced into the British Constitution. Sir Charles Barry haunted the House in sorrow, as every successive debate more and more convinced him that his design would be disfigured; and though, no doubt, he believed in his heart that the Commons could hear quite as much

much as was good for them, he was obliged to give way. Let us record therefore, in justice to him, that on the date we have mentioned this was a bold and well-proportioned chamber, with a lofty ceiling, tall windows, and a mass of Gothic tracery in white stone. The only drawback was that it ~~was~~ a place for debate, and that no debate could be heard. The barge roof was put on, the lowest division of the windows was alone left, and a still greater ruin was wrought, which is not visible from this part of the House. The end of the chamber on the gallery floor was occupied by a beautiful Gothic screen, whose tracery completed the character of the apartment. The barge roof has now hidden all the ornamental part of this screen, and the lower portion is a formal glazed partition, behind which strangers go to their gallery.

This then is the room in which laws are made for some hundred and forty millions of people, and in which through ages to come, in all human probability, laws will continue to be made for Britain and her dependencies. Ingenuus naturally supposes that the inauguration of such a building, the first piece of legislative business transacted in it, would be of an important kind, the fact being that the first petition presented was from an Irish provincial town about an impost which not one person in five hundred knows anything about, the first speech delivered was by Mr. Wilson Patten upon formalities connected with the obtaining local acts, and the first division was upon the question whether Mr. A. Hastie should or should not be excused from attending a Committee. The numbers may be worth mentioning as showing the attendance,—they were 183 to 41. Even the first formal debate was upon no more imposing subject than an Irish Elections Bill. Such is the sensible and business-like way in which Englishmen are accustomed to manage serious affairs.

Opposite to Ingenuus sits the Speaker, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, an able man, whom everybody likes. Mr. Serjeant Yelverton being, in Queen Elizabeth's time, nominated to the office, rose and with much mock modesty disavowed his possession of any qualifications for the chair, 'for,' he said, 'he that supplieth this place ought to be a man big and comely, stately and well spoken, his voice great, his courage majestic, his nature haughty, and his purse plentiful and heavy.' The 'haughtiness' alluded to by Yelverton may be supposed to have meant loftiness, rather than the objectionable quality now implied in the word, and the whole description may be fairly applied to the present First Com-moner. He was originally elected Speaker in 1839 on the retirement of Mr. Abercromby, upon which occasion he was chosen by 317 votes against 299 given for Mr. Goulburn. Since that time he
has

has been thrice re-elected without opposition. When in active politics the right hon. gentleman voted for short Parliaments. Possibly his experience, in the chair, of the time it takes to drill a political recruit into a practical statesman may have induced the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hampshire Yeomanry to re-consider the question. To his right—and to our young friend's left—sit the Ministers on the foremost bench in front of a huge table. That is Lord John Russell with the large hat. On one side of him sits Mr. Gladstone in black, and beyond is Lord Palmerston; on the other side of him are the lawyers and Sir James Graham. They are backed by the regular supporters of Government. Fronting them sit Her Majesty's Opposition: Mr. Disraeli, bounded by Sir John Pakington on this side and Mr. Walpole on the other, forms the centre, and beyond the latter gentleman is Mr. Henley. The Conservative Opposition fill the benches behind. Two gangways occur, one on each side of the House, and below these and nearer to Ingenuus, on the Government side, sit the Manchester school, and, on the front row, men of some mark. The good Sir Robert Inglis used to occupy one of these seats. His successor, Sir William Heathcote, sits on one of the back rows opposite, near the Irish ultramontane party, of whom Mr. Lucas, an Englishman, is the only one of any real parliamentary talent. Some of the Irish members are, below the gangway, on the Government side of the House—the O'Connells for instance, and others. The galleries along the sides of the House are for the members, who sleep there a good deal, and the gallery behind the Speaker is exclusively devoted to the members of the press. The brass grating above the reporters' sanctum conceals a row of very comfortable nooks in which, by favour of the Serjeant-at-Arms, ladies are placed. Little can be seen of them, a white handkerchief or a bright ribbon just making itself visible in the gloom, but they can both see and hear very well; and it would be better if they confined themselves to these two gratifications, instead of talking and laughing so emphatically. The putting them behind a grating, which really excludes them from the chamber, may perhaps be held their justification for considering that they are entitled to comport themselves as they please. Ladies are admitted into the House of Lords, and conduct themselves with a decorum which proves that the Commons might have ventured on a similar courtesy.

Almost every member is armed with a document of which he appears anxious to be rid as soon as possible. This is the time for presenting petitions. Ingenuus has seen the process of getting up a petition in his quiet country house, and remembers the pains that were bestowed upon the phraseology, the grave discussions
whether

whether it might not seem more respectful to the Commons to use the word 'regret' instead of 'deplore,' and what a struggle there was to get the phrase 'Roman Catholic brethren' inserted instead of 'Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen,' and how the curates opposed it and the surgeon and lawyer supported it, and how, after a long squabble, they compromised with the 'Roman Catholic population of these islands.' How beautifully the petition was engrossed on parchment by one of Mr. Pounce's clerks, and how solemnly the leading signatures were affixed. How Mr. Hairsplit, the retired and serious attorney, signed, but affixed a protest that he did so in a sense only, and added several references to texts, that the House of Commons might look them up and quite understand his motives. How Mr. Quaver, the nervous gentleman, signed, but immediately afterwards wrote a long letter withdrawing his signature, and ultimately came to the post-office to affix it again, just as the petition was going away. And Ingenuus recollects, no doubt, the rest of the fidgeting, and hesitation, and self-complacency, and pomposity with which the various other petitioners, according to their natures, performed the important duty, and how, finally, the solemn document was forwarded to the county member, with letters, one to his club, the other to his private house, begging him instantly to acknowledge it, and to present it the first practicable moment. Now listen, for here comes a petition which has been prepared with similar awful care.

'Mr. Jones,' cries the Speaker.

Up gets Mr. Jones. 'A petition, Sir, from the inhabitants of (name utterly inaudible), praying that the House will (several words utterly inaudible) Roman Catholics.' And Mr. Jones hurries up with the document while the Speaker is putting the formal question that it do lie upon the table, and a clerk seizes it and rams it into a carpet bag, and when the bag is quite full of petitions it is carried out of the House, and it is our firm belief that not one member ever read your petition, Ingenuus, or looked out one of Mr. Hairsplit's texts, but that it was hurried up and carried out in precisely the same ignominious way. See how fast the process is going on, and how the members run up, throw down their petitions, and run back.

But this does not prevent petitions from being sent up by the thousand. Look into the papers to-morrow morning and you will see a list, a column long, in which the requisitions of the United Kingdom are specified with great precision. It may be observed that in the inverse proportion to the insignificance of the petitioners is the magnitude of the demands they make. The teachers and children of the Primitive Methodist (Anglicè, Ranters)

Sunday

Sunday School of Aberdwyllentnewyddyl, North Wales, petition for the abolition of the Church of England, the expulsion of the Bishops from the House of Lords, and the instant withdrawal of our armies from the cause of the infidel Mahometans. A society called the Inherent-Manly-Right-Assertion Association, meeting at the Freethinkers' Casino (dancing after debates), Clerkenwell Green, submit a plan for remodelling the Constitution, giving every man of twenty-one a vote, and abolishing all taxes except on landed property. The Mechanics' Institute and Literary Forum of a Manchester suburb require a new system of Municipal Corporations, of which 'skilled labour' is to be the basis, and which shall furnish every man with such a trade as he may select, buy him tools, and advance him capital to begin with. It will be admitted that the persons who thus 'humbly pray the honourable House' receive no great injustice at its hands. Then again it has been of late years the fashion to estimate the feeling of the country by the number of petitions and signatures, instead of weighing the character, education, and position of the petitioners; consequently it is a point, when a political battle is being fought, to bring up these documents by hundreds, and members may be seen rising with large bundles. 'I have, Sir, one hundred and sixty-three petitions from parishes in Yorkshire, against the proposed — tax;' or one of enormous bulk will be heaved up: 'A petition, Sir, with 17,191 signatures, from inhabitants of the manufacturing districts, against compulsory vaccination.' For the Reform Bill of the present year, there were *eleven* petitions, of which *four* only were absolutely in favour of a measure so much demanded by the nation. As to the miscellaneous subjects in which the aid of Parliament is prayed, the list of a single night's petitions shows that the celebrated simile of the elephant's trunk, that can pick up a pin or root up an oak, precisely indicates the popular notion of the powers of the House of Commons. On the self-same night it is prayed to against church rates, against poor rates, against highway rates, against direct taxes, against indirect taxes, against the police, against interments in towns, against the closing of burial-grounds, against public-houses, against the licensing system, against explosions in mines, against Temple Bar, against paper duties, against the war with Russia, against Lord Aberdeen, against the Court of Chancery, against tenants having to pay rent in Ireland, against keeping Sunday, against working over-hours; that the master of Killybolscoyne workhouse may be discharged; that the British Museum may be open seven days in the week; that the classics be no longer taught in public schools; that the brewers may be deprived of their monopoly; that British and not
foreign

foreign music may be performed at Her Majesty's dinner parties; that third-class railway carriages may be made as luxurious as first-class; that primogeniture may be abolished; that a man may be at liberty to marry his grandmother; and that no person shall be hanged under any circumstances whatever.

Ingenuus will probably ask how this list is obtained, for he finds that it is quite impossible to hear what is said at the presentation, and he sees that the reporters are talking to one another and, apparently, taking few notes or none. They are saved this trouble by an officer of the House, who obtains from any member who desires that it should be known that he has discharged his trust, a memorandum of his name, that of the petitioning locality, and the purport of the prayer. The list thus made out is handed to the leading newspapers.

But now comes a more stirring time. Questions are to be asked, and the Ministers are to answer them. There is a certain document, called 'the paper,' which is in every one's hand, and which is the programme of the business of the evening—a parliamentary play-bill. It is printed every day, and retains the Latin heading '*Saturii, 29 die Aprilis 1854,*' supposing that such Saturday were the day of sitting: Saturdays, however, are seldom invaded until late in the session. On this paper, after the orders of the day, comes a list of questions of some such description as the following:

Mr. Lucas. To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty whether he has heard the report that a midshipman of H. M. S. Roarer, off the West India coast, remarked to a companion that the image of the Virgin in one of the Catholic churches at the Havana reminded him of the black doll over a marine store shop, and whether such midshipman is still retained in Her Majesty's service.

Mr. Williams. To ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether the sums of money which he is perpetually advertising as receipts from Tender Consciences are really received, and if so, what is done with the money; and whether any instructions are given to the police to trace the senders, who, having obviously long pursued a dishonest career, seek to quiet their self-reproaches by such reimbursements.

Mr. F. French. To ask Lord John Russell whether he has any objection to explain to the House the whole designs of our Government in the conduct of the war, and to produce copies of all the secret instructions given to our commanders.

But all the questions are not placed upon the paper. Of some the interrogator gives private notice to the minister whom he designs to question, and others are asked without notice, either

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on the ground that the events occasioning them (as the arrival of tidings of a battle) have only just occurred, or in the hope that no preparatory notice will be required. It is hardly necessary to say that the form of the answer depends at least as much on the character of the respondent as upon the nature of the subject. As regards the present Cabinet the difference is considerable. Even if Lord John Russell intends to reply to the question at all, he usually speaks in rather an under voice, and is moving from the table to sit down before he has quite done, by which means his last words are often lost. With attention, however, and if not very far off, you can make out his meaning; but if it is a case in which he does not particularly care about being heard and reported, the articulation is most artistically confused. As a rule, and unless the proposed question be a means of enabling the Government to state what it wishes should be known, Lord John Russell, doubtless without intending it, contrives to convey the impression that the interrogating a Minister of the Crown is, after all, rather taking a liberty. Not so Lord Palmerston. He springs to his feet, as if quite glad to have an opportunity of satisfying so very reasonable a curiosity as that of the honourable member who has asked the question. He then states the matter his own way, makes the House feel that everything is quite right, or if otherwise, that it is not Lord Palmerston's fault, and adroitly seasons the explanation with some jocose but good-natured allusion to the querist, which calls up a laugh. No man, however, can give, upon a serious question, a better weighed or manlier reply than the Home Secretary; but he well understands the art of silencing those whom his friend Mr. Canning used to call the yelpers. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is grave enough. He poises himself upon the green box, and points his finger, as one who is not going to let you off until you quite understand the subject, and then he explains it to you at such length and with such a *copia verborum* that you feel quite ashamed of the unreasonable trouble you have given to a man who has so much else to attend to. He presents you with such an elaborate essay on the matter, looking at it in various lights, and analyzing its various bearings, doing it withal in so pleasant a voice and with so gentlemanly a manner, that you receive the address as a personal compliment. His answers contrast a good deal with those of Lord Palmerston. Supposing each minister were asked what day the session would be over, the Viscount would reply, that it was the intention of Her Majesty to close the session on the 18th of August. Mr. Gladstone would possibly premise that inasmuch as it was for Her Majesty to decide upon the day which would be most acceptable to herself, it was scarcely compatible

patible with Parliamentary etiquette to ask her ministers to anticipate such decision ; but presuming that he quite understood the purport of the right honourable gentleman's question, of which he was not entirely assured, the completion of the duties of the House of Commons, and the formal termination of the sitting of the Legislature, being two distinct things, he would say that Her Majesty's Ministers had represented to the Queen that the former would probably be accomplished about the 18th of August, and that such day would not be unfavourable for the latter, and therefore, if the Sovereign should be pleased to ratify that view of the case, the day he had named would probably be that inquired after by the right honourable gentleman. Sir James Graham's long experience and shrewd practical habit of mind enable him to give one of the best answers which is heard in Parliament ; but the low voice in which he usually replies prevents the House from having the full advantage of his information. The law answers of the Cabinet are given by the Attorney-General with promptness and clearness, and by the Solicitor-General with more elaboration, and with a precision most acceptable in print, but marred into apparent pedantry to the ear, by the singular delivery of this accomplished lawyer.

Petitions and questions having been disposed of, and notices of motion given—that is, members having announced that on a certain day they intend to move for leave to bring in a bill, or for the appointment of a Committee, or that a certain resolution be agreed to—what comes next ? This is a Government night, which means that the business of the nation, as administered by the Government, is discussed before private members are entitled to be heard. The difference is enormous. For example, on Tuesday, which was not such a night, and private members had a right to begin the evening with their own subjects in the order in which they stood on the paper for that *Dies Martis*, a melancholy event occurred. Two liberal members, both patriots of great merit, and both dreadful bores, had motions on the paper. The subjects were very important. Ingenuus would have felt that out of the 654 members of the House, at least 650 should have attended, and if the other four were ill, they should have sent medical certificates.

1. Mr. Proser. To call the attention of the House to the want of educational provision for the humbler classes.

2. Mr. Droner. To call the attention of the House to the circumstances attending the arrest of a Jew pedlar, called Moses Shobbus, who on the 27th of March last, was taken into custody at Ditchford fair while pursuing his regular and licensed business, and who was committed by Colonel Baffy and the Rev.

Peter

Peter Brown, magistrates, to the county gaol on a charge of embezzlement, of which he has been ascertained to be innocent.

To constitute a House, there must be forty members present, including the Speaker, and when he took his chair at four o'clock, and began counting with his three-cornered hat, there were but twenty-three. It is even said that members who had come down to the House had not only refused to go in themselves, but had prevented others from entering until the counting was over. At least so Mr. Proser asserted, when on another night he adverted with patriotic wrath to the subject, and desired that Government would give him one of their own nights for his discourse, a proposition which was very unfavourably received. It may be well to add that undue blame must not attach to Parliament for this and similar occurrences. It was felt that Mr. Proser was of all men the most unfitted to deal usefully with a great subject; it was known that he had taken it up for the sake of promoting his own reputation, and it was foreseen that after a couple of hours or more of dreariness, citation from blue-books, and common-place oratory, Mr. Proser would have sat down, and been told by a member of the Ministry that his good intentions were appreciated, and that the facts he stated were admitted, but that the subject must be dealt with by Government, and not by a private member. These considerations it might be felt justified the no-house as regarded Mr. Proser; but how 654 members, less 23, could stay away when such a case as that of Moses Shobbus called for their indignation, Ingenius must discover for himself.

There was no fear of such a catastrophe to-night, for it is, as we have said, a Government night, and the Secretary to the Treasury, that restless, pleasant-looking person, who is here, there, and everywhere (his appearance has reminded somebody of Napoleon, with a tight boot on his mind), has seen to his duty. 'The clerk will now proceed to read the orders of the day,' says Mr. Shaw Lefevre. Supposing it were possible to 'take' them all, there would be a goodly night's work before us; but the fact is that the time will be almost exclusively occupied with a discussion on the second:

1. Ways and Means.

2. Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill. Second reading.

The homely sounding phrase 'Ways and Means,' which is the first item in the list, implies the machinery by which the funds are raised for meeting the national expenditure. In a Committee of Ways and Means the Chancellor of the Exchequer makes his proposals for taxation, and when the Committee has agreed to resolutions in favour of his propositions, they are re-cast, as bills,

bills, and are regularly passed by both Houses, the hereditary legislature having the right to throw them out altogether, but not to alter them. This Committee is frequently the arena of a grand battle, but to-night it will not occupy more than five minutes, a merely formal vote being taken. Mr. Hume, however, interrupts, in order to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he has introduced his promised alteration as to certain drawbacks, and the Chancellor courteously assures him that the subject has not been forgotten, but that some technical difficulty has prevented the blanks from being as yet filled up. Mr. Hume complains that this is really sadly irregular—here is another stage passed through, and nobody knows what he is voting—but, though disapproving, allows the matter to pass. The gentleman in wig and gown comes round to the front of the table, lifts up the mace, and restores it to its place; for when the House is in Committee the mace is off the table, but when the Speaker resumes his chair the emblem of dignity is again laid before him. But perhaps the most amusing ceremony in which ‘the Bauble’ figures is when a Master in Chancery comes with a message from the Lords. The Serjeant-at-Arms goes reverently up to the Speaker and announces the fact, and the Speaker kindly lends him the mace, that he may receive the Master in a more imposing manner. Armed with—almost staggering under the gilded load—the Serjeant walks down the House to fetch the Master. The pair form in line, and come marching up to the table, the Master being more splendid in regard to costume, but the Serjeant borrowing the reflected glory of the mace. They bow at various stages of the journey, and the Master having arrived, delivers the message of the Lords, the Serjeant standing by him with his grand weapon, and looking as if he were ready to castigate him on the spot if he should show any lack of reverence. Then they retreat, *pari passu*, bowing whenever it occurs to them, and in this retrograde movement the Serjeant has an advantage, his legs being unincumbered, whereas the heels of the other are in Chancery, and his gown is traitorous. However, we have never seen a Master fall down, and perhaps the dexterity of the official is due to long rehearsals. Finally, the Serjeant having seen his companion back to the bar, comes up again with more reverences to return the Speaker his mace, and then bows himself back to his own chair, after these six promenades. Strangers do not always look respectfully upon this ceremonial, but nothing is so wholesome as etiquette between neighbours.

But now comes the real battle of the evening. The second reading of the Criminals’ Enfranchisement Bill is called. The process

process of considering an act of parliament is this:—The measure, if an important Government one, is probably recommended, either specifically or by implication, in the Speech from the Throne. Early in the Session the leader of the House usually announces the order in which the propositions will be introduced. He mentions that on a certain day he shall move for leave to bring in a bill for conferring the electoral franchise on certain criminals. A *hear, hear*, usually follows from his own side of the House, echoed by another from the opposition in a tone which intimates that there will be something to say against the measure. The notice duly appears in the paper, and on the appointed night the Minister explains the nature of his bill. Unless a very important principle is involved in the measure, and one which is patent at first glance, it is usual, after a brief discussion, which almost takes on the part of the opposition the nature of a provisional protest, to allow the bill to be introduced. But there are frequent and significant exceptions to this rule. Supposing, however, that as in the present case, the bill was duly introduced and read a first time (*that reading being a form*), the question is fought out upon the second reading. It may be convenient to add here, that if the second reading be carried, the bill is subsequently discussed in Committee, clause by clause, and this process frequently occupies many sittings, any member being at liberty to propose amendments,—debates and divisions often taking place on each. Sometimes those who could not defeat a measure on the second reading, succeed in so modifying it in Committee as to deprive it of much of its original and, to them, objectionable character. The bill is printed in a form which affords every assistance for reference. Not only the pages and clauses, but the lines being numbered at intervals, like those of a classic poet, and a synopsis being prefixed as an index, it is not difficult for a legislator of ordinary intelligence and power of attention to know what is going on in Committee. Nevertheless blunders do occur, and members rise and proceed to discuss clauses which, as they are presently informed with some good-natured tartness by their chairman, have been agreed to already, or have not been reached. Finally, the bill gets through Committee, it is ‘reported’ with amendments to the Speaker, it is ‘considered, as amended,’ and, if the House agrees to the measure as thus altered, it is set down for a third reading. It is even now open to fresh alterations; but supposing that it is at length deemed a perfect piece of parliamentary workmanship, or those who are still dissatisfied despair of further improvement, the question is put ‘that the bill do pass.’ It has then to be christened, and we have heard disputes among the sponsors,

some declaring that the original name ought to be retained, and some asserting that the nature of the measure has been so totally changed that in common consistency it must have a new title. When the bill is named, the House of Commons has done with it. As we are reminded by Mr. Dod (the author of the trim and accurate little volume, which, re-edited year by year, ~~has~~ been the Parliamentary Hand-book since the Reform Bill Lord John *did* pass), there may be *seven* divisions taken on a bill, exclusively of divisions on the question what days the bill should be discussed, and on questions of adjournment of debate, and exclusively also of proceedings in Committee and on amendments. These seven epochs in the life of a law are, 1st, on the second reading; 2nd, that the bill be committed; 3rd, that the report of the Committee be received; or 4th, that the bill be recommitted; 5th, that it be read a third time; 6th, that it do pass; 7th, on the title. This list excludes the possible division on the very first stage, when, as we have said, the bill may be eliminated, or thrust away from the parliamentary threshold.

The Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill, for giving votes in parliamentary elections to certain convicts, is a scheme of the Government for meeting a demand which has been rather clamorously urged by some of its supporters, and although the Ministry may not expect or even desire to pass the measure, they must at least go through the necessary formalities. It may be regarded as a type of a genus of propositions on which the course of Parliament is usually similar. An *habitué* could almost improvise the debate which will take place, and notwithstanding that we select an extreme and fictitious case, we believe that those who have been accustomed to listen to the discussions in the Commons, will not the less readily recognise that it is no inaccurate epitome of the hacknied style of argument which is reproduced session after session by some of the standing speakers of the House. The debate will therefore be a bore to old members, but to the new men it will be improving, as showing how easily and plausibly almost anything can be opposed or supported by trained advocates.

The leader of the House—he happens at this time to be a Whig nobleman, with an historical name—on hearing the order of the day, *merely* moves that the bill be read a second time. He makes no speech now, but reserves himself for the reply. The question is put, and an opposition speaker rises to begin the debate. The Speaker calls to him by name. It is Sir Frederic Thesiger, who has put on the paper a notice, that on the second reading of this bill being moved, he shall move as an amendment, that it be read a second time that day six months. His seat is in
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the front opposition row—he was Lord Derby's Attorney-General—and he moors himself to one of the two green buoys which lie right and left of the Speaker, and which are full of Testaments, and cards on which the Members' oaths are printed. The lawyers usually speak well, but they all speak too long, the common law bar being, however, less prolix than the Chancery. Sir Frederic is an able and a fluent advocate, who does full justice to his brief; but though he is by no means one of the most lengthy, and though his impressive manner prevents his losing your attention, he would be more effective if he condensed his speeches. He is now delivering a damaging address, hacking the bill to pieces in a merciless manner, and urging against it the slight objections; first, that it is utterly unconstitutional; secondly, that it is inconsistent with other legislation; thirdly, that it is exceedingly absurd; and lastly, that it cannot possibly work. There is a great appearance of earnestness about him, and he seems most desirous to convince the author of the bill (the 'noble lord,' with a curious emphasis on the noun) of its extreme badness. When he sits down he has forestalled and exhausted most of the objections which subsequent speakers will take to the bill, and refuted by anticipation not a few of the pleas in its favour. As soon as he has done (and he has been speaking nearly two hours), the Members wait to hear who comes next, and finding that a gentleman of very enduring powers of talk gets up on the Ministerial side, there is a simultaneous up-rising and departure, and the House, in which there were just before three hundred and fifty members, now contains perhaps sixty. The Conservative benches are nearly deserted, most of the Irishmen are gone, and a large number of the supporters of Government. The only part of the House which shows anything like a cluster of members is behind the bench where the Administration sits, or rather sat, for the Ministers have also departed, except two, who mount guard. Where are they all gone? Gone for that which the ingenious Dr. Doran contends derived its name from a corruption of the words indicating the time at which in old Norman days it was taken—Dinner, or *dixième-heure*. All those carriages, and cabs, and broughams, and glistening steeds, that waited in compact array in Palace Yard, are hurrying away with legislators; some hastening to their homes, some to the clubs. There are refectories too in the House itself, where the wine is better than the cookery, and wires laid to all the important parts of the building will warn you, should your party need your presence as a talker or a voter.

But the member who has got up to answer Sir Frederic, and who enacts what is irreverently called 'dinner-bell,' bears this rude-

ness on the part of the House so patiently, waits so composedly until the noise of departing members is over, and then addresses himself to his work so prosily, that it would be unkind to name him. He sends up a glance at intervals to the representatives of the press, but they know better than to give him more than about a couple of lines every ten minutes; and you may now and then see a reporter, when relieved by his colleague, give the latter a congratulatory nod as he takes his seat to hint that the duties of the moment are not very heavy. This speaker, who commenced about half-past seven, prosed on until a quarter to nine. The Speaker selects an opposition bore to follow, for the breed is plentiful; and some of the class have made a hasty dinner, and come back, in the hope of getting a hearing while the great-guns are away. Two or three speakers of no great mark thus draggle on the debate till ten o'clock.

The House, which met in a blazing afternoon, has sat out the sun, and the chamber was in a pleasant *demi-jour*, just light enough to be comfortable to the eyes, when one of the bores began to read documents; but as he was reading the paper very badly, the Speaker took compassion on him, and the faintest little tingle of a bell was heard. Before its sound had ceased, the House was filled with the pleasantest artificial light in the world. The flat central portion of the barge ceiling was removed by the last experimentalists on the lighting of the apartment, and its place supplied with those sixty-four squares of ground-glass, slightly painted with the floral ornaments which decorate the rest of the roof. Above this is a system of Bude lights which kindle up in a moment, and thus, although not a lamp or a spark of fire is seen, there is sent down a supply of cool, mild, soft light, very comforting to the eyes of sexagenarians. There is another device which escapes general notice. The light we have mentioned, being above the roof, does not illuminate it; but several carved and adorned pendants, which hang down from the ceiling, bear bright lights, quite invisible to the House, and throw up their flame upon the painted roof, that would otherwise be in gloom. If Parliaments should exist a hundred years hence, we disbelieve, making all reverent allowance for the march of improvement, that the House of Commons will be better lighted in 1954 than it is in 1854; and, we having sat in that Chamber through hundreds of weary nights, our gratitude for the present system may be accepted as a testimony to its merit.

Ten o'clock, and no one, except the bores, has followed the distinguished advocate. We may make an exception in favour of a middle-aged gentleman, but a very young member, who has delivered his maiden speech, and managed to settle his rank in
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the senate for the rest of his legislative life. He is a dull, good sort of tradesman, who was making his fortune by honest, plodding industry when somebody was inconsiderate enough to die and leave him a legacy; and, being much respected in his native borough, he has managed to get himself returned. He has put on a very fine waistcoat, and has learned his speech very perfectly, especially the introductory sentence, in which he states that he had no intention of addressing the House that evening, but feels it his duty to his constituents to answer the remarks of the preceding speaker, a promise which he does not attempt to keep. The studied paragraphs come out very rollingly and neatly up to a certain point, when his memory fails him (he bitterly remembers how, in rehearsing before the glass, he *always* broke down at that fine image of the onward wave of enlightenment sweeping bigotry into the vortex of forgetfulness), and he begins to stammer and pause. The House, with the instinct of gentlemen, give a cheer to the struggling man; but this kindness flusters him the more—he looks helpless, and then he nervously extracts a small paper from his pocket, and, standing sideways, looks at it stealthily. He is too much agitated however to recover his lost clue; a few more sentences begun and not ended, and he ‘will not intrude any longer upon the attention of the House.’ Another slight, encouraging cheer, and he sits down very hot, and begins energetically to explain to the honourable members right and left what he intended to say, and how he came to forget it; and, having thus consoled them, he rushes out of the House in much discomfort. He fully expects that a failure which seemed so dreadful to himself will be eagerly pounced upon by everybody else, and half fears to open his newspaper next morning lest he should find the leader beginning, ‘Of all the ridiculous exhibitions of imbecility which the House of Commons has ever witnessed, last night afforded,’ &c. But he is not assailed by the editor; and it is with a grateful heart that he reads in the reporting column, that Mr. Boggle briefly supported the second reading of the bill. All maiden speeches are not like this; and few things are more pleasant than to hear the young inheritor of a distinguished name show himself worthy of it, by a modest but spirited inauguration of his parliamentary career, or to listen to an earnest, practical, self-made senator, who rises for the first time, and, believing that he is talking on serious business to serious men, discards the idea of speech-making, and delivers his opinion as coolly and rationally to the House of Commons as he would have done to his board of directors or his commercial associates.

But the House has filled up again, the curtains are drawn,

the much-enduring Speaker has taken his few minutes of refreshment, strangers have stretched their legs, and wondered to whom the right honourable gentleman called on leaving the chair, a doubt now solved by his inviting Mr. Henry Drummond to rise. The fine bald head and intellectual features of that eccentric speaker are seen to advantage, as he occupies a corner of the front bench, below the Ministerial gangway, and he steps forward upon the floor. The House always listens to him, for they are sure of something quaint and amusing, and are almost equally sure of something which will hit very hard. He has not much to say about the Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill—it is all a part of the modern system of taking thought for scoundrels, instead of against them, as our ancestors used to do; but he wishes to know why the proposed enfranchisement is restricted to those who have been guilty of offences against property? Why is not the right of voting given to those who have committed crimes against the person? Does the noble lord, the victim of Manchester, mean to say that Mammon is more sacred than human life? And down sits Mr. Drummond, with a mischievous glance at the cotton gentlemen behind him. Sir John Pakington rises next, at the opposition green-box. His exordium is perhaps a little more solemn than is necessary; and that apology for troubling the House is certainly needless from a man who will as certainly inform it. After that you have excellent sense, and a view of the case derived from experience. He has been chairman of quarter-sessions—he knows a great deal about our criminals, and he has long directed his attention to the educational problem. His objections to the bill are derived from his conviction that it will be mischievous; for, though not undervaluing constitutional theories, he tells you that he conceives we have a right to apply a more practical test than that of mere symmetry. You are going to give criminality a *status*, with rights and privileges, and you will encourage claimants for such honours, while breaking down the wholesome rule, that social advantages shall accompany moral conduct. Several barristers who have obtained their own consent to be Solicitors-General in due time, rise to win their spurs by a reply; but the gentleman who has beaten them in the race will save them the trouble. Mr. Solicitor admits that the question of morals is the all-important one, but remarks that a system which tends to render the vicious hopeless is in itself highly immoral. Sir Richard is a courageous speaker, despite his mincing manner, and taking a bold view of his case, he enlarges with great tact upon the cruelty which thrusts back an erring man from all the advantages of society, and the impolicy which thereby arms him against it. He disdains to meet a speech upon the principle of
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a measure with anything else than principles, while smaller advocates imagine it a feat to lead the House away from principle to detail, and cite long arrays of figures to show that out of 2571 criminals convicted between September and July, only 1233 had ever been on any poll-book at all, and of these 289 had been struck out by the revising barrister.

Sir Richard's speech calls up Mr. Henley, who speaks very shrewdly in a tone of good-natured grumbling. He demolishes the Government theory after the Socratic method, and in colloquial fashion inquires whether they mean to tell him that a thief ought to stand at the polling-booth and register a vote which shall have equal weight with that of an honest man. Nor can he avoid a quiet fling at gentlemen opposite, and he informs the advocates of the ballot that they ought to go one step further, and put the disreputable voter into an envelope as well as the cowardly vote. Up, in great readiness, springs Mr. Bright, who asserts that, if the ballot had been law years ago, we should have had no criminals, because the people would have elected members who would have promoted education; and the hon. member is not of old Richard Baxter's opinion, who says, 'We mistake men's diseases when we think nothing more is necessary to cure them than the evidence of truth.' He takes this opportunity of showing that we spend ten times as much money in gaols as in schools, and of expressing his belief that if newspapers were made cheap—newspapers, of course, that express the views of Manchester, for the hon. member's notions of dictatorship in such matters are said to be decided—we should do away with one great cause of crime among the working classes, namely, their lack of means to know what is going on in Parliament. Several Irish members rise, and the one selected by the Speaker complains that Ireland is excluded from the operation of the bill, which is a crying injustice, as Ireland contributes at least her share of criminals to the gaol returns of the United Kingdom. Had the bill been a Conservative one, he could have traced in the exclusion the bigoted hatred of ultra-Protestants to those who might be supposed to be influenced by the teaching of the Catholic clergy; but, coming from the champion of civil and religious liberty, he cannot comprehend it. This offers an excellent opportunity for a diatribe against the system of gaol chaplains, which the hon. member contends is most oppressive as regards Catholics, and he reads a variety of papers to illustrate the case of a poor Irish felon, named Patrick M'Murtagh, who, being confined in an English prison for murder, had woken horror-stricken from his sleep and demanded the instant presence of his priest. The hour being midnight, the governor of the prison refused to send for the clergyman until the morning; and

and this frightful case of persecution had been discussed in all the Irish papers, a Roman Catholic bishop had set a great \times against it, and now it was brought before the British legislature. No Irish representative ever speaks without being followed and contradicted by another, the process going on until the House interferes, and accordingly an honourable and legal member, who happened to have prosecuted M'Murtagh, has his version of the story, and an allegation that, if the priest had been sent for, he was too tipsy to come. This brings up Mr. Lucas, who declares his disbelief that any Catholic priest ever got tipsy, and adds, that this is not a question in which a Catholic can take much interest, because no Catholic ever was a criminal. Mr. Whiteside must answer this, and, without the slightest wish to impugn the veracity of Mr. Lucas, enumerates ten cases in which he has himself convicted Papists, and transported them; and adds that, in his Italian travels, he has seen many priests who had all the marks of having passed a very convivial evening. Mr. John Fitzgerald protests rather pathetically that 'the terrums applied by the honourable and learned member to the clergymen of his (Mr. Fitzgerald's) church are calculated to make Catholics rise in arrums against such treatment, besides that they are not the least in the wurrald necessary in a discussion on this beel.' This latter remark would perhaps apply to a good deal else that has been said, and the House is of the same opinion, for there are impatient cries of 'Question;' and, on another Irish member rising to confute Mr. Fitzgerald, the exclamations grow so loud that Ireland feels she has had all the share of the debate she is likely to get that night.

But it is now late, and the Leader of the Commons, glancing round and satisfying himself that nobody else wants to speak whom the House wants to hear, touches his hat. 'Lord John Russell,' says the Speaker. There is a cry of 'Order, order,'—men address themselves to listen, and cough, that they may have done with that English preliminary. Some slip up into the gallery, and hasten round so as to get opposite to Lord John. The reporters, who have been taking it easily, now look out for real work, and his lordship lays his hat upon the table and begins. He confesses that he might have felt some difficulty in dealing with the multiplied objections which had been made to his bill if, fortunately, many of them did not answer others, and the rest refute themselves. But he does proceed to 'take all their points in his target,' and deals with them with no small adroitness. He is happier, however, at demonstrating the weakness and inconsistency of an antagonist than in establishing a proposition of his own—a characteristic supposed to be especially Whiggish. He therefore

therefore dwells on the various objections, and, with a 'Well, then,' either effects a *reductio ad absurdum* in each case, or imagines himself to have done so. He next shows that the Government, having inserted in the Royal Speech a recommendation that extension of the suffrage to persons at present unqualified should be considered, it was strictly in accordance with precedent to introduce this measure. He refers to various historical cases in which ministers, especially Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville, have brought in similar bills, at exactly the same distance from the beginning of the session as the present time; and, if the House escapes a reference to Magna Charta, it will hardly get off without a mention of Lord Somers. He warms a little as he gets on, refers to his own successes in extending the franchise; and though he is obliged (he retains some old phrases and old sounds, appoints debates for to-morrow se'nnight, and speaks of Room when alluding to the Scarlet Lady) to admit that this is not a large measure, it is, he contends, a safe, a just, and a constitutional one. He relies upon the support of the House in carrying out a policy which tends to the establishment of our institutions on a broader basis, and to enable the country the better to carry out the great duty committed to her by Providence—a peroration so often repeated that it might almost be kept stereotyped at Messrs. Hansard's. His lordship takes his hat from the table and sits down, and some people think that the minister having replied, the debate ought to be over, and the verdict taken. Mr. Disraeli is of a different opinion, and has established for himself a precedent of always replying upon the Government. He begins very distinctly, but very quietly. Perhaps the art of compelling a hearer to listen to every word spoken by an orator was never carried to higher perfection—we do not refer to the internal power of his oratory, but to its manner. He had not intended to speak (he is frequently in this case), but—there is some reason why he should. If a tax question is on, he thinks it would be disrespectful to the sovereign, as he has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, if he did not offer a few observations. If a privilege question, of course, one who had led the House of Commons may naturally be expected to take an interest in a subject affecting its rights. If there be no other reason for frustrating his own intention to avail himself (as the Frenchman said) of a great opportunity of holding his tongue, it is to be found in the strange and unexampled doctrine of the noble lord. The well-prepared attack is then delivered. The House is requested to go back a few months. The history of the session is traced, sarcastic comments upon each legislative act or attempt enlivening the story, and complaints of long-forgotten personalities

sonalities coming up like new* grievances, but so dexterously introduced that the hearer who relishes what he affects to condemn is inwardly glad they have rankled so long. Then the measure before the House is shown not to be a mere isolated endeavour to capitalise a little popularity by pandering to a party whim, but a link in a long chain of 'unconstitutional practices, for which impeachment would be so much too mild a treatment that he will not even propose a vote of want of confidence. Towards the end of his speeches, Mr. Disraeli gets very loud, but his voice takes a purely artistic tone—passion has nothing to do with it—and he drops from an angry clamour to a smooth colloquialism just as cleverly as Mr. Macready used to do in *Lord Townley*, when, in the scene where he is upbraiding his wife, a servant enters, and the highly-bred man, not choosing that a menial should witness his anger, forces his voice down into the gentlest, 'Desire Mr. Manly to walk upstairs.' But that last taunt sounds like a termination—or is there another bang in the squib?—yes, one more, and with a capitally constructed closing sentence, of which the last syllable rings as distinctly in the ear as the first, the leader of her Majesty's Opposition sits down. There are loud cries for a division, but the gallant Colonel Sibthorp will be heard, and the House humours him, knowing that he will be brief. He has nothing to say, except that he considers the ministry to be the most shuffling, vacillating, contemptible gang—yes, sir, gang—ever assembled, and that *timet Danaos et dona ferentes*. The Speaker then proceeds to put the question.

Although the old rule of turning strangers out of the House during the mystic process of division has been rescinded, it is with an exception as regards those who sit in the Speaker's gallery, and who might cause inconvenience by getting among the Members. So, that declaration, 'Strangers must withdraw,' though a *brutum fulmen* for the strangers above, turns Ingenuus out. He must therefore hasten upstairs and watch the proceedings from the privileged gallery.

There is a sand-glass on the Speaker's table, and this is turned over when the debate concludes, and during the two minutes that the sand is running, members, duly warned, hurry up from the library, smoking-rooms, dining-rooms, and the Thames promenade, where, at high-water, and when the wind does not bring over the reek of those foul manufactories, a senator's lounge is not unpleasant—the accessories of the scene being the sparkling lights, plashing river, and a good cigar. The time is up, everybody has been whipped in, and see how the bar is crammed, and how the foremost ranks press forward towards the centre of the House.

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The Speaker orders the door to be closed. He then puts the question. Its form is mystic, as are many things here, but there is no great danger of a mistake, whippers-in being alert, and Members knowing the advantage of following their leaders. The proposal was, that the Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill should be read a second time. Sir F. Thesiger's amendment was, that instead of the words 'a second time,' there should be inserted 'this day six months.' The question is, whether the words proposed to be left out, namely, 'a second time,' shall stand. 'Those who are of that opinion say Aye.'

'Aye,' say a great many voices on the Government side.

'Those who are of a contrary opinion say No.'

'No!' comes in thunder from the Opposition, who have better lungs than the Ministerialists. The Speaker then casually remarks,

'I think the Ayes have it.'

He is, however, instantly and flatly contradicted by various Noes, and without contesting the point, he exclaims—

'The Ayes to the right, the Noes to the left.'

All the Members come down from their seats and the floor is crowded. They are making their way, slowly, to the lobbies appropriated for them. The Speaker nominates two tellers on each side, whose business it is to ascertain the numbers—a couple of Government men, and the mover and seconder of the amendment. While the House is clearing, the four tellers linger and exchange jokes. A Member is taking the opposite side to that of his party, and a teller calls after him that he is going the wrong way. A young gentleman with a large paletot has arrived in a Highland dress, from some masked ball, and one of the four, as he passes, invites him to take off the paletot in order to delight the Speaker's eyes with a view of his costume. As soon as the House is reported clear, the tellers follow to do their work.

Now the Members, having voted, begin to re-enter in single file, and return to their seats. A clerk in wig and gown goes to the Opposition green box to be ready to take the numbers. Sir Frederic Thesiger comes in, looking quite triumphant, walks up to the clerk and speaks—a sensation round the House, and then a tremendous Opposition cheer. Enter Mr. Hayter, the Secretary to the Treasury, not looking quite so well pleased, and he also approaches the clerk. The four tellers then form in line, and retire, backing. As they do so their position indicates the victory. The right hand man of the four belongs to the winning side, and in that station is the tall form of Sir Frederic Thesiger. Another tremendous Opposition cheer, and the four go bowing up to the table, and Sir Frederic reads from a paper—
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'The Ayes to the right were' 220, the Noes to the left 234.' Terrific cheering, Government beaten by 14, and the Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill lost.

For a few minutes business is suspended, members laugh over the victory and defeat, and Ministers are seen in converse. Ingenuus may suppose that they are consoling one another under the painful catastrophe; but it is more probable that they are arranging what other business shall be taken that night. The door having been re-opened, members depart, though so large a House usually leaves a pretty large fragment up to the time of adjournment.

The other orders are now read by the Speaker.

If there is an Irish Bill on the list, seven Members of the Emerald Isle will start up with protests against proceeding with Irish business at that unseasonable hour, and it is just as probable that if they had not protested the measure would have been postponed. But when Lord Palmerston moves the second reading of the 'Thames Purification Bill,' and Mr. Somebody, whose friend is the owner of filthy works which befoul the river, is sure that the Home Secretary will not press so important a measure at such an hour, the Viscount is justly obdurate, and says that the smell is horrible, and that London cries out for vengeance. Some matter-of-course bill will next go through Committee with inconceivable rapidity, the clerk who lifts up the mace not thinking it worth while to put it down, but merely holding it off the table until Mr. Bouverie has rattled through the clauses (there are but three), and then replaces it. The paper being exhausted, various Members of the Government walk to the end of the House, and are called to by name.

'Sir James Graham.'

'Papers, Sir, by command of Her Majesty.'

'Bring them up.' And Sir James bows and deposits the papers, which are for the information of the House. The same ceremony is performed in the case of a bill. The clock now says III, and Mr. James Wilson takes off his hat, and remarks—

'I move that this House do now adjourn.'

The Speaker catches at his robe, and, with a bow, descends and disappears, and the Members rush to the door. The strangers have dribbled away long ago, except two or three, who wish to see the very last of it, and the wearied reporters are hurrying up their note-books, and starting off for their respective newspapers. Ingenuus is glad that he has witnessed the scene, but does not want to come again—at least such is the sentiment we have often heard from similar visitants.

More lively, if less conventionally dignified, are the very
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important discussions that take place in Committee of the whole House. Had the second reading of the Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill been carried, the Committee would have been its next stage ; but *the* reading having been lost, there is an end of the present attempt upon the Constitution. We have described the mode of procedure in a committee on a bill ; but there are various kinds of sittings of this nature ; such, for instance, as the Committee of Supply. This deals with the estimates, which comprise a vast variety of subjects, including the entire expenses of the Army, the Navy, the Ordnance, and the Civil Service. It is obvious that with such topics to discuss there must be a world of small talk expended along with the public money, especially as members have a right to be heard in Committee as often as they please. On the other hand there is not much 'set speaking,' though a senator will sometimes leave the conversational tone in which all real business is done, and grow didactic and declamatory. In battling over these accounts, topics must arise on which the least informed and least fluent member can contribute an opinion or a fact. On the Civil Estimates, and especially on that ample field, the Miscellaneous Estimates, the talkers pop up and down incessantly. Every item is *apropos* to something which has lain in somebody's mind, and of which he must now be relieved. On the Army and Navy Estimates the gentlemen connected with those professions are usually heard with advantage, a few garrulous and crotchety officers excepted ; but on these subjects there are also lay members, and especially reformers, who utter a good deal of plausible matter, which gives great umbrage to the men of routine. The Speaker is exempt from the endurance of this gossiping audit ; and at present the Honourable Edward Bouverie, Chairman of Committees, presides, due compensation being made to him for his pains.

The going into supply is a favourite opportunity for a member with a grievance or a whim ; and it is competent to any one to 'call attention' to the fact that an insufficient provision of umbrellas was made on board Waterman No. 12, the last time the House of Commons accompanied the Queen to a launch ; or to the desirability of establishing a circulating library for the recreation of the felons in the model prisons, and for having occasional theatrical performances and promenade concerts for their comfort. We have known a whole night, which was destined for the estimates, occupied by such discussions ; and then, when twelve o'clock came, Mr. Hume very properly objected to opening a new debate, and expending public money at a time when the House was too weary to be on the alert. There is, however, a limitation to the number of such interruptions, though of course their

their length cannot be prescribed; and among recent suggestions, prompted by the inconvenience which is produced by this interference with public business, is one for abolishing the system altogether. But supposing that the gentlemen with notices give way to the public appeal of a minister, or to the private blandishment of a Secretary to the Treasury, or that the questions so interpolated have been disposed of, the mace descends from the table, the House goes into a Committee of Supply, and the report next day would read thus:—

The first vote proposed was, that the sum of [£]135,863*l.* be granted to her Majesty to defray the expenses of the royal palaces.

Mr. Wise wished to know why the front of Buckingham Palace had been painted. It looked very ugly; and painting stone was quite ridiculous.

Sir William Molesworth said that the process had been rendered necessary, because the stone-work had suffered from weather.

Mr. Hume said that was no answer. Bad materials must have been furnished; and there must have been somebody on duty to see that the materials were good. Whose business was it?

Lord Seymour said that stone was a very hard thing (a laugh) to get good.

Mr. Williams said that was because application was not made in the right quarter. Private individuals could get good articles; but Government had the monopoly of being ill served.

An honourable member said that his house was built of very good stone.

Mr. Wilson said that he was very glad to hear it, he was sure; but honourable members would see that this was no reason why her Majesty should not have the necessary repairs executed.

The vote was agreed to.

Mr. Bouverie.—Order, order. The next vote was that 66,585*l.* should be granted for keeping in repair the lodges, fences, roads, and paths in the royal parks and pleasure-grounds.

An honourable member took this opportunity of calling attention to the disgraceful fact, that he saw a boy in St. James's Park, on Thursday last, pitching little pebbles into the mouth of the great mortar. A policeman was standing at Storey's Gate, but did not interfere. Now, at a time like this, when we were spending millions on our ordnance, he thought that this neglect was, to say the least of it, very inconsistent.

Sir William Molesworth said that unluckily the mortar could hardly be called a public statue, and therefore the new Act for the Protection of the Statues did not allow him to interfere; but the police should be spoken to. Another

Another honourable member wished to know whether the public had a right to the chestnuts that fell from the trees in Bushy Park. He mentioned this, because in riding through the park he had frequently seen numbers of pic-nic parties collecting them in large numbers, and carrying them away in pocket-handkerchiefs. He did not intend to move any amendment, but wished the Government to be aware of the fact.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that Government had to thank the honourable member for bringing the subject forward. • Difficulty had arisen in legislating on the subject, on account of the articles in question being entirely useless to everybody; but the ranger had taken the matter into consideration, and he hoped that ere long a satisfactory regulation would be affixed on the park-gates.

The vote was agreed to.

This kind of small-talk, with frequently far more puerile variations, usually lasts for five or six hours, and is renewed, *de nocte in noctem*, until the estimates are gone through. It is hardly necessary to add that not a twentieth part of what is said is given in the newspapers, which condense the observations made in Committee in a mode which it would be very desirable to adopt in regard to the formal debates. It is not to be denied, however, that these desultory discussions are of great advantage. In addition to the check which they impose upon any recklessness or jobbery on the part of the administration, they afford a very convenient opportunity for forcing upon the attention of Parliament suggestions of real utility, but which are of too small or special a character to be brought forward in an isolated shape; and although the parliamentary privilege of unlimited gossip is exercised to the utmost upon these occasions, it would be very undesirable that the House, in a sudden fit of impatience, should seek to curtail its estimate colloquies.

In the corner of New Palace Yard, beyond Star Chamber Court (Sir Charles Barry has done well to preserve these old historical names), is the door leading to the reporters' gallery. As we leave that of the strangers there is a little crowd of the gentlemen of the press coming out, and they look with some compassion at us who remain, voluntarily, to hear debates at such an hour. Here are the men for whom, and to whom, Parliament talks so lengthily. The reporters' gallery is the filter through which the senatorial eloquence is percolated for the public. And the illustration really 'holds water,' for the press can only do what a filter does. It purifies the speeches from bad grammar, and nonsense, and iteration, and, in short, renders them fluent and presentable; but it can do nothing towards
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making the article wholesome. Ditch-water will be dull, though filtration may have made it translucent, and it is the same with Boggle's platitudes, Azote's scepticism, and Myope's political philosophy.

The parliamentary reporter is now as regularly recognized an official of the House as the Serjeant-at-Arms. It was not always so. Without becoming historical (a process we have determined to avoid upon this occasion) and recurring to Dr. Johnson and the Gentleman's Magazine, we may mention that up to the time of the destruction of the Houses by the fire, the reporters merely occupied the back of the gallery appropriated to strangers. In this inconvenient station they wrote with their note-books on their knees. They had upon special occasions to fight the public for their places, when members, exercising their right of causing the gallery to be opened at early hours, poured in their friends, and threatened to swamp the limited space. But when the temporary House was being constructed, a separate gallery was built for the accommodation of the press. It is but justice to state that this advantage was claimed for them by the author of the Parliamentary Companion, who, from having been a member of the reporters' gallery for thirty-seven years (during the latter portion of which time he has been the manager of the reporting staff of the *Times*) is now regarded as its representative when questions of its comfort and convenience arise. In the present edifice, a still more commodious gallery has been reserved for their use, with a set of retiring and refreshment rooms; and a messenger of the House is constantly on duty for the purpose of carrying on communication between the reporters and any members whose documents they may desire to borrow, or whose quotations may be too far-fetched (a rare occurrence) for easy verification. The good Lord Eldon is said to have finally and formally recognized the press, by having, when Chancellor, picked up a reporter's note-book, which had fallen over the bar of the House of Lords, and returned it to the owner, without expressing a single 'doubt' as to whether the right of ownership still remained in the latter, after that discontinuance, or whether the party who swept the floor had not acquired an equitable interest in such a waif, an interest which heaven forbid John Scott should treat lightly. Mr. S. Carter Hall is, we believe, the gentleman who thus afforded Lord Eldon the opportunity of recognizing the *status* of stenography.

To sit in the members' gallery, and observe the reporting system in action, is interesting. There are about a dozen stalls in front of the press gallery (which is immediately over the Speaker), and these look comfortable high-backed niches. They
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are always occupied. Behind them is a row of seats on which the immediate successors of the reporters who are on duty wait until the moment for relieving guard arrives, and sometimes the editors of the leading London journals appear there in person, when a ministerial crisis, or some other *nodus dignus*, justifies the avatar. Each portion of note-taking is called a 'turn.' We are informed that in the case of some, if not all, the daily journals, the first turn of the evening is an hour, and that at five o'clock the first man is relieved. As the finger of the clock opposite approaches the last minute you may see the finger of the successor held over the acting reporter's shoulder, and at the precise moment the signal falls, the two gentlemen exchange places, the new one takes up the speaker at his next sentence, and the old one departs to the newspaper office to 'write out' his 'turn'—that is, to translate short-hand into English, for the printers. The length of the turns, we understand, varies in different papers, but during the early part of the night they are either three-quarters of an hour or half an hour, and later they shorten to turns of half an hour and twenty minutes. About one hundred words in a minute is as much, we are apprised, as the fastest short-hand writer can take; and Sir George Grey probably utters 120 or 130; but *his* delivery is somewhat preternatural. The time required for the transcription of the turn varies with the closeness with which the report has been taken, and, of course, with the rapidity of the writer; but, on an average, it probably takes about five times as long as the short-hand noting. As fast as the transcriber throws off a page it is hurried away to the compositor, and a large portion of a long speech is in print before the orator is thinking of his peroration. When the list of reporters is exhausted the first man recommences, and so on until the House rises; and in a fierce campaign a reporter will not unfrequently have three and even four turns. But the reporters, like other people, thank Providence there is a House of Lords, for a similarly organized staff is sent by each newspaper to that assembly; but, as the Lords have no constituents to talk to, and no speeches to make merely as political capital, their sittings on the average are very brief, and therefore the reporters who are not needed in the Upper House come in to share the labours of their colleagues in the Commons. But their duties on any night of a debate are heavy as well as responsible; and, as a general rule, these gentlemen well deserve the tribute paid to them by Mr. Sheil, who (as cited by Mr. Dod) said, in his income-tax speech, in March, 1845, 'There are men in that gallery of liberal education, and of minds embellished with every literary adornment, who by great labour, by great wear

wear and tear of body and mind, acquire an income which falls within the range of the tax, although it is far from being commensurate with the ability or the usefulness of a class to which some of the first men in England have belonged.' He might have named, among others, Lord Chief-Justice Campbell, the late Serjeant Spankie—(the lamented Mr. Justice Talfourd, who worked in the law courts for the *Morning Chronicle*, has been authoritatively, but erroneously, described as a Parliamentary reporter)—Mr. Charles Dickens, and others of the *ornatissimi*. The allusion was, we doubt not, applauded; for the members of the British senate have a lively sense of the value of a newspaper to their reputation, and of the ability and judgment with which the staff in the gallery discharge their functions.

Besides the reporters who are constantly appearing and disappearing, we may remark among the occupants of the stalls some gentlemen who write comparatively little, but who remain the whole evening and watch the entire debate. These are the writers of summaries, whose office would seem to have been called into existence by the enormous length at which newspapers deem it desirable to give the parliamentary debates, and the consequent inability of a large class, and unwillingness of a larger, to spend upon these gigantic reports the time necessary to extract their pith. Each of the leading papers is supplied with one of these writers, whose task is to listen to a speech, and to condense its points into as brief a space as possible, preserving its colour and style—if it have any, and the speaker's grade entitle him to such consideration—and in ordinary cases to indicate the line taken by each member, with such a *résumé* of his argument as may show the reasons which prompt, or are stated to prompt him. Mr. Horace Twiss was, we believe, the first gentleman who devoted himself to this branch of reporting. The summaries of the best papers are executed in a masterly manner; and, in nine cases out of ten, make a reference to the debate *in extenso* unnecessary. As we have already intimated, we are inclined to believe that, if the system were much more freely introduced into the ordinary reports than at present, the House would be spared a world of what the Americans call *Bunkum*. The men who 'cram' themselves with facts that they may discharge them in speeches, and speak that they may be reported, would eat their dinners with their wives and children in comparative calmness, if those magnificent senatorial efforts were discouraged:—*e.g.* 'Mr. Chatterby then sketched the history of the question, in a speech of an hour and a quarter, and, reserving to himself the right of dissenting from details, supported the bill.' This would save Mr. Chatterby a great deal of
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mnemonic promenading about his library, and many impassioned appeals to his armchair as Mr. Speaker.

In the course of the parliamentary debates, the House is occasionally indulged with provincialisms and vulgarisms. The great majority of the members speak as educated men should do; but there are a few gentlemen who are somewhat 'too appy to leave the matter in the ands of the Ouse.' More than one of these is a Conservative. The Scotch accent and the Irish brogue may of course be heard—the latter at most times, and in strange varieties, from the nipping, sneaking Dublin brogue to the rich low-comedy voice of the West. The Scotch members speak very little; they are understood to hold private Parliaments of their own on Scotch bills, which are there discussed in a business-like and sensible manner by those who understand them; and the House, which of course does not, is relieved from the trouble of doing much more than passing the measures, as it generally does about two in the morning.

Of Parliamentary eloquence we would rather decline to speak. When there were such things as grand speeches—we are willing to believe they were very grand—they had seldom reporters with short-hand pens, and most of them died. Assuredly the art is extinct, and there are no great speeches now. There are long speeches, and sarcastic speeches, and crack speeches, but they are not such speeches as fell from the lips of Burke, Pitt, and Fox, or, more recent still, from Canning and Brougham. We have in our time heard five orations whose united lengths would rather exceed the twenty-four hours. They were of very different calibre. One was Lord Palmerston's most able exposition of his whole foreign policy, in the summer of 1850, an effort—we speak without political reference—worthy of the energetic and accomplished man who made it. Another was a speech by Mr. Vincent Scully, an Irish member, who spoke avowedly against time for the express purpose of obstructing business, and who occupied, if we remember aright, a whole morning sitting. Two others were Budget speeches, by Messrs. Disraeli and Gladstone, of five hours each; and the fifth was that of Sir Charles Wood's, 'a good man, but a little o'ertasked,' when he laid the East India Bill before the House. These are the great talking feats of late days. Lord Palmerston does not affect eloquence, but usually speaks in a frank, English manner, the franker that he frequently hesitates over a word, making no secret of the fact that he wishes to select the best. His action is energetic, even in giving a brief explanation. His long experience of business and of the House, combined with his own keen insight into character, tell him at a glance what manner of man his antagonist is, and in

what way it would be acceptable to the House to have him treated. Though he is personally fearless, and never hesitates to close when the fight demands a grapple, it is evidently pleasanter to Lord Palmerston merely to exchange a few knightly blows with a worthy assailant, and then to charge upon the field, after the manner of one of the Froissart heroes, so much admired by John Graham of Claverhouse. Of Mr. Disraeli's masterly, passionless, finished delivery, we have already spoken. Like the warrior to whom Norna chants her witch-song, seldom

‘Lies he still, through sloth or fear,
When point and edge are glittering near.’

An ever-ready speaker, his premeditated orations, that is to say, those over which he has had some time—no matter how short—to ponder, are nevertheless infinitely better than those prompted by the exigency of the moment. He will sometimes from this cause reply better to the earlier part of an antagonist's argument than to its close; and his own peroration is seldom so effective as what, in dramatic language, may be called the crisis of his speech. Unprepared, he has a tendency to verbiage, and to a repetition of the same idea, without a sufficient variety of treatment: prepared, and not a blow misses; not a platitude irritates; not a sarcasm is impeded by a weakening phrase. The arrow, stripped of all plumage except that which aids and steadies its flight, strikes within a hair's breadth of the archer's aim; whether it finds the joint of the harness, or shivers on the shield, is occasionally matter of opinion; but that it often wounds deeply would seem to be proved by the exceeding ferocity with which, out of the House, Mr. Disraeli is assailed. In the House, it is rare for any one but Mr. Gladstone to meddle with him. Mr. Macaulay's voice is now so seldom raised in Parliament that there is little to be told of him, save what was well known long ago. Twice only has he been heard of late: once on the India Bill, when some persons expected a masterly survey of Indian history and politics, and an eloquent prophecy of the future, and were compelled to content themselves with some pleasant and sensible observations on education. His other effort was on the Judges' Exclusion Bill, when he spoke vigorously, and brought back reminiscences of old parliamentary battles which were wont to stir the pulses of the listeners. We hoped to have been gratified by a specimen of his ever-welcome eloquence on the Scotch Education Bill, seeing him in his place; but he came only to present the opinions of other people on the measure. Sir Bulwer Lytton, who early won reputation by his speeches in Parliament, has distinguished himself since his recent return to the House in the conservative ranks; and has more than

than once been appointed to the post of honour, and shown himself worthy of it. His trained intellect, great energy, and command of language, make him formidable, both in attack and in defence ; and we presume that as there are few other achievements he has not accomplished, that we shall one day see him holding the Castle Dangerous of office. Mr. Gladstone is the most polished speaker in the House of Commons. His verbal resources are as remarkable as his management of them ; and his manner is invariably that of a gentleman. He is charged with 'subtlety' by coarser minds, but we fancy that the English intellect, which is not distinguished for its analytical power, treats the subject in a somewhat jumbling fashion. Mr. Gladstone inclines to the Tractarian party—Tractarians are no better than Jesuits—Jesuits are proverbially subtle—and, therefore, when Mr. Gladstone is defining, very elaborately, the difference between long annuities and deferred annuities, he is talking Jesuitically. We believe that Mr. Gladstone would be a more popular orator if he would be less explicit ; but, while he exhausts the subject, he sometimes exhausts the listener. His refined and scholarly periods, the creation of the moment, but as elegantly balanced and as keenly pointed as if they had been written and studied—are always marvels of fluency, and often specimens of eloquence. Mr. Walpole's earnest, thoughtful, gentlemanly style, is a model for young members ; and, though a lawyer, he never metes out lawyer measure. His rising commands instant and respectful attention, and we never heard an unkind thing said by or to the late Home Secretary. Lord Stanley inherits his father's intellect, but not his declamatory power ; he is, however, struggling successfully against a difficulty of delivery, and speaks so well, that no one grudges the trouble of following him. We incline to think he will achieve a distinguished position. Mr. Bright, notwithstanding the disadvantage of advocating opinions which are often extravagant, is among the very ablest speakers in the House. Though it is a general remark, that his tone during the present session has been less defiant than formerly, his worst defect is still the arrogance and intolerance of his language, inso-much that a friend is reported to have said of him that, had he not been a Quaker, he would have been a pugilist. On the other hand, he is extremely ready, and can both reason and declaim with unusual power. Mr. Cobden has a down look, and a manner which is neither masculine nor polished. He hammers away, with a narrow, niggling action of the fore-arm ; and his arguments partake of the same small but continuous character ; till at the close you find that, despite your dislike at being jolted onwards in such a fashion, he has proved his case from his premises. The ultra-montane champion, Mr. Lucas, has a disagreeable, vinegar

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voice; but his taste for superstition makes him so habitually wrathful with everything Protestant, that the voice is amusingly suitable to the themes he chiefly selects. He is one of the few smart agents of the priests; and his perverse oratory, which hurts nobody but himself and the Roman Catholic interests, is always a relief from the average dullness of the House. Mr. Bernal Osborne used to be a showy declaimer, and a capital hand at letting off prepared fireworks: but he has taken office; and whereas in that very 1850 debate, of which we have spoken before, he assailed Sir James Graham mercilessly, and ridiculed his career and consistency, calling him the successor to Mr. Urquhart, in 1854 he is Sir James's decorous First Secretary, and squibbeth no more. Sir James's own style of speaking is pretty well known. A perfect master of his subject and of himself, and by no means afraid to use a strong word upon occasion, he is among the most dangerous antagonists in the House. The steam-engine rapidity of Sir George Grey, whose concentrated energy of speech is a curiosity—the exuberant action of Lord Claude Hamilton, faintly imitated by Mr. Apsley Pellatt—the tears in the voice of Lord Bernard, the downright groan of Mr. Edward Ball, the continuous garrulity of Mr. Aglionby when once set going—the ill-rewarded efforts of Mr. Miall to speak effectively on a subject on which he has thought earnestly—the twelve or fourteen perorations of Mr. Hume to every speech the veteran delivers—may be matters of good-natured note, but they have, of course, little to do with oratory. There are some earnest men, chiefly young, who are ‘coming up,’ and will, we trust, do good service; for they speak as single-minded English gentlemen, who eschew quackery and cant. Lord Stanley, on one side, and Mr. Layard, ‘the member for Nineveh,’ on the other, are excellent types of a class to which we look with hopefulness, for the world is very weary both of Red Tape and of Cotton Twist.

We have frequently heard it asked whether there is much Wit in the House, and have never known any variation in the reply. Very seldom, indeed, is ‘a good thing’ said within these walls. Yet the House of Commons is an indulgent audience, where it likes the speaker; but it is here as elsewhere, the most senile anecdote, execrably told, will be endured from a favourite, while an unknown man will receive a groan in return for an epigram. The last deliberately-conceived neat thing within our recollection was said by the late Mr. Sheil, who, complimenting a noble lord who is ever active in the cause of Christian civilization, said that he ‘had made Humanity one of Shaftesbury’s Characteristics.’ One jest delights the House very much; indeed, it never fails; and it must have been heard a good many thousand times. It is when a speaker confuses the name of the member
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to whom he refers with that of the place for which that gentleman sits. Accidentally, or (such things are) by design, let a senator speak of the noble lord the member for Palmerston, or the honourable baronet the member for Molesworth, and the House goes off into a roar. It is a safe point, like Mr. Hardcastle's anecdote of Old Grouse in the gun-room: 'your worship must not tell that story, if we are not to laugh; I can't help laughing at that: we have laughed at it these twenty years.' Among the smaller recreations of the House is the raising a terrific cry when a member new to parliamentary manners accidentally walks between the Speaker and the member speaking. This unpardonable violation of etiquette brings from all sides the most indignant exclamations. The puzzled look of the criminal as he sits down: that 'what *have* I done?' is part of the sport; and we almost fear that by publishing the secret we shall be depriving the House of one of its innocent diversions.

We originally proposed to speak of the House of Commons only, and have endeavoured to restrict ourselves to that single topic—one which can never be otherwise than interesting to Englishmen. We have wished to treat the subject on the *Trosve*, *Tyriusve* principle, so unhesitatingly laid down by the father of gods and men in a case reported by a Latin author of eminence; and if we have deviated from impartiality it is because it is with opinions as with the rays of light, that the distortions produced by the medium through which they pass are not apparent to our perceptions. It is possible that our sketches may facilitate, with those who have not, like Ingenuus, paid a visit to the House, the future studies of

‘ The grand debate,

The popular harangue, the tart reply.’

But, inasmuch as we have talked only of those who talk, we cannot find it in our hearts to conclude without a tribute to the invaluable men who do not talk, and who follow the advice of John Locke, given to his cousin, Mr. King:—‘ I would not have you speak in the House, but you can communicate your light and apprehensions to some honest speaker who may make use of it. For there have always been very able members who never speak, who yet, by their penetration and foresight, have this way done as much service as any within those walls.’ These are truly excellent men, and would there were more of them. Let it not be forgotten that when the present universe is brought to the close predicted by the northern legends, a new system is to be established, of which the grand principle is to be Silence. If the new system includes a Parliament, we shall canvass the electors.

ART. II.—*History of Latin Christianity; including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicolas V.* By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. Vols. I., II., III. London, 1854.

IT is often a matter of complaint, sometimes gravely felt, sometimes loudly expressed, how little connexion seems to exist between the magnificence of our great ecclesiastical edifices and the life of the institutions which are sheltered beneath them. Yet this sense of disproportion is not the one which has always been called up by the sight of those stately edifices. Nor will it be awakened, if in the heart of our crowded cities, in the centre of the busiest stir of national life, we are reminded not only of the pastoral zeal which ministers to the wants of the present, but of the learning which recalls the past, and the wisdom which forecasts the future. The lofty tower which before the Great Fire looked down over the metropolis, was no unworthy memento of the enlightened learning of Colet, or of the genius of Donne. The majestic dome of Wren might not unfitly cast its shadow over the temporary home of Butler. And we confess that now, in like manner, it is not without a certain pleasing sense of congruity that we see the name of the Dean of St. Paul's on the title-page of what may fairly be called the most important work on ecclesiastical history that the English language has produced.

We do not forget the quaint wisdom of Fuller, or the fervour of Milner—we do not overlook the compendious and useful narratives which have been published by Dean Waddington, by Dr. Burton, and (to mention the best and latest work of the kind) by Mr. Robertson. But none of these can vie in the union of learning, and ability, and extent, with that which is now before us. With a poetic temperament, of which the first fire glowed in those striking passages of lyrical and dramatic poetry by which he won his earliest fame, Dean Milman has combined an amount of industry and experience, which he has steadily applied to the subject of which these three—we trust we may add without presumptuous anticipation—these six volumes are the crowning result. Beginning with the history of the Jewish nation, he has gradually worked on through the rise of 'Christianity under the Roman Empire' to the period which covers its settlement in the European nations, and includes almost the whole ground which ecclesiastical history has usually occupied.

We do not mean to assert that this history is in all points the model of what such a history should be. For such a work no one man, with powers however varied, will ever suffice. To some we doubt not that in this, as in his earlier works, there will
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appear to be a certain monotony of sentiment, if we may so express it, which hardly suits with the richness and variety of a field, over which all the lights and shades of character, human and divine, are for ever playing in the most complicated form—a tendency—probably induced by a natural recoil from the usual temper of ecclesiastical historians—to insist on the gentle and benevolent aspect of Christianity, sometimes almost to the exclusion of its sterner, and bolder expressions. There is also in many parts of these volumes an abruptness and carelessness of composition, which, whilst it sometimes presents an agreeable, oftener, perhaps, affords an unpleasing contrast to the polish and grace which characterized most of his former writings—sentences unconnected, repeated, broken—entangled with parenthesis—sometimes even facts, evidently from mere oversight, miswritten or omitted. Nor can we think that it was necessary (even for the sake of writing, according to his well-sustained purpose, ‘a history, not a succession of dissertations on history’) to give once again the details of obscure periods, or the summary—it can hardly be more than a summary—of the lives of Carlovingian princes and German popes, whose names we willingly forget as soon as read.

But in spite of these drawbacks—some of them, perhaps, the inevitable results of the pressure of materials—we repeat that no such work has appeared in English ecclesiastical literature—none which combines such breadth of view with such depth of research—such high literary and artistic eminence with such patient and elaborate investigation—such appreciation of the various forms of greatness and goodness with such force of conception and execution—none which exhibits so large an amount of that fearlessness of results which is the necessary condition of impartial judgment and trustworthy statement. And in lesser points we cannot forbear to notice its abundant references (so far as we have had the means of judging) to the best sources, old and new; or again its happy art of questioning—that art which Bacon so well calls the half of knowledge—but which we never saw so frequently and aptly employed as in the long series of suggestive interrogatories which in these pages often take the place of what in other historians would be a collection of positive, but apocryphal, assertions.

Perhaps we shall render the fullest justice to our author and the best service to our readers, if we endeavour to answer the question—probably the first which many who open these volumes will ask—‘What is *Latin Christianity*?’—and that the more, because in so doing we shall, in fact, bring out what is the chief and peculiar excellence of the work.

It is a happy circumstance for the introduction of this name to the English public, that for the first time, perhaps, since the close of the Crusades, not only the name but the object which it represents has become familiar to our minds. We had long known what was meant by 'Europe,' by 'Christendom,' by 'the Church of Rome;' but the peculiar idea expressed by 'Latin Christianity' is one which must always sound strange, except at times when the two great divisions of Christendom are set in opposition to each other—when Western Europe is viewed in contrast to the East—when Roman Catholicism is opposed not to the Protestant nations of Northern Europe, but to the Greek and Armenian and Coptic Churches of the old Byzantine Empire. Such is the aspect under which the various forms of the Christian faith have necessarily been viewed, since the calamitous war which arose out of the controversy between the 'Greek and Latin Churches' over their sanctuaries in the Holy Land, and which is now sustained by the religious enthusiasm which the head of the Eastern sphere of Christendom has roused against his brother sovereigns of the West.

But although this distinction between Greek and Latin is brought out more prominently than usual at the present moment, it is one which has existed for centuries—one which has affected the whole course of European history, and which has its roots in some of the deepest movements that divide the human race.

It is no new name invented for the occasion; it is the name which both philosophically, and practically, expresses the origin of the most extensive diversities of Christian faith and practice; and when Dean Milman states that 'the great event in the history of our religion and of mankind, during many centuries after the extinction of Paganism, is the rise, the development, and the domination of Latin Christianity,' he states a fact, often indeed overlooked, but yet the key of the main questions of ecclesiastical history, as well as of the chief interest of his own work. There is doubtless a sense in which the Church is truly Catholic—that is, truly independent of any national or social difference—a sense also in which the main divisions of Christian opinion may be viewed irrespectively of any territorial or ethnological boundaries. There are feelings aroused, principles strengthened, evils cast out, by the reception of Christianity—whether in its simplest or its most complex form—which belong not to this or that nation, but to the human heart itself. There are, again, diversities of opinion arising from varieties of the human mind, which are to be found in every community which has reached a certain pitch of civilization and religious consciousness. To treat of ecclesiastical history from this point of view, is, to a certain extent,
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the object of Neander's *History of the Christian Church*; and a work which should fully accomplish this would fill a blank which neither he nor any one else has adequately occupied. Happy would it be for the Church, happy for the world, if we could be made clearly to see what are the elements of Christianity common to all its several forms—what the characters most nearly resembling the Divine Original which, on any hypothesis, must be regarded as the foundation and the centre of all subsequent developments. But if a task like this be too remote and impalpable, it may in the mean time be useful to trace how large a share in our ecclesiastical diversities is to be ascribed not to theological or religious causes, but to the more innocent, and in one sense, more inevitable influences of nation, of climate, of race, of the general stream of human history. There can be little question that the main root of the difference between the Church of England and Dissenters is not so much a divergence of theological principle or opinion as of social and hereditary position. And what is thus true of the Church of a single country is in its measure true of the several Churches of the great Christian family. In the following pages it will be our object to draw out this idea, as it is set forth in the work before us—to exhibit the rise, and growth, and peculiar features of Latin Christianity, as alone it can be exhibited fully in its earlier stages, by contrast with Greek or Eastern Christianity. On some future occasion we may perhaps return to the contrast between Latin Christianity and 'the Avatar of Teutonic Christianity,' which Dean Milman has promised in his forthcoming volumes, and yet more to the pictures of individual characters, which must wait for the completion of the series—for those later periods when they will occupy a more conspicuous place. Lest we should appear to have overlooked them altogether, or lest the reader should imagine that even this first instalment of the work is exclusively made up of the abstractions which we are about to present to him, we refer him to the striking portraiture of Gregory the First, of Hildebrand, of Wilfrid, of Abelard, and of Becket. For ourselves, we will at once proceed to the task we have proposed.

The first beginning of the distinction between Greek and Latin Christianity is well stated at the outset of the work:—

'For some considerable (it cannot but be an undefinable) part of the three first centuries, the Church of Rome, and most, if not all, the churches of the West, were, if we may so speak, Greek religious colonies. Their language was Greek, their organization Greek, their writers Greek, their Scriptures Greek; and many vestiges and traditions show that their ritual, their Liturgy was Greek.* Through
Greek

* We may add what he has previously stated in a note, p. 22, that all the earlier names

Greek the communication of the churches of Rome and of the West was constantly kept up with the East; and through Greek every hierarch, or his disciples, having found his way to Rome, propagated, with more or less success, his peculiar doctrines. Greek was the commercial language throughout the empire; by which the Jews, before the destruction of their city, already so widely disseminated through the world, and altogether engaged in commerce, carried on their affairs. The Greek Old Testament was read in the synagogues of the foreign Jews. The churches, formed sometimes on the foundation, to a certain extent on the model, of the synagogues, would adhere for some time, no doubt, to their language. The Gospels and the Apostolic writings, so soon as they became part of the public worship, would be read, as the Septuagint was, in their original tongue. All the Christian extant writings which appeared in Rome and in the West are Greek, or were originally Greek, the Epistles of Clement, the Shepherd of Hermas, the Clementine Recognitions and Homilies; the works of Justin Martyr, down to Caius and Hippolytus, the author of the Refutation of All Heresies. The Octavius of Minucius Felix and the Treatise of Novatian on the Trinity are the earliest known works of Latin Christian literature which came from Rome. So was it too in Gaul; there the first Christians were settled, chiefly in the Greek cities, which owned Marseilles as their parent, and which retained the use of Greek as their vernacular tongue. Irenæus wrote in Greek; the account of the Martyrs of Lyons and Vienne is in Greek. Vestiges of the old Greek ritual long survived not only in Rome, but also in some of the Gallic churches. The Kyrie eleison still lingers in the Latin service. The singular fact, related by the historian Sozomen, that, for the first centuries, there was no public preaching in Rome, here finds its explanation. Greek was the ordinary language of the community, but among the believers and worshippers may have been Latins, who understood not, or understood imperfectly, the Greek. The Gospel or sacred writings were explained according to the capacities of the persons present. Hippolytus indeed composed, probably delivered, homilies in Greek, in imitation of Origen, who, when at Rome, may have preached in Greek; and this is spoken of as something new. Pope Leo I. was the first celebrated Latin preacher, and his brief and emphatic sermons read like the first essays of a rude and untried eloquence, rather than the finished compositions which would imply a long study and cultivation of pulpit oratory. Compare them with Chrysostom.—i. pp. 27-29.

It might, therefore, seem as if Greek Christianity were the parent and Latin Christianity the child; and it is curious that this view, substantiated as it is by this tissue of minute and complex facts, is put forward with singular force and perspicuity by no less a person than the Emperor Napoleon, in his famous 'note' on Egypt. Christianity, according to him, was a triumph

names of the Roman bishops are Greek. Pius, Victor, Caius—surely the Dean should have added *Clemens*—are among the very few genuine Roman.

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of Greece over Rome ; the last and most striking instance of the expression of the Latin poet,—*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit*. It is true we must not be too far misled by words. The Emperor—and perhaps even the passage just quoted from the Dean—hardly takes into sufficient account the origin of the use of the Greek language and the aspect of the first age of Christianity, and its broad divergence both from the earlier development of the Greek race and from the later development of the Greek Church. The fact is, that the use of the Greek language during the first, and to a certain extent during the second, century is not so much a proof of the Grecian as of the Hebrew character which still remained impressed on the first Christian communities. The Gospels and Epistles were written in Greek, not because the apostles and evangelists were Greeks, but because they were Jews, and because, being Jews, they were obliged to use as their vehicle of communication, the only language which could be universally understood. The vigour, the fire, the primitive rudeness of diction and thought which appears both in their writings and those of their immediate successors, is essentially Hebrew. Not only has Latin Christianity not begun, but Greek Christianity is unborn also. Both are yet on the mountain summit in their parent lake ; the rise and divergence of both is alike in the distance. Still, without ascribing too much importance to the outward form and speech which apostolical and primitive Christianity of necessity assumed, it is not to be denied that this accident, if we choose so to call it, of its first utterances being in Greek, and not in Latin, has materially affected the fortunes of the two churches which have sprung from it. On the one hand it is a noble privilege for any church to claim a direct continuity of speech with the earliest times ; to be able to boast of reading the whole code of Scripture, old as well as new, in the language in which it was read by Christ and the Apostles ; to be saved from the necessity of rendering the words of St. Paul and St. John into any modern or stranger idiom. On the other hand, the necessity of making the sacred language accessible to the Western World imposed on the Latin Church a duty which called forth its characteristic energy and freedom. We are now so much accustomed to regard the Latin language as ‘the tongue not understood by the people,’ and as the sign of all that is antiquated and obstructive to religious liberty, that we forget how completely this was reversed in the first beginning of its adoption by the Western Church. What the vernacular languages of Germany and England were to Latin at the time of the Reformation, that, in a great degree, was Latin to Greek in the first centuries of the Christian era. Greek was then—as Latin later—the language both of civilization and of religion ; Latin was

was but the language of the provinces, and of the official organs of the government. The very name of 'Vulgate,' by which the great Latin version was and is still called, is a witness to us of the curious fact that it was then, in all senses of the word, a vulgar, not a sacred, tongue. In this respect, at least, Jerome may fairly be called the Luther of the fifth century; and the rocky cell of Bethlehem, in the gigantic literary labour, no less than in the strange visions which it witnessed, was the prototype of the chamber in the Thuringian fastness of the Wartburg.

'This was [Jerome's] great and indefeasible title to the appellation of Father of the Latin Church. Whatever it may owe to the older and fragmentary versions of the sacred writings, Jerome's Bible is a wonderful work, still more as achieved by one man, and that a Western Christian, even with all the advantage of study and of residence in the East. It almost created a new language. The inflexible Latin became pliant and expansive, naturalising foreign Eastern imagery, Eastern modes of expression and of thought, and Eastern religious notions, most uncongenial to its own genius and character; and yet retaining much of its own peculiar strength, solidity, and majesty. If the Northern, the Teutonic languages, coalesce with greater facility with the Orientalism of the Scriptures, it is the triumph of Jerome to have brought the more dissonant Latin into harmony with the Eastern tongues. The Vulgate was even more, perhaps, than the Papal power the foundation of Latin Christianity.'—i. 74.

In speaking of the divergence of the two languages which have, in fact, given the names to the two spheres of Christendom, we have advanced a step beyond the moment of the first actual appearance of these two bodies in the world itself. It was not—as Dean Milman well remarks—in Rome, nor even in Europe, but in Africa, that Latin Christianity first arose.* And he might have added, not only so, but Greek Christianity also first showed its head in that same unhappy continent, which, long as it has been dead to the Christian world, must not be allowed to pass out of ecclesiastical memory without recording its once almost exclusive eminence. Egypt, with the Greek language implanted in the schools of Alexandria by the Ptolemics, far more than Asia Minor or Greece, was the seat of the first fathers of Eastern Christendom. Carthage and its neighbouring cities, with the Latin language—which they inherited from the conquests of Scipio and the victories of Cæsar—far more than Rome fostered the great lights of the Christianity of the West. What are the remains of Quadratus, Aristides, or Athenagoras compared to the really powerful influences of Alexandria, as represented in the names of Dionysius, of Clemens, and of Origen? What are

* Vol. i. p. 59.

the silent annals of Italy and Gaul, only broken by the Greek accents of Irenæus and Hippolytus, compared to the learning and energy of Lactantius and Arnobius, of 'the fiery Tertullian,' of Cyprian, and Optatus, and—though by his time the balance was more equally distributed over the western world—the crown and glory of all, Augustine? Doubtless the elements of Christian life were scattered far and wide through the European and Asiatic provinces of the empire; but if we wish to see the first formation of theology, of ecclesiastical organization, of powerful and vigorous minds within the pale of Christianity, it is to one or other of these two divisions of the Church of Africa that our attention must be directed. The swarthy hue, in which some of the earlier pictorial illustrations of church history have delighted to represent the heretic Tertullian, was really shared by him in common with the Mauritanian Cyprian and the Copt Athanasius.

The very fact that the chief distinction between the two bodies was visible only in the least important (politically speaking) of the continents of the Old World, shows that for the first three centuries there was as yet no conscious separation between them. The Roman Church, so far as its Christianity was concerned, still belonged rather to the East than to the West; so far as its authority was concerned, in a religious sense, (whatever may have been its political importance from its situation in the metropolis,) it was held to be merely co-equal, or even subordinate to the ancient seat of apostolic Christianity * at Jerusalem, or the powerful school of Christian learning at Alexandria. But the foundation of a new Rome on the seven hills of Byzantium at once erected two centres, as of political so also of ecclesiastical unity. The birthday of Constantinople was the signal of the separation of Eastern and Western Christendom: a separation which—sometimes widening, sometimes narrowing—complicated by the introduction of new elements, of the Slavonic races into the Byzantine, of the Teutonic races into the Roman empire, of Mahometanism into the East, of Protestantism into the West—has from that day never ceased to exist, and to exhibit in each of the two divisions which it has created the strongest marks of difference in origin and in tendencies; both indeed showing the various influences, Gentile and Jewish, which had passed over both alike in 'Christianity under the Roman Empire,' but each marked as strongly by the characteristics of their native worlds: the one still clinging to its Byzantine, the other to its Roman type.

* This is well brought out in the ingenious argument founded on the remarkable apocryphal work of the second century, called the Clementines. See vol. i. 33, 34.

These differences we shall now, by the help of our learned author, proceed to unfold.

1. The distinction which has perhaps been most frequently remarked is that of the speculative tendency of the Oriental, and the practical tendency of the Occidental, Church. It is, in fact, deep seated in the Asiatic and European character. The well-known contrast which Aristotle draws in his *Politics* between the two continents, might serve as a text for half the divergencies of ecclesiastical history. 'The East enacted creeds, the West discipline.*' The first decree of an Eastern Œcumenical Council was to determine the relations of the Godhead. The first decree of a Pope of Rome was to interdict the marriage of the clergy.† Till the time of Augustine no great writer on dogmatical theology had arisen in the West; till the time of Gregory the Great, none had occupied the pontifical chair at Rome. Even the questions of theology which did agitate the Western World were rather those which related to the origin of human action, than those which related to the nature of the Divine Essence. The Trinitarian conflicts were nearly confined to the East, the Pelagian conflicts were nearly confined to the West. 'Of the 320 bishops who formed the Council of Nicæa, all but a very few were Asiatic or Egyptian. There were two presbyters only to represent the Bishop of Rome.'‡ The doctrine of Athanasius was received rather than sanctioned by the Church of Rome. The great Italian Council of Ariminum lapsed into Arianism through an oversight which took the world by surprise. The Latin language was inadequate to express the minute shades of meaning for which the Greek is so eminently fitted. Of the two creeds which are peculiar to the Latin Church the earliest, that called the *Apostles'*, is characterised by its simplicity and its freedom from all dogmatic language; the latter, that called the *Athanasian*, is, as its name confesses, a mere imitation of the Greek theology, and by the evident strain of its sentences, reveals the ineffectual labour of the Latin phrases '*persona*' and '*substantia*' to represent the correlative but hardly corresponding words by which the Greeks expressed the *Hypostatic Union*. And still more when we arrive at the periods when the increasing divergence of the two empires threw the two churches farther and farther apart, the tide of Grecian and Egyptian controversy hardly ever reached to the shores of Italy, now high and dry, above their reach.

Latin Christianity contemplated with almost equal indifference Nestorianism, and all its prolific race, Eutychianism, Monophytism, Monothelitism. While in this contest the two great Patriarchates of

* Vol. i. p. 75.

† Vol. i. p. 76.

‡ Vol. i. p. 60.

the East, Constantinople and Alexandria, brought to issue, or strove to bring to issue, their rival claims to ascendancy; while council after council promulgated, reversed, re-enacted their conflicting decrees; while separate and hostile communities were formed in every region of the East; and the fears of persecuted Nestorianism, stronger than religious zeal, penetrated for refuge remote countries, into which Christianity had not yet found its way; in the West there was no Nestorian or Eutychian sect.'—i. p. 137.

Probably no Latin Christian has ever felt himself agitated even in the least degree by any one of the seventy opinions on the union of the two natures which are said to perplex the Church of Abyssinia. Probably the last and only question of this kind on which the Latin Church has spontaneously entered, is that of the double Procession of the Spirit. It was indeed this question which in all probability led to the eager reception and general diffusion of the Athanasian Creed, as the only one that contained the disputed clause, and which ultimately became one main pretext of separation between the two churches.* But it is difficult not to suppose that on the part of Rome it was merely a pretext, reluctantly admitted by the Pope, and hurried on only by the vehemence of the Patriarch Photius, and by the political exigencies of the time.

2. Closely allied to the contrast between the speculative tendencies of the Eastern Church and the practical life of the Western, is another not so strongly marked indeed, yet still strikingly set forth in the history of 'Latin Christianity.' To those who regard convents and penances as distinguishing characteristics of the Roman Catholic Church, it may perhaps be startling to hear that one of the points in which it is most forcibly distinguished from the Greek Church is its greater freedom from the ascetic and monastic spirit. No doubt monasticism was embraced by the Roman Church, even as early as the fifth century, with an energy which seemed to reproduce in a Christian form the dying genius of stoical philosophy; no doubt the characters of Benedict and Bruno, and of their innumerable successors, are of purely western origin. Still the East held, and has always held, the chief place in the monastic world. It was not in the Apennines, or on the Alps, but in the stony arms with which the Libyan and Arabian deserts enclose the valley of the Nile that the first monasteries were founded. Antony, the Coptic hermit, from his retreat by the Red Sea, is the spiritual father of that vast community which has now overrun the world. And not only was monasticism

* Is it not an oversight or omission in a history of Latin Christianity to pass over this controversy, so important in its results, however insignificant it may now appear, with no other mention than the very cursory allusion in vol. ii. p. 354?

born and cradled in the Eastern Church ; it has also thriven there with a peculiar and unrivalled intensity. It is in his earlier volumes on the history of Christianity under the Roman Empire that Dean Milman traces to its sources the wide-spread principle of monastic life, and finds them even more removed from Rome than were the Thebaid deserts, far away in the distant East, in the Manichean tenets of the hatefulness of the material world, as it is unquestionably exhibited practically in its purest and simplest form in the Indian Yogi, or the Mussulman Fakir. It is this Oriental superstition which, whether from character, or climate, or contagion, has been most forcibly represented to the Christian world in the Greek rather than in the Latin Church. The solitary and contemplative devotion of the eastern monks, whether in the Egyptian desert or on the hills of Greece, though broken by the manual labour necessary for their subsistence, is yet much less modified by either literary or agricultural activity than in the great convents of the West. 'The East,' as the Dean strikingly observes, 'had few great men, many madmen : the West, madmen enough, but still very many great men.'* Eastern monasticism has produced no society like the Benedictines, known and held in honour wherever literature and civilization has or shall spread ; no charitable orders, like the Sisters of Mercy, which carry light and peace into the darkest haunts of suffering humanity. Western monasticism has never produced, even in the utmost rigour of Carthusianism or Trappism, a seclusion from the world equal to that of the monks of Athos.

'It was industrious and productive: it settled colonies, preserved arts and letters, built splendid edifices, fertilized deserts. If it rent from the world the most powerful minds, having trained them by its stern discipline, it sent them back to rule the world. It continually, as it were, renewed its youth, and kept up a constant infusion of vigorous life, now quickening into enthusiasm, now darkening into fanaticism ; and by its perpetual rivalry, stimulating the zeal, or supplying the deficiencies of the secular clergy. In successive ages it adapted itself to the state of the human mind. At first a missionary to barbarous nations, it built abbeys, hewed down forests, cultivated swamps, enclosed domains, retrieved or won for civilisation tracts which had fallen to waste or had never known culture. With St. Dominic it turned its missionary zeal upon Christianity itself, and spread as a preaching order throughout Christendom ; with St. Francis it became even more popular, and lowered itself to the very humblest of mankind. In Jesuitism it made a last effort to govern mankind by an incorporated caste. But Jesuitism found it necessary to reject many of the peculiarities of Monasticism : it made itself secular to overcome the world.'

—vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

* Vol. i. p. 409.

Nor is it only in the monastic life that the severity of Eastern asceticism excels that of the West. Whilst the fasts of the Latin Church are mostly confined to Lent, liable, increasingly liable, to wide dispensations, exercised for the most part by abstinence, not from all food, but only from particular kinds of food, the fasts of the Eastern Church, especially of its earliest and most remarkable branch, the Coptic—extend through large periods of the year, are regarded as all but indispensable—repudiate all food, though with a strange and characteristic inconsistency they admit of drinking, even to the grossest intoxication. And, finally, the wildest individual excesses of a Bruno or a Dunstan in the West seem poor beside the authorized, national, we may almost say, imperial adoration of the Pillar-saints of the East. Amidst all the controversies which divided the Byzantine churches in the fifth century,

‘on one religious subject alone the conflicting East maintained its perfect unity, in the reverence, it may be said the worship, of the Hermit on the Pillar. Simeon Stylites had been observed by his faithful disciple to have remained motionless for three days in the same attitude of prayer. Not once had he stretched out his arms in the form of the cross; not once had he bowed his forehead till it touched his feet (a holy exploit, which his wondering admirers had seen him perform twelve hundred and forty-four times, and then lost their reckoning). The watchful disciple climbed the pillar; a rich odour saluted his nostrils; the saint was dead. The news reached Antioch. Ardaburius, general of the forces in the East, hastened to send a guard of honour, lest the neighbouring cities should seize—perhaps meet in desperate warfare for—the treasure of his body. Antioch, now one in heart and soul, sent out her Patriarch, with three other bishops, to lead the funeral procession. The body was borne on mules for three hundred stadia; a deaf and dumb man touched the bier, he burst out into a cry of gratulation. The whole city, with torches and hymns, followed the body. The Emperor Leo implored Antioch to yield to him the inestimable deposit. The Emperor implored in vain. Antioch, so long as she possessed the remains of Simeon, might defy all her enemies. In the same year, when Antioch thus honoured the funeral rites of him whom she esteemed the greatest of mankind, Rome was lamenting in deep and manly sorrow her Pontiff, Leo. Contrast Simeon Stylites with one Emperor crouching at the foot of his pillar, and receiving his dull, incoherent words as an oracle, with another, a man of higher character, supplicating for the possession of his remains, and Pope Leo on his throne in Rome, and in the camp of Attila. Such were then Greek and Latin Christianity.’—vol. i. pp. 228, 229.

3. But the chief, perhaps the fundamental, difference between the two churches was one which may be expressed indeed in various forms but is in substance the same. The Eastern Church was, like the East, stationary and immutable; the Western, like

the West, progressive and flexible. This distinction is the more remarkable because at certain periods of their course there can be no doubt that the civilization of the Eastern Church was far higher than that of the Western. No one can read the account of the capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders of the thirteenth century without perceiving that it is the occupation of a refined and civilized capital by a horde of (at least comparative) barbarians; the same in kind, though not in degree, as had been the sack of Corinth by Mummius, and of Rome itself by Alaric. And much earlier than this period, whilst it might still be thought that Rome, not Constantinople, was the natural refuge of the arts of the ancient classical world, the literature of the church was almost entirely confined to the Byzantine hemisphere. Whilst Constantinople was ringing with the fame of preachers, of whom Chrysostom was the chief but not the only example, the Roman bishops and clergy till the time of Leo the Great never publicly addressed * their flocks from the pulpit. But, notwithstanding these intervals of superiority, the Greek Church, almost from the time that under Constantine it assumed a distinct existence, has always given tokens of that singular immobility which doubtless is in great part to be traced to its Oriental origin—its origin in those strange regions which still retain, not only the climate and vegetation, but the manners, the dress, the speech of the days of the Patriarchs and the Pharaohs. Its peculiar corruptions have been such as are consequent, not on development, but on stagnation; its peculiar excellences have been such as belong, not to the freedom of civilization, but the simplicity of barbarism. It has had no Council of Constance or of Trent—its doctrines still remain in the same rigid, immovable, yet, to a great extent, undefined state as that in which they were left by Constantine and Justinian. The energies and the subtleties, the self-devotion and the self-aggrandisement of a Hildebrand or a Loyola, of the Franciscans or of the Jesuits, are alike unknown to it. Whilst the Latin Church has sent out missionaries, for the conversion of England and of Germany in the middle ages, of South America, of India, and of China, even down to our own time—the Greek Church, with the one signal exception of Ulphilas the Arian Apostle of the Gothic tribes, has remained absolutely passive. Even the conversion of the Russian hordes, the only great accession to the faith of the Greek Church which has been made since it became a separate community, was effected, not by the preaching of the Byzantine clergy, but by the marriage of Wladimir with a Byzantine princess. In the midst of the Mohammedan East the Greek populations remain like islands in

* See vol. i. p. 27, 178.

the barren sea, and the Bedouin tribes have wandered for twelve centuries round the Greek convent of Mount Sinai, probably without one instance of adhesion to the creed of men whom they yet acknowledge with almost religious veneration as beings from a higher world. Even the great schism, which convulsed the Russian Church nearly at the same time that Latin Christendom was rent by the German Reformation, was not a forward but a retrograde movement—a protest, not against abuses, but against Reformation.* The very calendars of the Churches show the eagerness with which, whilst the one, at least till a recent period, placed herself at the head of European civilisation, the other still studiously lags behind it. The ‘new style,’ which the world owes to the enlightened activity of Pope Gregory XIII., after having with difficulty overcome the Protestant scruples of Germany, Denmark, and Switzerland, and last of all (with shame be it said) of England and Sweden, has never been able to penetrate into the wide dominions of the old Byzantine and the modern Russian empire, which still hold to the Greek calendar, eleven days behind the rest of the civilised world.

These contrasts might be indefinitely multiplied. But two general instances may be selected, as at once the most palpable and the most instructive. Let us first take the question of the Christian sacraments. The Latin doctrine on this subject is by Protestants so frequently regarded as the highest pitch of superstition—by Roman Catholics as the highest pitch of reverence of which the subject is capable—that it may be instructive to both to see the contrast between the freedom, and the reasonableness of the sacramental doctrine as held by the highest Roman doctors, compared with the stiffness, the magical and mystical character of the same doctrine as represented in the East. We are accustomed,

* The Russian ‘anti-Reformation’ was occasioned by the fury excited amongst the people, on the attempt of the Patriarch Nikon, in 1656, to introduce a new liturgy, founded on a collation of the original Greek. Immense bodies of enthusiasts separated themselves from the Russian Church in consequence, some, by a curious parallel with the Western Reformation, following a hierarchical, the other an anti-hierarchical, model, and known by the names of ‘Popopfchins’ and ‘Bez-Popopfchins;’ that is, Presbyterians and non-Presbyterians, and still exercising considerable political influence. See a curious account of the whole transaction in a remarkable work—so eccentric in thought and style as probably to have escaped the mass of English readers, yet so curiously learned and so perspicuously written as to furnish on many points the most intelligible account of the relations of the Greek and Latin Churches—‘Dissertations on the Orthodox or Eastern Catholic Communion, by William Parker, M.A., Fellow of St. Mary Magdalene College, Oxford, and Deacon.’ Few, probably no one, would agree with the singular positions of the writer: all may learn something from the ability and singleness of purpose which, if devoted to a more reasonable cause, might have given him a high place in the theological or the pastoral annals of the English Church.

perhaps justly, to place the essence of superstition in a devotion to the outward forms and elements, as distinct from the inward spirit which they represent, convey, or express. Let us for a moment see which has in this respect most tenaciously clung to the form—which to the spirit—of the two great ordinances of Christian worship. There can be no question that the original form of baptism—the very meaning of the word—was complete immersion in the deep baptismal waters; and that, for at least four centuries, any other form was either unknown, or regarded as an exceptional, almost a monstrous case. To this form the Greek Church still rigidly adheres; and the most illustrious and venerable portion of it—that of the Byzantine empire—absolutely repudiates and ignores any other mode of administration as essentially invalid. The Latin Church, on the other hand—doubtless in deference to the requirements of a northern climate, to the change of manners, to the convenience of custom—has wholly altered the mode, surrendering, as it would fairly say, the letter to the spirit—preferring mercy to sacrifice; and (with the two exceptions of the Cathedral of Milan and the sect of the Baptists), a few drops of water are now the Western substitutes for the threefold plunge into the rushing river, or the wide baptisteries of the East.

And when we descend from the administration itself of the sacramental elements to their concomitant circumstances, still the same contrast appears. In the first age of the Church it was customary for the Apostles to lay their hands on the heads of the newly-baptized converts, that they might receive ‘the gifts of the Spirit.’ The ‘gifts’ vanished, but the custom of laying on the hands remained. It remained, and was continued—and so in the Greek Church is still continued—at the baptism of children as of adults. Confirmation is, with them, simultaneous with the act of the baptismal immersion. But the Latin Church, whilst it adopted or retained the practice of admitting infants to baptism, soon set itself to remedy the obvious defect arising from their unconscious age, by separating and postponing, and giving a new life and meaning to the rite of confirmation. The two ceremonies, which in the Greek Church are indissolubly con-founded, are now, throughout Western Christendom, by a salutary innovation, each made to minister to the edification of the individual, and completion of the whole baptismal ordinance. In like manner, the Greek Church retained, and still retains, the Apostolical practice mentioned by St. James—for the sick to call in the elders of the Church, to anoint him with oil, and pray over him, that he may recover. The ‘elders,’ that is, a body of priests (for they still make a point of the plural

plural number), are called in at moments of dangerous illness, and the prayer is offered. But the Latin Church, seeing that the special object for which the ceremony was first instituted,—the recovery of the sick,—had long ceased to be effected, determined to change its form, that it still might be preserved as an instructive symbol. And thus the ‘anointing with oil’ of the first century, and of the Oriental Church, has become with the Latins the last, the extreme-unction,* of the dying man—a ceremony, doubtless, to our notions, useless, perhaps superstitious—but unquestionably more reasonable than the mere perpetuation of a shadow when the substance is departed.

Yet once again it became a practice in the Church, early—we know not how early—for infants to communicate in the Lord’s Supper. A literal application to the Eucharist of the text respecting the bread of life, in the sixth chapter of St. John, naturally followed on a literal application to baptism of the text respecting the second birth, in the third chapter; and the actual participation in the elements of both sacraments came to be regarded as equally necessary for the salvation of every human being. Here again the peculiar genius of each of the two Churches displayed itself. The Oriental Churches still administer the Eucharist to infants. In the Coptic Church it may even happen, that an infant is the only recipient. The Latin Church, on the other hand, has not only abandoned, but actually forbidden, a practice which, as far as antiquity is concerned, might, but for its manifest repugnance to Christian reason and common-sense, vie in its claims on adoption and continuance with any that she has retained.

There is yet another more general subject on which the widest difference, involving the same principle, exists between the two communions, namely, the whole relation of art to religious worship. Let any one enter an Oriental church, and he will at once be struck by the contrast which the architecture, the paintings, the very form of the ceremonial, present to the churches of the West. Often, indeed, this may arise from the poverty or oppression under which most Christian communities labour whose lot has been cast in the Ottoman empire; but often the altars may blaze with gold—the dresses of the priests stiffen with the richest silks of Brousa—yet the contrast is equally great. The difference lies in the fact, that art, as such, has no place in the worship or the edifice. There is no aiming at effect, no dim religious light, no beauty of form or colour, beyond what is produced by the mere display of gorgeous and barbaric pomp. Yet

* The last of the three unctions, the other two being baptism and confirmation.

it would be a great mistake to infer from this absence of art—indeed no one who has ever seen it could infer—that there is, therefore, a greater absence of form and of ceremonial. The mystical gestures—the awe which surrounds the sacerdotal functions—the vain repetitions—the severance of the sound from the sense, of the mind from the act, both in priest and people—are not less, but far more, visible than in the churches of the West. The traveller who finds himself in the interior of the old cathedral of Malta, after having been accustomed for a few weeks or months to the ritual of the convents and churches of the Levant, experiences almost the same emotion as when he passes again from the services of the Roman Catholic to those of the Reformed Churches. This union of barbaric rudeness and elaborate ceremonialism is, however, no contradiction—it is the exemplification of an important law of the human mind; and it is well set forth in one of the most striking passages in Dean Milman's work. There is no more curious chapter in the history of the relation of the two Churches, than that of the iconoclastic controversy of the ninth century. It is true that the immediate effects of this controversy were transient,—the sudden ebullition, not of a national or popular feeling, but almost, as it would seem, of a Puritan, or even of a Mahometan, fanaticism in the breast * of a single emperor—‘a mere negative doctrine,’ ‘which robbed the senses of their habitual and cherished objects of devotion, without† awakening an inner life of piety.’ The onslaught on the image-worship of the Church passed away almost as rapidly as it had begun; and the fanaticism which the Emperor Leo had provoked, the Empress Irene, through the second Council of Nicæa, effectually proscribed. But in the Eastern Church the spirit of Leo has so far‡ revived, that although pictures are still retained

* Vol. ii. p. 144.

† Vol. ii. p. 146.

‡ The two exceedingly interesting chapters on Iconoclasm (vol. ii. p. 144-202) are wound up by the following passage:—‘The whole clergy of Constantinople made the circuit of the church of St. Sophia with their burning torches, paying homage to every statue and picture, which had been carefully restored, never again to be effaced till the days of later, more terrible Iconoclasts, the Ottoman Turks. The Greek Church from that time has celebrated the anniversary of this festival with royal fidelity. The successors of Methodius, particularly the learned Photius, were only zealous to consummate the work of his predecessors, and images have formed part of the recognised religious worship of the Eastern world.’

—(p. 202.)

There is some obscurity in the subsequent history of images in the Greek Church, but surely this statement is inaccurate. It is true that at the fury of Leo had been directed equally against pictures and statues, under the common name of *Icon* (*εἰκών*, or ‘likeness’), so both were equally restored by the Council of Nicea. But is it true, either that statues are now recognised ‘in the worship of the Eastern world,’ or that ‘pictures were destroyed by the Ottoman Turks?’ Statues, we believe, are now as strictly forbidden by the Greek Church as by the

retained and adored with even more veneration than the corresponding objects of devotion in the West, statues are rigidly excluded; and the same Greek monk, who would ridicule in no measured terms the figures, or even bas-reliefs, of a Roman Catholic church, will fling his incense and perform his genuflections with the most undoubting faith before the same saint as seen in the paintings or gildings of his own convent-chapel. It is in discussing this controversy that the Dean of St. Paul's pronounces a judgment, involving a principle of universal application, but specially illustrative of the relation of the two Churches to each other—of Christian art in the Byzantine and in the Roman world. We give his summary of the argument, which is, however, too eloquently and elaborately stated to be fully apprehended without seeing it in detail.

'The ruder the art the more intense the superstition. The perfection of the fine arts tends rather to diminish than to promote such superstition. Not merely does the cultivation of mind required for their higher execution, as well as the admiration of them, imply an advanced state, but the idealism, which is their crowning excellence, in some degree unrealises them, and creates a different and more exalted feeling. There is more direct idolatry paid to the rough and ill-shapen image, or the flat, unrelieved, and staring picture,—the former actually clothed in gaudy and tinsel ornaments, the latter with the crown of gold-leaf on the head, and real or artificial flowers in the hand,—than to the noblest ideal statue, or the Holy family with all the magic of light and shade. They are not the fine paintings which work miracles, but the coarse and smoke-darkened boards, on which the dim outline of form is hardly to be traced. Thus it may be said, that it was the superstition which required the images, rather than the images which formed the superstition. The Christian mind would have found some other fetiche, to which it would have attributed miraculous powers. Relics would have been more fervently worshipped, and endowed with more transcendent powers, without the adventitious good, the familiarising the mind with the historic truths of Scripture, or even the legends of Christian martyrs, which at least allayed the evil of the actual idolatry. Iconoclasm left the worship of relics, and other dubious memorials of the saints, in all their vigour; while it struck at that which, after all, was a higher kind of idolatry. It aspired not to elevate the general mind above superstition, but proscribed only one, and that not the most debasing, form.'—vol. ii., pp. 152, 153.

the Koran itself; and pictures have survived the inroads of the Mussulmans everywhere except in those churches which have been turned into mosques. Of these, indeed (if that be the Dean's meaning), St. Sophia is one; and every one has heard the story, related in our last number, of the rich mosaics lately revealed by the removal of the plaster, and covered again at the command of the present Sultan, to bide their time. Only the six-winged seraphim still look down from the four corners of the dome, tolerated as likenesses, not of mortal man, but of superhuman intelligences.

In this rapid comparison of the two churches, we have in the first instance dwelt chiefly on those differences which bring out the points on which Latin Christianity most nearly represents the spirit of the whole of Western Christendom, and, we may add, of Christianity itself. We have done so for many reasons—first, it is an allowable source of gratification now, when by a most unsought and unexpected crisis the Western is arrayed against the Eastern sphere of Christendom, to remember that there are points which bind together the whole of that western sphere, not merely by political, but by religious bonds also. We need not preach a crusade against the churches of the East, or bandy theological animosities with the Emperor Nicholas; but it is a satisfaction to remember that amongst all the differences which have long divided, and probably will always divide, the nations and churches of Europe, there are yet deeper elements of consanguinity and likeness which unite them—we will not say against the East, but certainly in favour of the West.

Such a point of view is important in the face of common dangers and common foes. It is still more important in adjusting our relations to each other. It is instructive for Protestants to see that the church and the system which they have been accustomed, and often justly accustomed, to regard as the one supreme impersonation of priestcraft, of superstition, of fanaticism, has after all the same elements of western freedom, and life, and civilization, as those of which they themselves are justly proud; that whatever it may be in comparison of us, in comparison of the Greek Church it is enlightened, progressive, in one word, Protestant. And not less instructive, if they could but so regard it, would be this view to the Roman Catholic Church itself, and its exclusive admirers amongst ourselves. One half of its attraction—of its attraction as a dominant and aggressive body—lies in the fact that it lays claim to represent exclusively that side of religious feeling and of human nature which is impressed by the sight of antiquity, of reverence, of ascetic self-abnegation. But what a difference is effected in the proportions of these pretensions, when we see them overtopped by a loftier, darker figure behind. If we are to have dogmatical belief in its fullest extent, dogmatic decisions on the abstrusest questions, let us go, not to Rome, but to the ancient church, whose name and whose glory is to be not ‘Catholic,’ but ‘Orthodox;’ whose princes and princesses are not ‘most Catholic,’ or ‘most Christian,’ but ‘most Orthodox;’ to the church which ‘will die, but never surrender’ the minutest point which council or father has bequeathed to it. If we are to have monasticism not merely as one element in Christian life, but as a necessary model of Christian perfection,

perfection, let us not stop short with the Grande Chartreuse or Monte Casino, when we can have the seclusion of Mount Athos, and the exaltation of Simeon of the Pillar. If we are to have the 'opus operatum' in its undivided, unmitigated intensity, let us not halt half-way with a church which has curtailed the waters of baptism, and deferred confirmation and communion to years of reason and discretion;—let us take refuge in the ancient ritual, which still retains the threefold immersion, still offers the rites of Chrism and the Eucharist to the unconscious touch of infancy.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it was by its reforming tendencies that the Church of Rome may fairly justify its separation from the churches of the ancient East; it was by its slow, though steady accommodation of its usages and its doctrines to the order of a changing and advancing world, that it formerly maintained its hold on the mind of Europe, its claim to be considered the representative of the religion of Christ. Such a representative during its earliest stages Latin Christianity was in an eminent and undeniable degree; and it is not merely in vindication of Protestantism, or in self-defence against Rome, but in the interest of the faith which both alike claim to hold, that we owe thanks to Dean Milman for the courage and force with which this truth is brought out. If the spirit of the original Christianity of Christ and the Apostles, in its freedom, in its comprehensiveness, in its variety, is to be found not in the churches which sprang up on its native soil, but in churches more and more remote from those regions in climate, in feeling, in thought, it is because the spirit of the West, the conscience, the energy, the reason of the West, has broken the bonds which still fetter the older and more primitive, but not therefore necessarily the more Christian churches of the East. The Church of Rome is in this respect not only the witness against the exclusive claims of the Byzantine Church, but still more emphatically against her own. The Reformation was but another step in the same direction, to which the movements of Latin Christianity had already pointed the way.

Thus far we have attempted to draw out the characteristics of Latin Christianity, as seen in the general tendencies which distinguish it from the Greek Church. But it would be an imperfect delineation of the subject if we did not endeavour to give some sketch of the forms through which those tendencies worked, the outward framework in which their spirit was enshrined, the formation, in one word, not merely of Latin Christianity, but of Latin Christendom. And, in so doing, we shall
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in some important points have to hold up the reverse side of the picture to that which has just been presented; to exhibit not the divine, progressive, eternal character of Latin Christianity, but its earthly, obstructive, and transitory elements; not the points in which Protestants will be inclined to differ, but those in which they will be inclined to agree, with the system of the Eastern Churches.

We have said that a fundamental distinction between the characters of the Eastern and Western world has lain in the speculative tendency of the one, the practical tendency of the other. This practical tendency of the West soon began to develop itself in the form which seemed almost to belong to the atmosphere of Rome, in the desire and the power of organization, of government, of centralization.

‘Tu regere imperio populós, Romane, memento—
Hæ tibi erunt artes.’

It is this which at once gives a turn to the history of the Latin clergy wholly distinct from that of the Greeks. It is not that the spirit of the Greek clergy was less hierarchical than the Latin. In some respects it was more so; their worship centres round the priest as completely as the worship of Rome; the Greek priest concealed within the veil of the sanctuary is far more entirely shut out from the congregation than the Latin priest standing before the altar in the presence of the assembled multitudes, who, if they cannot join in the act of celebration, at least can follow with their eyes and ears his every gesture and word. The mystical and secluded character of the Oriental, here, as in the other spheres which we before noticed, reigns supreme. But the moment we enter into practical life, the powers and pretensions of the Greek hierarchy shrink into nothing before those of the Latin. In two salient points this distinction springs at once to light—the Papacy and the celibacy of the clergy.

Let us take each of these points separately. Dean Milman has well said, that ‘Latin Christianity has an irresistible tendency to monarchy;’ and around the Monarchy of the Papacy he has, naturally indeed, but with a concentration strangely wanting in other histories, grouped the whole of his vast work. If we wish to enter into the full spirit of the rise and growth of that great institution—the greatest, perhaps, in its conception, and its influence, as it certainly has been the most lasting in actual duration, that the world has yet seen—we must transport ourselves to the mighty city in which it was born, and in which it has, with the exception of a few scattered intervals, lived and flourished for eighteen hundred years. It is not in the Piazza
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of St. Peter's, but on the steps of St. John Lateran, that we trace, as in a vision, the form and fashion of what Hobbes has so truly called 'the ghost of the dead Roman Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof.' There we, indeed, stand on the 'grave of the dead empire.' The grave is the deathlike Campagna which spreads out for miles around us; the gravestones are the broken aqueducts and the sepulchres of the Appian Way, and the vast circuit of the walls of Aurelian. And it is in the huge pile which stands on the site of the old Lateran Palace, the *real* donation of Constantine to Sylvester, that we are taught alike by history and tradition to look for the true cathedral church of Rome, the true see of the Roman Pontificate. It is that stately front, with its apostles and evangelists towering into the blue sky, not the front of the basilica of St. Peter, which bears the rude but proud inscription—

*'Dogmate Papali datur ac simul imperiali
Quod sim cunctarum mater et caput ecclesiarum.'*

It is the throne of the Lateran, not the chair of Peter, in which the sovereign of the Western Church is installed; exhibiting on its ancient marble steps, curiously interwoven with figures of the lion, the adder, the dragon, and the basilisk, on which he treads as he mounts his seat,

'Hæc est Papalis sedes et pontificalis.'

The Lateran, not the Vatican, was the abode of all the elder and greater popes; of Leo and Gregory, of Hildebrand and Innocent. St. Peter's and the Vatican have been the monuments of papal magnificence, the museums of European art; but they do not contain the birthplace of the Papacy, nor the 'rock' on which it was built. It was not on the chair and tomb of Peter, but on the seat of Constantine, on the ruins of the empire, that the genius of the Papacy was enthroned. It was the migration of the Roman emperors to the shores of the Bosphorus that left the field open to the rise of the Roman bishops. It was the fall of the Western Empire that left a chasm which could only be filled up by the formation of Western Christendom. It was to its secular, not to its Christian associations, to its political, far more than to its ecclesiastical strength, that the Papacy owed its first transcendent grandeur.

'If Christian Rome rose thus out of the ruin of the pagan city, the Bishop of Rome rose in proportionate grandeur above the wreck of the old institutions and scattered society. Saved, as doubtless it seemed, by the especial protection of God from all participation, even from the sight of this tremendous, this ignominious disaster, according to the phrase of the times, as Lot out of the fires of Sodom, he alone could lift up his head, if with sorrow without shame. Honorius hid himself

himself in Ravenna, nor did the Emperor ever again, for any long time, make his residence at Rome. With the religion expired all the venerable titles of the religion, the Great High Priests and Flamens, the Auspices and Augurs. On the Pontifical throne sat the Bishop of Rome, awaiting the time when he should ascend also the Imperial throne; or, at least, if without the name, possess the substance of the Imperial power, and stand almost as much above the shadowy form of the old republican dignities, which still retained their titles, and some municipal authority, as the Cæsars themselves. The capture of Rome by Alaric was one of the great steps by which the Pope arose to his plenitude of power. There could be no question that from this time the greatest man in Rome was the Pope; he alone was invested with permanent and real power; he alone possessed all the attributes of supremacy, the reverence, it was his own fault if not the love of the people.—vol. i. pp. 108, 109.

What Imperial Rome lost by the transfer of the seat of government to the East, the Byzantine Empire gained. What Papal Rome gained by the removal of a rival power and splendour, that the Patriarch of Constantinople lost. As the Pope filled the place of the absent Emperors at Rome—inheriting their power, their prestige, the titles which they had themselves derived from the days of their Paganism*—so the Emperors controlled, guided, personified the Church at Constantinople. No one can read Eusebius' description of the Council of Nicæa without feeling that amongst all who assembled in the hall on the shores of that upland lake in the Bithynian hills, none, not Eusebius himself, nor even the youthful Athanasius, occupied the same pre-eminence as the Emperor Constantine, who sat beside the altar, 'looking more like a God than a man.' Justinian and Theodora, great as they were in legislating for the Empire, exercised a hardly less important influence in their determination not only of the discipline but of the doctrines of the Church; and what Constantine and Justinian began, has been continued by the great Potentates who have ever since swayed the destinies of the Oriental hierarchy. In Constantinople itself the Sultan still exercises the right which he inherited from the last of the Cæsars; and the appointment and deposition of the Patriarchs still places in his hands the government of the Byzantine Church—a power (it may be) more scandalous and more pernicious in the hands of the Mussulman than it was in the hands of the Christian despot, but not more decided and absolute. And in Russia every month's manifesto reminds us how truly the Emperor Nicholas, fortifying

* The title of 'Pontifex Maximus,' by which the Pope is so often designated, is not derived from the high priest of the Jewish hierarchy (who was always styled in Latin 'Summus Sacerdos'), but from the ancient pontiff of Heathen Rome, which descended through Julius Cæsar to the emperors, and so, it would seem, to the Roman bishops.

himself by the words of 'the Czar-Prophet David,' is the head and soul of the Church of the vast domains over which he presides.

This wide difference between the relations of the two Churches to the civil power affected not merely the position of the heads of their respective hierarchies, but the whole position of the hierarchy itself. The Eastern Church was thus basking in the sunshine of imperial favour—a regular institution forming part of the framework of civilized society, and, till the commencement of the Arab, almost we may say till the commencement of the Turkish, invasion, secure from the convulsion which shook the rest of the world. But her sister in the West, entering into the world amidst the crash of a falling empire, and with successive hordes of wild barbarians to control, to convert, and to guide, was placed in a crisis far more trying. The Latin clergy, thus literally like 'lambs in the midst of wolves,' had a part to play demanding not merely the innocence of doves but the prudence of serpents, and, we may add, the courage of lions. They were aided doubtless by the inheritance of the great associations of the Empire, and by the practical energy peculiar, as we have before observed, to the nations of the West. But both these tendencies shaped themselves, or were shaped by the force of circumstances, into a narrower and more compact front. The spirit of organization—of civilization—of order—which so wonderfully characterised the institutions and character of the ancient heathen Empire, seemed to revive with increased force in the new Christian Church; and the world now saw for the first time a body of men, linked to each other and divided from the rest of men by the strongest bonds, professional as well as religious, social as well as theological; for purposes not simply speculative, or scientific, or devotional, but of the highest practical importance to the moral and social condition of mankind.

To describe the various steps by which this vast organization was completed would require more space than we can afford. But there is one point so important in itself, and which, as we have intimated, forms so remarkable a distinction between Eastern and Western Christendom, that it may well be selected as the main contrast between the two bodies. However fervent the Greek Church may have been at all times in its assertion of the ascetic principle, it is well known that its clergy present the singular phenomenon of a body in which marriage is not only permitted and frequent, but compulsory and universal. It is a startling sight to the traveller, after long wanderings in the south of Europe, to find himself amongst the mountains of Greece or Asia Minor, once more under the roof of a married pastor, and see the table of the parish priest furnished, as it might be in Protestant England

or Switzerland, though after a ruder fashion, by the hands of an acknowledged wife. The bishops indeed, being selected from the monasteries, are always single. But the parochial clergy, that is, the whole body of clergy as such, though they cannot marry after their ordination, must always be married before they enter on their office.

In the Latin Church, on the other hand, the compulsory celibacy of the clergy not only can be traced back in some measure to the first period of its distinct existence, but has been for many centuries one of its most immutable characteristics. The first recorded Papal Decree—that of Siricius in the close of the fourth century—‘peremptorily* interdicted marriage by an immutable ordinance to all priests and deacons.’

‘This, more than any other measure, separated the sacerdotal order from the rest of society, from the common human sympathies, interests, affections. It justified them to themselves in assuming a dignity superior to the rest of mankind, and seemed their title to enforce acknowledgment and reverence for that superior dignity. . . . Whether marriage was treated as in itself an evil, perhaps to be tolerated, but still degrading to human nature, as by Jerome and the more ascetic teachers; or honoured, as by Augustine, with a specious adulation, only to exalt virginity to a still loftier height above it; the clergy were taught to assert it at once as a privilege, a distinction, as the consummation and the testimony to the sacredness of their order. As there was this perpetual appeal to their pride (they were thus visibly set apart from the vulgar, the rest of mankind), so they were compelled to its observance at once by the law of the Church, and by the fear of falling below their perpetual rivals, the monks, in the general estimation.’—vol. i. pp. 76, 77.

But what may have begun in a union of asceticism borrowed from the East with the organizing and enterprising spirit of the West, was at a later period fixed beyond recall by circumstances peculiar to the then position of the Latin clergy. As the fall of the Empire was the event which confirmed the rise of the Papacy, so the establishment of the feudal system was the event which sealed the celibacy of the hierarchy. We must refer to Dean Milman’s pages for the thrilling description of the gradual rise—the marvellous character of the man who beyond all others fastened this law on the clergy of the Western world. But Hildebrand would not, and could not, have succeeded in his enterprise, unless that enterprise had been invited and, in a certain sense, justified by the situation of Europe at that time.

‘The celibacy of the clergy was necessary to their existence, at the present period, as a separate caste. The clergy, in an advanced period of civilisation, may sink into ordinary citizens; they may become a class

* Vol. i. p. 76.

of men discharging the common functions of life, only under a stronger restraint of character and of public opinion. As examples of the domestic, as of the other virtues; as training up families in sound morals and religion, they are of inappreciable advantage; they are a living remonstrance and protest against that licentiousness of manners which is the common evil of more refined society. But the clergy of this age, necessarily a caste, would have degenerated from an open, unexclusive caste, to a close and hereditary one. Under the feudal system, everything, from the throne to the meanest trade, had an hereditary tendency. The benefices, originally revocable at the will of the liege lord, were becoming patrimonies; rank, station, distinction, descended from father to son: the guilds, if they were beginning to be formed in towns, were likewise hereditary. The son followed the trade, and succeeded to the tools, the skill of his parent. But hereditary succession once introduced into the Church, the degeneracy of the order was inevitable; the title to its high places at least, and its emoluments, would have become more and more exclusive: her great men would cease to rise from all ranks and all quarters. . . . * Great as were the evils inseparable from the dominion of the priesthood, if it had become in any degree the privilege of certain families, that evil would have been enormously aggravated; the compensating advantages annulled. Family affections and interests would have been constantly struggling against those of the Church. Selfishness, under its least unamiable form, would have been ever counteracting the lofty and disinterested spirit which still actuated the better Churchmen; one universal nepotism—a nepotism not of kindred, but of parentage—would have preyed upon the vital energies of the order. Every irreligious occupant would either have endeavoured to alienate to his lay descendants the property of the Church, or bred up his still more degenerate descendants in the certainty of succession to their patrimonial benefice.’—vol. iii. pp. 108, 109.

It was not without a tremendous effort that the change was accomplished. In Italy, in Germany, in France—and the same would have been the case in England but for the anticipation of Hildebrand in the person of our own Dunstan—the vast majority of the clergy, in spite of popular opinion, in spite of repeated Papal decrees, claimed the right of marriage. The memory even of a married Pope, Hadrian II., was but recent.† For all practical purposes, therefore, the law of Hildebrand was an extensive and violent revolution, the growth of his own age, to be judged by the circumstances of that age. Whether we regard the consolidation of the Papal power, and of the clerical celibacy, from a hostile or from a friendly point of view, it is equally important to remember that both were measures resulting from a state of society long since passed away.

* We have here omitted a sentence which has been repeated from inadvertence.

† Vol. iii. p. 111.

If the Papacy was necessary to support the framework of religion and of civilization in the crash of the Ancient Empire, we may justly forgive and even approve its excesses in the past, but for the very same reason we cannot acquiesce in its pretensions for the present or the future, when no such justification continues. If the celibacy of the clergy was necessary to save Europe from the evils of a feudal and hereditary caste, like the priesthoods of Egypt or of India, for the very same reason it ceases to be necessary now when all such apprehensions have long since been laid to sleep. Both sides are powerfully set forth in Dean Milman's summary of the career of Gregory VII.:—

‘Gregory is the Cæsar of spiritual conquest—the great and inflexible assertor of the supremacy of the sacerdotal order. The universal religious Autocracy, the Caliphate, with the difference that the temporal power was accessory to the spiritual, not the spiritual an hereditary appendage to the temporal supremacy, expanded itself upon the austere yet imaginative mind of Gregory as the perfect Idea of the Christian Church. The theory of Augustine’s City of God, no doubt, swam before the mind of the Pontiff, in which a new Rome was to rise and rule the world by religion. Augustine’s theory, indeed, was aristocratic rather than monarchical, or rather the monarchical power remained centered in the Invisible Lord—in Christ himself. To the Pope there could be no Rome without a Cæsar, and the Cæsar of the spiritual monarchy was himself: in him was gathered and concentrated all power—that of the collective priesthood and episcopacy; it flowed from him with a kind of Pantheistic emanation, and was reabsorbed in him. But, unhappily, that ideal Pope is as purely imaginary as an ideal King, or an ideal Republic governed by virtue alone. The Pope was to be a man elected by men. If this spiritual monarchy either could confine, or had attempted to confine, that universal authority to which it aspired, or that vast authority which it actually obtained over the hopes and fears of men, to purposes purely and exclusively spiritual; if it could have contented itself with enforcing, and by strictly religious means, an uniformity—a wise and liberal uniformity—an uniformity expanding with the expansion of the human intellect, of Christian faith and practice and Christian virtue throughout the whole Christian community; if it had restrained itself in its warfare to the extirpation of evil, to the promotion of social and domestic virtue; in its supremacy over kings, to the suppression of unchristian vices, tyranny, injustice, inhumanity; over mankind at large, to moral transgressions and infringements on the rights and persons and property of others; if it had taught invariably by Christian means of persuasion; if it had always kept the ultimate end of all religion in view, the happiness of mankind through Christian holiness and love; then posterity might wisely regret that this higher than Platonic vision was never realised; that mankind are receding further than ever from the establishment in this form of the Christian commonwealth of nations. But throughout the contest of many centuries the sacerdotal supremacy was constantly raising the suspicion,

suspicion, too well grounded, that power, not the beneficial use of power, was its final object. It was occasionally popular, even democratic, in assisting the liberties of man, as in later times, in its alliance with the Italian republics; but it was too manifestly not from the high and disinterested love of freedom, but from jealousy of any other Lord over the liberties of men but itself. In this respect Gregory was the type, the absolute model and example of the spiritual monarch. Posterity demands whether his imperial views, like those of the older Cæsar, were not grounded on the total prostration of the real liberty of mankind—even in that of the liberty of the subordinate sacerdotal order. It was a magnificent idea, but how was it reconcileable with the genuine sublimity of Christianity, that an order of men—that one single man—had thrust himself without authority, to an extent men began early to question, between man and God—had arrayed himself, in fact, in secondary divinity. Against his decrees every insurrection of the human mind was treason—every attempt to limit his power impiety. Even if essentially true, this monarchical autocracy was undeniably taught and maintained, and by none more than by Hildebrand, through means utterly at variance with the essence of Christianity, at the sacrifice of all the higher principles, by bloody and desolating wars, by civil wars with all their horrors, by every kind of human misery. Allow the utmost privilege of the age—of a warlike, a ferocious age, in which human life had no sanctity or security—yet this demand of indulgence for the spirit of the times is surely destructive of the claim to be immutable Christianity: the awful incongruity between the Churchman and the Christian, between the Representative of the Prince of Peace and the Prince of Peace himself, is fatal to the whole.

‘ Yet in a lower view, not as a permanent, eternal, immutable law of Christianity, but as one of the temporary phases, through which Christianity, in its self-accommodation to the moral necessities of men, was to pass, the hierarchal, the Papal power of the Middle Ages, by its conservative fidelity as guardian of the most valuable relics of antiquity, of her arts, her laws, her language; by its assertion of the superiority of moral and religious motives over the brute force of man; by the safe guardianship of the great primitive and fundamental truths of religion, which were ever lurking under the exuberant mythology and ceremonial; above all by wonderful and stirring examples of the most profound, however ascetic devotion, of mortification and self-sacrifice and self-discipline, partially, at least, for the good of others; by splendid charities, munificent public works, cultivation of letters, the strong trust infused into the mind of man, that there was some being even on earth whose special duty it was to defend the defenceless, to succour the succourless, to be the refuge of the widow and orphan, to be the guardian of the poor; all these things, with all the poetry of the Middle Ages, in its various forms of legend, of verse, of building, of music, of art, may justify, or rather command mankind to look back upon these fallen idols with reverence, with admiration, and with gratitude. The hierarchy of the Middle Ages counterbalances its vast ambition, rapacity, cruelty, by the most essential benefits to human civilisation. The

Papacy itself is not merely an awful, but a wonderful institution. Gregory VII. himself is not contemplated, merely with awe, but in some respects, and with great drawbacks, as a benefactor of mankind.'—vol. iii. pp. 199, 202.

There is one other series of events which has materially influenced the character of the two Churches, and which, though it has been amply discussed from almost every other point of view, has hardly been appreciated before in its relation to the two divisions of Christendom. We allude to the Crusades. Not only did these wonderful wars, as has been often remarked, tend to increase the authority of the Pope and the wealth of the clergy, and thus lend fresh strength to the hierarchical system of the Western Church, but they also tended to widen the breach between the Latin and Byzantine world, both directly by the hostile relations which they created, and indirectly by the deep and peculiar impression which the West received, but which the East failed to receive from their influence.

The estrangement of the Eastern from the Western Church, as Dean Milman truly observes,* was effected by the Crusades more than by any other single cause. The conquest of Constantinople was, next to the conquest of Jerusalem, the prominent object of almost every crusade. The occupation of Palestine, and the creation of the Frank kingdom of Jerusalem, was carried out in a manner almost as offensive to the Greeks as it could have been to the Turks; and the quarrels which yearly distract the peace of Syria, and have now broken up the peace of the world, within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, are only continuations of the deadly feud of the fourth Crusade, when Dandolo planted the banner of St. Mark on the church of St. Sophia.

But it was not merely by its hostility to the Byzantine empire, but by the new character which the Latin Church then first acquired, that the gulf between them was widened. The Greek Church has always been, and is still, stiff, intolerant, unwilling to lose any of its ancient privileges or prescriptive rights; but it has never on any large scale been a persecuting power. The Latin Church, in like manner, down to the time of the Crusades, never, except in peculiar and isolated cases, urged the adoption of its faith by other than gentle means. But the fierce spirit nursed in the bosom of Western Christendom by the dread and the hatred of Mahometanism lasted long after Mahometanism had ceased to be punishable. First it fell upon the unfortunate Jews. Next it was directed against the still unconverted heathens of Northern Germany; and the Teutonic Knights were the brothers-in-arms of the Templars and Hospitallers,† of the Holy Land. Then, it

* Vol. iii. p. 240.

† Vol. iii. p. 280.

discharged its fury on all heretics and opponents of the Papal See. The persecution of the Albigenses was a crusade. The Inquisition was a crusade. The expedition against our own King John was a crusade. The conquest of Mexico by Cortes was a crusade. 'The expulsion of the Moors was almost the last impulse of the irreconcilable hostility which had been kindled in the heart of Christendom by the speech of Pope Urban at Clermont. The wars of the Low Countries were crusades, and finally the Spanish armada—the last crusade—was swallowed up, we trust but we dare not vaticinate, with the crusading spirit, for ever in the ocean' (vol. iii. p. 251). One further result must be added—'chivalry, or at least the religious tone which chivalry assumed in all its acts, language, and ceremonial' (vol. iii. p. 251). The conflict with Mahometanism awakened a spark in the breast of the Romanesque and Teutonic nations which was never kindled in the nearer circle of the Oriental Christians. France, the birthplace of chivalry, was also the chief nursery of the crusading armies. France, Frenchmen, Frank—rather than any neighbouring people—became, in the East, the synonymes for Europe and Europeans. Through the influence of chivalry was developed the delicacy, the courtesy, the regard for the female sex, which is almost, though not quite, as little known to the Christians as it is to the Mahometans of the East—alike in its perversions and in its excellences. On the one hand, it was a Greek council that invented the theological definition which Western Christianity has translated 'Mother of God;' but it was reserved for the succeeding ages of Latin Christendom to carry out the dogmatic statement into the passionate adoration of 'Our Lady.' On the other hand, the peculiarly Western word

'courtesy designates a new virtue, not ordained by our religion; and words are not formed but out of the wants, usages, and sentiments of men; and courtesy is not yet an obsolete term. Even gallantry, now too often sunk to a frivolous or unnatural sense, yet retains something of its old nobility, when it comprehended valour, frankness, honourable devotion to woman. The age of chivalry may be gone, but the influences of chivalry, it may be hoped, mingling with and softened by purer religion, will be the imperishable heirloom of social man.'—vol. iii., p. 256.

There is always something sad in closing any great work on ecclesiastical history—the contrast between what such a story ought to have been, and what it has been—'no steady, unwavering advance of heavenly spirits, but one continually interrupted, checked, diverted from its course, driven backward, as of men possessed by some bewildering spell—wasting their strength upon imaginary obstacles—hindering each other's progress and

their own by stopping to analyse and dispute about the nature of the sun's light till all were blinded by it—instead of thankfully using its aid to show them the true path onward.'

This melancholy feeling, as has been often truly observed, is best relieved when we look at individual instances of the power of Christian faith and love in the lives and deaths of good men. But it is relieved also in proportion as the view opened before us is wide—in proportion as we are able, 'kindly and calmly * as from a summit, to regard' the rise and progress of churches and sects—

'Despicere, unde queas, alios, passimque videre,
Errare atque viam palantes quærere vitæ.'

What seemed, near at hand, to be mere deformities, from a more distant point are lost in the sense of the vast prospect, to which each feature contributes its peculiar part. A philosophical view of ecclesiastical history is not necessarily a cold or a contemptuous view; it may be, if it is truly philosophical, full of far more genuine sympathy, inspired by a far deeper sense of humility, than a description written by one who has plunged into the thick of the fray, or made himself master of every corner of the labyrinthine maze.

And thus when, as in the present case, we look at Greek, and Latin, and Teutonic Christianity—not apart from each other, but in their mutual relations—not in the details of any particular controversy which divides each from each, but in relation to the general causes from which those controversies have sprung—conclusions force themselves upon us, as consoling as they are tranquillising

We may, if we choose, look on the Greek Church as the dead trunk of Christendom, from which all sap and life has departed, fit only to be cut down, because it cumbers the ground. But we may also see in it the aged tree, under whose shade the rest of Christendom has sprung up; we may ask whether its roots have not struck too widely and too deeply in its native soil to allow of any other permanent form of religious life in those regions which does not in some degree engraft itself on that ancient stem; we may remember with gratitude, that to the Councils of Nicæa and Constantinople we owe the venerable Creeds, which, even if they bear the marks of their Byzantine origin, yet probably are the most comprehensive forms that such an age could have devised, and have given a stability and breadth to a theology which might else have been dissolved in its own endless subdivisions. We may

* We quote from a remarkable work which has hardly attracted the attention it deserves; a work disfigured by obvious faults, but containing many striking passages and noble thoughts,—Wilson's Bampton Lectures, on the Communion of Saints.

regard, at least with antiquarian interest, the memorials of the older Churches, fossilised within its ancient and unchangeable ritual—we may thankfully accept even the sluggish barbarism and stagnation which has, humanly speaking, saved so large and so venerable a portion of Christendom from the consolidation of the decrees of Trent—we may remember with satisfaction that, if the hour should ever come for the reawakening of the Churches of the East, there is no infallible pontiff at Constantinople, no hierarchy separated from all the domestic charities of life, to prevent the religious and social elements of those vast regions from amalgamating into one harmonious whole.

Or, if we fix our view on that colossal figure which has chiefly occupied our attention, it is consolatory to reflect that Latin Christendom—the Christendom in which our fathers were born and bred, and in which were laid the foundations of all our institutions civil and religious—was not always the Babylonian monster which no doubt it has in some points and at particular periods strongly resembled, and with which some of our friends would believe it to be absolutely identical. When so good a Protestant as the Dean of St. Paul's is fain to ask, as he looks impartially on the seven first centuries of European history, 'Where, without this vast uniform hierarchical influence—where, in those ages of anarchy and ignorance, of brute force—had been Christianity itself?*' we need not fear to acknowledge—nay rather, we ought thankfully to welcome—the fact that the Papacy was the most important outward instrument then existing in the world for the propagation and preservation of the Gospel. Its earlier crimes, its present decrepitude, the enormous vices of its sixth Alexander, the benevolent weaknesses of its ninth Pius, must not blind us to the blessings which it bestowed upon us whilst it stood in the vanguard of civilization, whilst it represented the unborn Protestantism of Europe.

And now when we find that there is yet a third element of Christian life, younger than the other two—less defined, indeed, in its outlines, less vast in its proportions, but, like those older systems, springing out of the heart of a mighty race, under the pressure of a great historical crisis—can we fail to hope that the Christianity which first appeared on the stage of the world's history, in the bosom of the German nations, at the Reformation, is not less surely a step in God's Providence—an instrument in the ultimate formation of Christendom—than the forms of ecclesiastical and religious life which rose out of the Greek race under the sway of Constantine, and out of the ruins of Rome under the auspices of Leo and Gregory? We will not anticipate the future volumes of

* Vol. iii. p. 97.

the History of Latin Christianity by dwelling on the distinctive features of this its noblest, and, we will not hesitate to add, its most genuine, offspring. But the advocates and the opponents of the Reformation would both do well to remember the lineage from which it sprang; the analogy which its origin presents to what, when viewed under their more favourable aspects, may be called, without offence, the two previous dispensations of Christianity; the hope that, as it is unquestionably the development of some of the best tendencies of those two older bodies, so it may, in the end, be the destined instrument of purifying, of reconciling, and of absorbing them both in some higher and deeper unity than has yet been vouchsafed to the mind of man.

So to view the progress of events, so to trace the influence of races and institutions and political convulsions on the history of Christianity, is assuredly not to diminish, but to exalt, its importance to men and to nations; not to underrate, but to represent in its full grandeur the divine and universal origin to which it lays claim. Of ordinary institutions it may truly be said, as of the ordinary instincts of humanity,—

‘Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy.’
 ‘The youth who daily farther from the East
 Must travel
 Still by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended :
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.’

But the course of the Christian religion, in spite of all the impediments it has encountered, in spite of the darkness which from time to time has clouded ‘the Fate of Christendom,’ has always moved onwards, and from that onward movement derived its main strength. Christianity has not drooped,—it has lived, it has flourished, it has expanded, it has grown more and more like to its ancient, Hebrew, divine original,—not in proportion as it has remained within the influences of its first home, but (so far at least as European history is concerned) in proportion as it has receded further and further from them. ‘Westward the Star of Empire has held its course;’ and westward has the Sun of Christendom moved also, shedding its light not only on Arabian deserts and Judean palms, but on the endless varieties of Western life and scenery, on the cities and homes, on the empires and the families, of the Grecian, the Roman, and the Teutonic world; the Omega no less than the Alpha, the end no less than the beginning, of the history of civilised man.

ART. III.—*Dramatic Register for 1853.* 12mo. London.

IT must be owned that the drama labours under many disadvantages at the present moment. We shall not dwell upon their more obvious causes—the habits of social life, the inroads made upon the attractions of the theatre by the counter-attractions of literature, or the ebb of fashion from the stage doors. These disadvantages are on the surface, and a sudden turn in the world's tide would repel and obliterate them. Their sources lie much deeper, and must be sought in the character and tendencies of the age itself.

It is perhaps an inevitable result of advancing civilisation that it levels in great measure the external and salient points of individual character, and thus deprives the drama of one of its principal alimENTS and attractions. Evil passions and evil natures are unhappily, indeed, the accompaniments of every age, but they do not therefore always exhibit themselves under dramatic forms. The crimes and woes of 'old great houses' seldom affect in our days either the annals of the world or the passions of individuals. Wars have lost their chivalric character; politics are no longer tissues of dark intrigues, revealed only by their results, but hidden during their process in impenetrable darkness. Society has ceased to be divided into castes, or distinguished by outward and visible tokens of grandeur or debasement. Our manners and habits have grown similar and unpicturesque. A justice on the bench is no longer worshipful; a squire, except in the eyes of some poaching varlet, is no more 'the petty tyrant of his fields;' we take the wall of an alderman, and feel no awe in the presence of a mayor; lords ride in cabs; the coach, with six Flemish horses, with its running footmen and link-bearers, has vanished into infinite space; a knight of the shire may be the son of a scrivener; our men on 'Change have doffed their flat caps and shining shoes; there are no bullies in Paul's Walk, and hardly a Toledan blade within the liberties of London. 'The toe of the peasant comes near the heel of the courtier.' Our very inns have dropped their pictorial emblems: we write, instead of paint, our tavern-heraldry. Town and country are nearly one. Clarendon says of a certain Earl of Arundel, that 'he went rarely to London, because there only he found a greater man than himself, and because at home he was allowed to forget that there was such a man.' Lord Arundel's policy would be unavailing now. Our humours and distinctions are well nigh abolished, and the drama, so far as it depends upon them, deprived of its daily bread. The stage-post cannot find his Bobadil in any lodging in Lambeth, nor his Justice Shallow in Gloucestershire,

tershire, nor Ancient Pistol in Eastcheap. The 'portrait of a gentleman or lady' at the Exhibition may represent four-fifths of our similar generation.

Farther a-field then must our dramatists seek, 'if they draw from life, for their models of passion and humour. For the most part they suffer no especial inconvenience from the stoppage of supplies, inasmuch as they import them ready-made from the banks of the Seine. We shall advert presently to the number and character of these importations. For the present it suffices to remark that this assimilation of the external forms of life operates unfavourably upon the drama in two or three directions. It deprives the author of his fund of characters. It renders the audience less apprehensive of individual properties, and more eager for startling effects upon the scene. The spectator comes to witness in representation something different from what he sees daily in the streets and markets, in the law-courts or the drawing-room, and is discontented if the plot have in it no dash of extravagance, or the costume and scenery do not blaze with splendour. The scarcity of healthier food renders him the more eager for high and artificial condiments. His palate too has been previously vitiated by the circulating library. Macbeth is flat after Jack Sheppard; Sir Anthony Absolute is dull beside Mr. Pickwick. Our earnestness and our sport have travelled at railway speed during the present century; and the drama, like 'panting Time,' in Johnson's prologue, either 'toils after them in vain,' or outstrips them by dint of surpassing extravagances of story or decoration.

When Sir Roger de Coverley made known his intention of going to the play, the Spectator and Captain Sentry had no difficulty in discovering at what theatre that very legitimate drama 'The Distress Mother' would be enacted. But a country gentleman of the present day, unacquainted with town—if indeed such a 'rara avis' survive in this age of locomotion—and recurring to his early recollections of Elliston at Drury Lane, or Kemble at Covent Garden, would be sorely puzzled at first in his search for either regular tragedy or comedy. At Covent Garden he would find Italian Opera installed; at Drury he might indeed light upon Mr. G. V. Brooke, 'cleaving the general ear;' but he would quite as likely read in the bills of the evening that a gentleman would walk across the ceiling, or that Franconi's stud would exhibit, or that a second Italian Opera awaited him. At the Haymarket he would witness indeed an excellent comedy of Mr. Planché's, but none of his old favourites, Moreton's, or the younger Colman's, or Reynolds's once popular plays. He would discover that the English Opera House had foregone its name
and

and vocation, and 'Tom and Jerry' given place at the Adelphi to Mr. Taylor's admirable play, 'Two Loves and a Life.' But his amazement would be transcendent on learning that his best chance of meeting with Shakspeare would be in the remote regions where horrors or nautical heroics were wont—'Consule Tullo, in the good days when George the Third was King'—to reign supreme, namely, at the Surrey or Victoria Theatres, beyond the bridges, or at Sadler's Wells, once the Naumachia of our metropolis.

To this *Regio Transtiberina* of London indeed has recently migrated the popularity of the so-called 'legitimate drama.' Here, and in some of the City theatres and saloons, managers can reckon upon remunerating profits for the production of the *Tempest* and *Henry V.*, the *Duchess of Malfi* and the *School for Scandal*. Here the check-taker bawls 'Pit full!' and gives the check he takes; here spectators endure five acts, and forbear to vex the manager's brain with calls for novelties; and here rarely, if ever, penetrate the last devices of the *Porte St. Martin*. If the spirits of defunct managers be permitted at any time to revisit the glimpses of the moon, that of old J. Davidge would find matter enough for meditation upon 'mutabilitie.' Ariel skims and Prospero stalks over the boards once dedicated to brigands and midnight murder; and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* displays its faery-wonders and mortal perplexities upon the area where British tars fought over again the battles of the Baltic and the Nile. Johnson rightly predicted that on the stage of old Drury 'new Hunts might box and Mahomets might dance,' but the migration of Shakspeare to Southwark and Islington was a prodigy beyond the bounds of his vision.

For these effects, whether defective or not, and which assuredly are not altogether unfavourable aspects of the drama's condition, many causes may be assigned. But in order to set them in as clear a light as possible, whether as symptoms of theatrical renaissance or decline, we shall briefly survey, in the first place, the representations current at more western theatres, and in what are esteemed more civilised regions of the metropolis. And as many of our readers may be unaware of the number of plays yearly brought out as novelties, as well as that of the theatres now open to the public, or the amount of persons, directly or indirectly, employed in ministering to them, we think that the following facts may not be unacceptable:—

In certain recesses of the Palace of St. James, in Westminster, are annually deposited some hundreds of manuscripts; the records of gratified or disappointed expectations. These manuscripts are copies of the dramas licensed for representation during

during the preceding twelve months. Of this number not a third finds its way to the press, or establishes itself in public favour and remembrance: and of those which are printed fewer still survive the year which gave them birth. It is not indeed desirable that there should be more frequent disinterments from this dramatic cemetery, since few of its inmates merit a 'resurgam' upon their escutcheon; yet in the mass they deserve some attention, as the abstracts and chronicles of the theatrical character of the age.

We do not allege these facts as implying any especial reproach either to the authors who produce or to the public which neglects this class of writings. Dramatic literature, as regards the majority of its productions, is, like the art of the actor, ephemeral. It partakes too much of the passing sentiments or caprices of the age, and is addressed too entirely to the eyes and ears of present spectators, to contain, in general, the germs of perpetuity. If we except Shakspeare, and a few of the greater luminaries of his age, the elder drama owes its partial immortality more to its poetic than its dramatic strength. Of those which linger in the closet, few would be now endurable on the stage. And at the time these were novelties nearly the whole imaginative powers of the English mind were engrossed in the service of the theatre; whereas, in the present day, with the exceptions of the author of 'Philip van Artevelde' and Mr. Browning, no poet of any distinction has tried even his prentice hand in dramatic composition. Lyrical verse has absorbed the most profound and original of our poetic writers; and the novel has appropriated to itself the talents which two centuries ago would have been in the pay of Henslowe or Alleyn. It is accordingly less surprising that so few modern plays should survive their birth-year, than that so many dramatic writers should be found exerting themselves in a province of art in which a few weeks of applause are generally succeeded by irretrievable oblivion.

In the year 1853, 206 dramas were licensed for representation, and, with very few exceptions, produced at various metropolitan or provincial theatres—and in that year the number of novelties fell short of the sums of former equal periods. Of these the majority were one, two, or at most three act pieces, the experience of managers or the capabilities of the actors having, we suppose, afforded grounds for declining the old-established play of five acts. The precepts of Horace and the practice of our elder dramatic writers are indeed seldom observed by modern poets or critics, and the almost universal custom of adapting French originals has tended much to the abbreviation of plots and acts. Occasionally indeed an opposite excess has been attempted, and 'a monstrum informe,'

informe,' in eight or nine acts, has drawn its slow length through an entire evening, but the experiment was not so successful as to be often repeated. It would not be easy to classify, or to draw any general conclusions upon the state or prospects of dramatic literature from these 206 plays. Properly speaking the elder distinctions of tragedy, comedy, and melodrama, such as prevailed in the age of the patent theatres, are nearly extinct.* The saloons are still occasionally chambers of melodramatic horrors, such as once attracted audiences to the Coburg and the Surrey Theatres. But the passion for volleys of musketry, and trap-doors, and red and blue lights has much declined, and with it, in considerable measure also, the amiable disposition to regard a British tar as an eminent philanthropist, and the Hounslow brigade as the redresser of the wrongs of man and the inequalities of wealth and station. On the whole a considerable improvement both in morals and taste is apparent even in the theatres where gentlemen may be seen in the dress circle unencumbered with coats, and where the pit, from the prevalence of Israelitish physiognomy in its rows, exhibits an apparent approach to the restoration of the Jews. The theatre indeed, at the present moment, is more in danger from the social and sentimental corruptions of the French stage, than from exhibitions of open ruffianism, or the coarser species of vice and crime. Yet, notwithstanding these partial improvements, the question whether we possess, or are nearer than formerly to the possession of, a national drama, remains nearly as far from solution as ever. That dramas under no obligations, beyond the skill displayed in their plot and dialogue, to our ingenious neighbours, can attain popularity, has been proved by the success of Messrs. Taylor and Reade's plays. But 'Masks and Faces,' and 'Plot and Passion,' are exceptional instances of merit, and rather encourage the hope of a restoration of a national drama, than prove its existence at present. It is equally curious and mortifying to remark that, in most cases of the announcement of a new and successful piece, its French parentage is openly avowed, and credit taken for the skill displayed in its adaptation to a British audience. Nor is it any defence or palliation of the debt that our elder dramatists were equally indebted to Italian or Spanish originals. They were indebted to Spanish and Italian novels doubtless, though seldom until such novels had passed by translation into popular belief and favour: but the dramatic treatment of the stories was original, and had not been anticipated by the librettos of the Variétés and Porte St. Martin.

The popular drama of the day is accordingly in no intelligible sense of the term national, but, like so much of our costume, a Parisian

a Parisian exotic. How does it fare, on the other hand, with the drama of which we justly boast as having surpassed in amplitude of proportion and in earnestness of feeling, not only the classic frigidity of Corneille and Racine, but the authentic grandeur and harmony of the great Athenian masters—with the drama which stimulated the genius of Alfieri, and filled with wonder and emulation the far loftier and deeper souls of Goethe and Schiller? It is our boast that we are the countrymen of Shakspeare and his contemporaries, but we cannot find or make them generally attractive on the stage. It is not for lack of enterprise or accessories—but either there is some mistake in the application of them, or the public has been accustomed to a different fare, and lost its appetite for the diet which it pronounces to be unrivalled. Never were scene-painters more expert, or upholsterers more inventive—never was archæology more in request for dramatic illustrations, or managers more determined to be scrupulous in costume and landscape. Yet all this avails them little or nothing—the Mordecai of Parisian ‘effects’ sits at their gate; and after a brief curiosity about the ghost of Banquo, or the heraldry of King John, has been sated, the romantic and historic drama pales its ineffectual fire before the irresistible attractions of the Corsican Brothers and Sardanapalus! The public, at least as represented by the press, quarrels with the managers for corrupting the national taste; the managers retort on the public that it cherishes the corruption of which it complains: and both shift the blame upon the actors. ‘Give us,’ says the public, ‘a succession of Kembles, of Edmund Keans, or Macreadies, and we will dispense with the decorator and the upholsterer:’ ‘Find us,’ say the managers, ‘a Mrs. Jordan or a Miss O’Neill, and we will spare ourselves the cost of acres of canvas and galaxies of light, red and blue:’ ‘Afford us,’ say the actors, ‘equal opportunities for learning and perfecting ourselves in the several departments of our art which our predecessors enjoyed, and we will prove to you that the ancient spirit is not dead, but cabined, cribbed, and confined by the fetters imposed upon it in dramas which exclude passion, probability, and imitation of life and manners.’

We think that each of the recriminant parties might make out a very plausible case for itself, which yet, as a whole, would be an invalid defence. The public might allege, We come to your houses for amusement, and not for a lecture upon scenery, architecture, and dress. The managers might plead, We are engaged in a commercial speculation, no less than the momentous business of earning a livelihood—we, who live to please, must please to live; and since you respond to decoration and pomp more readily

readily than to character and passion, with pomp and decoration we are fain to provide you. Lastly, the actors might as fairly urge, We are clay in the potter's hands ; and so long as you obscure us with light, and dwarf us amid colossal scenery and processions, you render us the secondaries of the stage, and, for any effect we produce, might dispense with us altogether, and expend our salaries upon yet costlier panoramas.

• None of these complaints, we are inclined to think, touch the evil complained of. They are, in the first place, vague ; and, in the next, they apply equally to the drama of the last century. Since the restoration of monarchy and the theatres, indeed, there has never been a generation in which these or similar murmurs were not audible. Alleyne and Henslowe, and some of their contemporaries, realised respectable fortunes by management, and found performers whom both themselves and their audiences approved. But their lines were set in pleasant places. The habits of social life favoured them : the novel, the newspaper, and the club, the late dinner, and the accomplishments of the world, were not their foe : a morning walk in Paul's, or a morning ride on the great highway of Oxford-street, was followed by an afternoon visit to the Globe or Bull ; and if the courtier or the citizen heard the chimes at midnight, the tavern and not the theatre was in fault. We cannot revert to their habits and hours, and must be content to forego with them some of our dramatic spirit. Neither are our theatres, as they were in the age of Anne and the earlier Georges, the resort of statesmen and their supporters for the purpose of political displays and intrigues. A Chancellor of the Exchequer presenting a purse of gold to Mr. Kean for his defiance of the Pope in King John would be a spectacle more remunerating to a manager than the most captivating importation from the Porte St. Martin ; the expedience of Lord John Russell's or Lord Derby's presence in the side boxes for a few minutes in the evening would lend new radiance even to Mr. Buckstone's habitual good spirits. We have learnt to separate business from recreation ; and however it may fare with the former, the theatre has ceased to be an indispensable diversion for our Harleys and Godolphins. The support of the higher classes is no longer included among managerial anticipations of profit. Her Majesty indeed is a most efficient patron of the drama ; but even court favour is not a counterpoise to the ebb and recession of ' the world ' from the dress-boxes.

We doubt, however, whether, in spite of the abstraction of so important an element, the number of playgoers has materially declined. We are rather disposed to think that it corresponds with the greatly increased sum of our metropolitan population.

In

In place of some half-dozen theatres, licensed for performance during a few months in the year, and denominated according to their licences the winter and summer theatres, there are now in the metropolis twenty-five theatres and saloons, the larger portion of which are open to the public from October to August. At the lowest estimate, these establishments find employment for 3000 persons on their premises, without including the numbers engaged at their own houses or work-rooms in the various arts of decoration and costume which the stage requires. We may calculate that the audiences nightly resorting to these twenty-five houses amount to 5000, without reckoning the extraordinary resort to them at the seasons of Christmas and Easter, or during the 'first run' of a successful novelty. Our computation will not appear extravagant to any one who has witnessed the crowds awaiting the opening of the pit doors of the Adelphi or Princess's Theatres during the earlier performances of the 'Thirst of Gold,' or 'Faust and Margaret.' We do not indeed presume from these facts that the course of managers runs with uniform and unprecedented smoothness; but they afford a fair presumption that we have not ceased, as is sometimes vaguely asserted, to be a play-going people. The sum of spectators is distributed indeed over a wider surface, and particular exchequers may have been less uniformly replenished: but on the aggregate there has been an increase; the theatres, amid many disturbing influences at work, have not lacked support.

Amid these adverse influences should be reckoned the attractions afforded by our numerous literary and scientific institutions, and the growing popularity of Shaksperian Readings. If it is good to be amused, it is better to be instructed; and if the poetic drama is more justly expounded by Mrs. Fanny Kemble than by any performers now on the boards, it is wiser to resort to her readings than to the theatre. In some degree both lectures and readings are a compromise between the dramatic instincts inherent in our nature, and conscientious scruples as regards the theatre. The theatre is probably affected by these causes more in the quality than the numbers of its frequenters. They abstract from its benches many of the more intellectual members of society, and thus lessen the demand for a higher and better order of drama. They are not, however, features peculiar to the present age. They are but repetitions of what has already occurred. At Athens the new comedy supplanted its rivals and predecessors, much as the modern drama has supplanted Shakspeare and Racine. Æschylus and Sophocles would no longer draw, or could not find competent representatives; and the Athenian people, who regarded the theatre as a proper object for legislation, passed a law

a law to the effect that their ~~older~~ and better drama should thenceforward be read, and not acted, at the Dionysian festivals. We possess no similar record of the Roman stage. But we know that recitations were as popular at Rome as lectures and readings in London, and that the scale of the theatres and the tyranny of pantomime had, even before the Augustan era, nearly banished the works of Attius and Pacuvius, of Terence and Plautus from the boards. The preference for lectures and readings may therefore be considered more as an accident of civilization than as betokening any immediate or peculiar decadence of the drama.

The inferiority of our actors again is a common topic of complaint, and it frequently proceeds from persons who have not entered a theatre for years, or who, like Dr. Smell-fungus, think they manage those things better in France, and form their notions of English acting from a rare and supercilious visit to the boxes on a benefit-night. They reverse indeed the adage, and denounce the unknown as utterly flat and unprofitable. But so it has ever been. The players, according to such critics, are always descending below some fancied standard of excellence. Kemble lacked the '*os magna sonaturum*' of Quin, and was less graceful than Barry. Quin himself was inferior to Booth, and Booth to Betterton. In the opinion of Macklin, Garrick as Sir Harry Wildair came short of Wilks: in the judgment of Foote, Macklin's Lovegold was not comparable to Shuter's. Charles Lamb, whose remarks on acting evince a fine discrimination of its properties, awards to Bensley a meed of praise, at which the few who remember that sensible but stiff performer are enforced to smile; and we have heard veteran play-goers aver that Mrs. Siddons was generally inferior in dignity to Mrs. Yates. We distrust these traditions of vanished perfections, as we discredit regrets for good old times. They are, we believe, on a par with Don Guzman's lament in '*Gil Blas*' over the decrease of the peaches since his youth. The stage, as a mirror of the times, partakes of their imperfections, as well as of their privileges and merits. Styles of representation, no less than plays themselves, go out of date. That certain kinds of acting were better formerly than now, we have no difficulty in admitting; neither have we now such portraits as Reynolds's, or such eloquence as Burke's. Actors too leave behind them their equivalents, not their express images: our grandsires endured no one but King in Sir Peter Teazle and Lord Ogleby; we shall probably see none equal to Farren's. The greedy, credulous, and bragging elders, whom Munden so incomparably embodied, no longer exist; the world has grown picket and dainty, and voted them nuisances; and

and we doubt whether Munden would not now be considered a coarse and improbable actor. Nay, we will go a step further and surmise that, could we see the original cast of the *School for Scandal*, some portions of the performance would be not altogether pleasing to our present notions. We have seen the *Beggar's Opera* degraded from a pungent yet delicate satire upon the Walpoles and Pulteneys to an episode from the *Newgate Calendar*. Its humour had passed away; its songs had lost their savour; the actors mistook irony for earnest; we seemed to have fallen among thieves, and longed to call for the police, and send them packing to Bow-street. We have felt something of the kind with regard to certain well-meant revivals of old plays. Their passion seemed Titanic; the action improbable; the interest remote; the development too sudden and violent. Webster's fine tragedy of 'The Duchess of Malfy' was skilfully adapted to the modern stage and well acted by Mr. Phelps and his company at Sadler's Wells in 1851. Yet the effect of it was more strange and solemn than agreeable. It seemed more germane to the matter to read of such griefs than to behold them embodied. It may be that in an age of material progress we are become less apprehensive of sad and stately sorrows, that we look not so passionately into the mutations of high estate and the graver aspects of life. Beyond the Shaksperian cycle indeed few of our elder dramas bear revival. Our passion and our sport are of lighter texture than were those of our forefathers. But it is a false inference that dramatic sensibility is extinct, because certain kinds of dramatic composition have ceased to affect us, as well as that the actor has degenerated because he, like ourselves, no longer responds to the wild, solemn, and preternatural scenes that enthralled our sires two centuries ago.

From the spectators and the performers we now pass to the pictorial adjuncts of the drama. With one and the same breath almost we demand and decry accuracy of costume, and splendour of decoration. They are indeed ruinous, but they are also indispensable. Like the capricious lover, we can live neither with them nor without them. We call the managers who supply them stage upholsterers, and taunt the managers who withhold them for their lack of zeal on our behalf. Richard III., unadorned, will not draw houses; revived with historical illustrations of dress and scenery—*minima pars est, ipsa puella sui*. Between the *Charybdis* and *Scylla* of such verdicts the manager should be an adroit pilot to avoid shipwrecks.

That the passion for decoration has been burdensome, if not ruinous, to managers, and injurious to actors, we admit—with a protest,

protest, however, against its being reckoned among the peculiar disadvantages of either at the present moment. This, like the complaint of the inefficiency of the elder drama, is of no recent origin. It dates as far back as the time of Dryden, some of whose plays were brought upon the stage with extreme gorgeousness; it is satirised by Pope; it was made a subject of reproach to Garrick, and accounted among the errors of John Kemble. But it is inconceivable that managers should have laboured for so long a period under a common delusion—a delusion too which militated against their own interests. Their mistake appears to us to have consisted more in the indiscriminate employment of the decorative art than in the art itself. The necessity for ornament is generally in an inverted ratio to the merits of the piece on which it is expended, even as the most creative poets stand least in need of the painter's aid. Rarely are Homer, Shakspeare, or Dante successfully illustrated by artists, although the same amount of graphic skill would have been well employed upon the pages of Rogers, Moore, or Campbell. Passion, provided only it finds competent representatives, will make itself felt; wit and humour, meeting with fitting exponents, will excite mirthful responses. So long as Mr. Charles Kemble performed Benedick and Mercutio, it mattered little whether the scene behind him were an exact representation of a street or garden in Verona or Mantua, or whether his dress were after the fashion of France or Italy. The elder Kean attired Othello in a garb that no nation could claim for its own, yet no discreet adviser would have counselled him to exchange it for the cumbrous robes of a Venetian magnifico. We thought that 'Macbeth,' as represented last year at the Princess's Theatre, was oppressed by the succession of sombre or brilliant scenes. We liked better the old-fashioned moors and woods, and the less sumptuous banquetting-rooms. We thought that, to the same extent, Sardanapalus was improved. In the one, the imagination was encumbered by the profusion of pictorial adjuncts; in the other, it was assisted by the presentation of the Tigris and the Halls of Ninus. In the former, the spectator's imagination might have been left to supply much of the material ornament; in the latter, the ornament propped and enriched the original poverty of the *libretto*. We have seen 'The Rivals' performed in a sort of chance-medley costume—a century intervening between the respective attires of Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute. We have seen the same comedy dressed with scrupulous attention to the date of the wigs and hoops; but we doubt whether, in any essential respect, that excellent play was a gainer by the increased care and expenditure of the manager.

Excess of decoration has indeed been, in all ages and nations possessing a national drama, a symptom and accompaniment of decadence in the histrionic art. The dramas of Euripides required more sumptuous attire and more complicated mechanism than the 'Antigone' or the 'Prometheus;' but the plays enacted at the Dionysiac festivals, when Demosthenes was a boy, surpassed in pomp the most gorgeous of the Euripidean repertory. The extravagance of the Alexandrian and Roman theatres is notorious: interminable processions, 'maniples of foot and turms of horse,' swept across the stage, and the managerial wardrobe would have clad the 'senate frequent and full.' The Pompeian games offended Cicero by their glare, and Cato by their profusion: but fifty years later, Bathyllus and Pylades would have refused to act in the presence of scenery so common and sordid; and in the age of Claudius and his successor, the stars of pantomime—the 'regular drama' was extinct—played Agamemnon and Achilles in panoplies of solid gold. In the reign of Philip IV. the accoutrements of the Theatre Royal at Madrid were as sumptuous as those of the Viceroy of Arragon, and that too in an age when silver and gold plate were displayed upon the sideboards even of nobles of the third order. Louis XIV. was more economical in his theatrical pleasures; yet a thousand crowns were occasionally expended by him upon a single masque or pastoral at the court-theatre at Versailles—with what advantage to the drama those inexpressibly tame and tedious productions will satisfactorily prove to any one enterprising or patient enough to read them.

It appears to us that an understanding among the managers of the metropolitan theatres themselves might lead to the saving of much forethought, anxiety, and expense to many of them individually. To such keen rivals, and to a class of men supposed to be sufficiently irritable, it may seem hazardous to suggest the plan of a dramatic congress for the purpose of adopting a classification of theatres. If such a scheme be practicable—and to be practicable it requires only a general consent of the parties interested—its advantages are obvious. Their various experiences in different regions of the metropolis would constitute the materials for a Report upon the condition of the drama. The capacity of the several theatres would afford *data* of the expenses that might be incurred with a fair chance of profit. It would be seen from the particular returns what species of drama is most popular and remunerating in any given neighbourhood. But the principal advantage of such a congress would be the suspension, and perhaps eventually the extinction, of a rash and reckless, as well as an unfair, system of mutual opposition. The play-bills will
illustrate

illustrate our meaning. Constantly it happens that, when a novelty has proved successful at one theatre, it is adopted, with certain changes — *mutatis mutandis* — at another, although the piece may be peculiarly suited to the house which originally brought it out. It is perhaps impossible to establish a copy-right in such cases, because the rival versions of a popular drama, including the earliest in the field, are probably derived from the same Parisian prototype. Yet even priority of adaptation,*and consequently of risk, ought, in our opinion, to secure priority of profits. We will cite two recent instances of the invasion of dramatic property. 'The Corsican Brothers,' in its English dress, appeared originally at the Princess's Theatre, and was immediately successful. In the course of a month there were four or five versions of the '*Frères Corses*,' substantially the same as that performing at the Princess's Theatre. With 'Sardanapalus' the case was even worse. To have produced Byron's play with equally costly accompaniments would have been a hazardous experiment. But another course was open—to turn the whole into ridicule; and, accordingly, burlesques were speedily produced at the Strand and Adelphi Theatres. Now we contend that in such procedure there was much unfairness. The manager of the Princess's Theatre was, in fact, catering for two rival establishments, and remunerated by one only. There was no redress: the Lord Chamberlain had no jurisdiction in the matter, for neither of the burlesques were morally objectionable, and the public regarded with indifference the scramble between the rival houses.

We could allege many similar instances of ungenerous competition. The evil, for such we must consider it, would be met by a better understanding among the managers themselves, who are the principal sufferers from their own collisions. A 'concordat,' such as we have suggested, would assign to different theatres different classes of dramas; the actors would be better classified and better drilled, and the public reap the benefit of special and well-defined performances, elaborated by constant and undivided practice. That such an arrangement is neither impracticable nor visionary is a conclusion warranted by its success wherever it has been partially attempted in this country, as well as by its results where, as in France, it has been long and generally adopted. We do not presume to offer any more particular suggestions—'*quod fabrorum est tractent fabri*,'—but in further confirmation of our views, we proceed to take a rapid glance at such of our theatres as recently or for some time past have restricted themselves to special classes of dramatic entertainments. We shall have much mistaken the matter, if it can

be proved that the comparative prosperity of these houses has not mainly arisen from the judicious limits imposed upon their performances by the managers themselves.

We desire to avoid invidious distinctions; but no one acquainted with the various metropolitan theatres will cavil at our naming the Lyceum, the Princess's, the Olympic, Sadler's Wells, and the Adelphi, as possessing the best disciplined companies and the most generally accomplished actors of the day. The Lyceum is the home of the vaudeville—we cannot add the English vaudeville, for its productions are for the most part transplanted; their exotic origin does not, however, affect the merits of their performance and *mise-en-scène*. The Olympic deals with comedies of a higher order, often of native growth, and often, latterly, judicious revivals; but its reproductions, as well as its novelties, form an intermediate class between the old five-act drama and the lighter and more evanescent trifles of the Lyceum. At the Princess's we occasionally have Shakspeare represented with all the pomp and circumstance of modern art, but its stock-pieces are of a more prosaic stamp, of an order midway between tragedy and melodrama, and deficient certainly neither in interest nor dramatic effects. The Adelphi has established a kind of vested property in dramas—genuine Adelphi dramas, in the language of its bills—which may perhaps be most correctly defined as combinations of melodrama with farce. Of Sadler's Wells, as the most popular retreat of the regular drama, we have already spoken; its audiences demand few novelties, and retain the rare faculty of sitting out five-act pieces.

It is, however, less to the particular merits than to the systematic discrimination of these performances that we direct our reader's attention. We believe that the above enumerated theatres are, from year to year, the most steadily attractive. The spectators know what order of drama they may look for within their walls; the actors are drilled to definite functions, and enjoy the inestimable benefit of playing for many successive seasons together. The decline of the patent theatres was, we believe, principally owing to their departure from a similar wholesome regimen. The success of the most remunerative theatres at the present moment is in great measure due to their resumption of it. An experiment which, wherever it has been fairly tried, has proved uniformly salutary, needs, in our opinion, only a more general application of it in order to render our national stage as effective in all its departments as the Parisian. If the expediency of such a classification were once generally recognized by managers, the inconveniences and unfairness of competition

competition would cease, and the Lord Chamberlain, by granting licences for distinct classes of entertainment to the various establishments under his jurisdiction, would confirm and sustain the improved organization of theatrical entertainments. And this, or some equivalent system of arrangement, has become the more indispensable as regards the training of the performers, now that the provinces have nearly ceased to supply efficient recruits to the metropolitan stage. In nearly a third of our cities and towns the playhouse is closed; it has been converted into a chapel, a corn-market, or a lecture-room. Even where a manager is enterprising enough to risk a season, it is usually brief and precarious. At York, Bath, and Norwich, at one time the acknowledged nurseries of the London stage, and which successively sent up the Kembles, Young, Macready, Liston, Blanchard, Dowton, and a host of lesser luminaries, the dramatic campaign ordinarily extended over at least six months of the year. A London 'star' was ably seconded by provincial satellites, and the latter found no difficulty in keeping pace with the performances at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The oldest and most exclusive of the country families regarded periodical visits to the theatre as much a portion of their social duties as attendance at Quarter Sessions or an Assize ball. To be absent from the regular bespeaks of the High Sheriff or the Members was a mark of eccentricity, or a deficiency in respect to those magnates; nor was there lacking any interest in the performance or in the respective merits of the performers. But at the present moment the High Sheriff might as well conjure spirits from the deep as expect that an overflowing audience will come at his call. A few of his tenants may gather round their landlord, but his co-mates and acquaintance are deaf as adders to his summons. Provincial acting is indeed nearly defunct. The City theatres stand in the place of the provincial houses; thither popular performers from the Strand and Haymarket flock as 'stars,' and there are absorbed the few country celebrities which remain. But the City theatres are by no means equivalents, as schools of acting, for their extinct country predecessors. The standard of ability is of a lower kind; the species of dramas which they represent demand rather strength of lungs than professional knowledge. The regular discipline of a respectable country stage—the discipline that, directed by Tate Wilkinson at York, and Brunton at Norwich, drilled so many serviceable recruits, both rank and file, for the metropolitan boards—is seldom practised in establishments where rant and buffoonery suffice, and where most of the pieces represented are versions of the newspaper novel, or of third-rate tales from

from third-rate circulating libraries. Scarcely an instance occurs of a City theatre or saloon supplying the stage with even a tolerable addition to its forces.

We have, however, said already that we distrust the alleged superiority of the actors of former days, and of the general decline of acting at the present moment. We believe, on the contrary, that with a better system of co-operation a single English theatre would rival, in the refinement and effectiveness of its corps dramatique, any single Parisian house. We have seen no French comedians in the same line better than our incomparable pair of Keeleys. The St. James's theatre has hitherto imported no performer, with the single exception of Regnier, more variously accomplished or more consummate in skill than Mr. Alfred Wigan; and Mr. Charles Matthews, even in parts more exacting than the usual repertoire of the Lyceum vaudeville, has few equals—we are inclined to add no superior. It is rarely found that actors excel alike in the lighter humours and the more earnest passions. Garrick and Henderson are perhaps almost solitary exceptions of equal and transcendent merit in Hamlet and Benedick, in Macbeth and Megrin, in Richard and Abel Drugger. John Kemble in comedy, in spite of Lamb's eulogy, was recorded in his day among 'the miseries of human life,' and the elder Kean was absolutely intolerable in the few attempts he made in the service of Thalia. The present stage, however, affords an actor who combines passion with humour in a remarkable degree, and, in the midst of the ludicrous embarrassments of comedy, presents us with fervent tragic pathos. No one can have witnessed the performances of Mr. F. Robson at the Olympic Theatre, without being struck with the narrowness of the bounds between sport and earnest. His farce has a pathetic depth, a grave earnestness, that touch, at one and the same moment, the sources of tears and laughter. He is partly Liston and partly Kean. With less than a cubit added to his stature Mr. Robson would be the first Shakspearian actor of the day. It is unfortunate both for himself and the spectators that his physical qualifications are not in better accordance with his dramatic genius. He lacks presence only to mate Kean in Shylock and Overreach, or Macready in *Virginian* and *Lear*.

Mr. Robson, we believe, at one time obtained considerable repute as an actor in burlesques. He has fortunately escaped from the evil effects of that most stupid and barren department of theatrical entertainment. In this censure we do not of course include such admirable samples of Aristophanic fun as Mr. Planché so often produces, or Mr. Tom Taylor's '*Diogenes and his Lantern*.' These are legitimate sketches of follies as they

they fly. But the burlesque—which, like an impure flesh-fly, battens upon the imagination of Shakspeare or the pathos of Euripides, which avails itself of the solemn and preternatural machinery of Macbeth, of the Rembrandt-like picture of the Moor, of the aberrations of Hamlet, of the revenge of Shylock, of scenes and thoughts the most hallowed among merely human conceptions, appears to us among the most despicable products of shallow and heartless writers, equally devoid of respect for their own age, or of reverence and gratitude towards their benefactors in past time. Nor are such productions less discreditable to their authors than symptoms of decay in dramatic art itself. To the spectators the burlesque is noxious, since it accustoms them to associate the low and the absurd with the sublime and the earnest; to the actors it is no less injurious, since it tends to impress them with distrust and disrespect for their art: nay, by exhausting it upon false and superficial wit, it dulls the edge of legitimate and natural humour. Nor is the offence at all lessened in our eyes when the parody is at the expense, not of the established reputations of the past time, but of contemporary productions of merit. The prospect that his work may become a butt for ridicule necessarily renders an author timid and diffident of himself. He holds his sword like a dancer under the apprehension that it may soon be struck from his hand by the bat of a clown. Actors, audiences, and managers are alike interested in stifling these parasitical excrescences of the drama, and in commending the fools that use them to some better vent for their pitiful ambition.

In our brief sketch we have endeavoured to survey the general aspects and conditions of the national drama at the present day. That in some respects it has declined we are obliged to admit; certain species of theatrical entertainment are in abeyance, and probably will not speedily be revived. No great school of actors has succeeded to the Kemble family, and with them the higher order of both tragedy and comedy has expired; few modern plays bear the impress of longevity, and will probably be forgotten before another year has passed away. For these causes of inferiority we have, in great measure, to thank the social character of the age itself; literature superseded the drama on the one hand, and, on the other, we have opened different sources of instruction and amusement. Yet we do not despond: we believe that the remedy lies in a great degree with the managers themselves. We are persuaded that a more careful elaboration of the means which they possess, a politic division of their forces, an abstinence from unfair and expensive competition, a stricter discipline of their companies,
and

and a more systematic regard to the ethical qualities of their productions, will do much towards winning back to them the educated and intellectual classes of the community. We would not exclude spectacle, but restrict it to theatres where the space is favourable to gorgeous display. We would not banish all importations of foreign librettos, but we would recommend the adaptation of them to our own social habits and principles. We would borrow from them, not as dependents, but as pupils willing to be instructed. We have happily not arrived at an era of such corruption or degradation as stifled the theatres of Athens and Rome. With a literature which still commands respect; with a press unshackled, yet for the most part salutarily controlled by public opinion; with much that is imaginative and lofty in the character of the age; with an almost incalculable diffusion of our masculine and harmonious language; we have still a lively and steadfast faith that the nineteenth century will even yet develope, as among its befitting exponents, an intellectual, moral, and vigorous national drama.

Our expectations may appear sanguine to the many who regard the drama as the pastime of an idle hour, and not as a vital branch of the intellectual life of an age. We do not ask such persons to affect a spurious enthusiasm for times which, being more symbolic in their character, were proportionably more dramatic also than the present. We would recommend theatrical pedantry as little as ecclesiastical or artistic. The recreations of the day, as well as its ritual and its arts, must express its contemporary feelings, and not borrow the exponents of them from past phases of society. Literature has unquestionably borne off many 'spolia opima' from the theatre; the material development of the age has given a new direction to its humours and passions—yet, in spite of these abatements, the dramatic spirit is neither dead nor sleeping among us; it has thrown off many incumbrances of stilted diction and spurious sentiment; it has embraced new categories of mirth and earnestness; it has enlisted accessories unknown to our forefathers. In the heart of the chaos which the modern stage too generally exhibits we possess living germs of a drama that, skilfully trained and organised, may yet become as expressive of the material and intellectual genius of the day as the Sophoclean tragedy was of an ethnic commonwealth, or the romantic play of a Christian monarchy. In developing these materials, authors, managers, and the public have a common interest, and the first step towards so desirable a change is the recognition, by each in their own sphere and function, of the duty of re-organising the whole system of theatrical entertainments.

- ART. IV.—1. *A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*. Edited by W. Smith, LL.D. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1844—1851.
2. *A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*. By the same. 2nd edit. 1 vol. 8vo. London. 1851.
3. *A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography*. By the same. Vol. I. 8vo. London. 1854.
4. *A Smaller Dictionary of Antiquities, Selected and Abridged from the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*. 2nd edit. By the same. London.
5. *A new Classical Dictionary of Ancient Biography, Mythology, and Geography*. By the same. 2nd edit. 1 vol. 8vo. London.
6. *A smaller Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, Mythology and Geography; abridged from the larger work*. By the same. 2nd edit. 1 vol. post 8vo. London. 1854.
7. *Real-Encyclopädie der Classischen Alterthumswissenschaft; herausgegeben von August Pauly*. 7 vols. 8vo. Stuttgart. 1839—1852.

IT is an old theory, sanctioned by Plato, and since very generally received, that the art of writing and the spread of literature are injurious to the faculty of Memory. Men, it is said, when provided with artificial means of recording events, are no longer at pains to cultivate the talent with which nature endowed them for that purpose, and which consequently becomes impaired. Even in the face of such high authority we venture to maintain that this theory is a fallacy; and that literary culture, far from impairing, has been the means of strengthening and extending the powers of the memory, much in the ratio in which it has extended the range of facts and ideas to be remembered.

The chief or only argument that has been urged in favour of Plato's doctrine, is an appeal to the high degree of perfection in which the faculty was possessed by the organs of popular tradition in illiterate states of society, especially by the professional minstrels of the heroic age of Greece. To this it may be replied, that the habit of learning by heart and repeating verses, the only species of memory for which these personages were distinguished, is but a very partial and limited exercise of its powers. But, even admitting that a superiority as to this particular kind of memory in semi-barbarous ages could form, had it existed, a valid argument on the one side, against those derivable from the numerous other modes in which the faculty is called into action in civilised times—we shall make bold to deny the fact of any such superiority. The talent for oral recital may perhaps have

have been more extensively cultivated in those days than now, owing to the greater inducement held out to its exercise; but it does not follow that a greater amount of such talent existed. We believe there are as many men in England at the present time, as there were in Greece in the time of Homer, qualified to commit to memory a poem of equal length with the Iliad, if they thought it worth while to make the effort; and who, moreover, from the aids which literature supplies, would master their task more easily than the illiterate bard. There can, indeed, be very little doubt that the ranks of our professional orators, preachers, and play-actors, would furnish an abundance of champions able successfully to compete for honours in this arena of mental exertion with the most accomplished poetical reciter of semi-barbarous times.

But the mere habit of learning and repeating poetry, to whatever perfection it may be carried, can elicit but a small portion of those powers of memory which are daily brought into action in the mind of every highly educated European gentleman. A man who can read with facility five or six languages, and write or speak fluently one-half of them, although he may not be able to say off by heart Johnson's Dictionary or Facciolati's Lexicon, has his mind stored with more words and sentences, not to mention facts and ideas, than the rhapsodist who could recite in their order the whole series of Cyclic poems. The Platonic doctrine rests, in fact, simply on a confusion between the ideas Memory and Repeating by rote—on the error of taking a part for the whole; and the question at issue may be more fairly stated as follows:—Literary culture is unfavourable to the committal of poetical compositions to memory, in so far as it obviates the necessity for such exertion. But it is not only not prejudicial to any one essential exercise of the faculty in the wider sense, but indispensable to its full development and cultivation.

These remarks naturally suggest themselves, as introductory to the critical notice of a series of works belonging to the class familiarly known, among other titles, by that of Aids to the memory. Our estimate of the value of this title, as applied to them, must depend on how far we admit or reject the theory above examined. In the former case they could be considered but as an artificial compensation for the natural decay of the faculty consequent on the general spread of literature. In the latter case they would be entitled to rank as its powerful coadjutors, not only in availing itself of its existing stores, but in the further accumulation of that boundless stock of materials which literature provides for its exercise. It is in this latter point of view that we propose to consider them.

Another

Another similar fallacy, still more immediately bearing on our present subject, is the doctrine that comprehensive works of reference are detrimental to real science, by enabling young scholars to find, ready to their hand, knowledge which they would otherwise be obliged to acquire by their own unaided researches. If this be true, the *Thesaurus* of *Stephanus* must have blocked up rather than opened the road to Greek learning. This doctrine is in literature analogous to another once popular in statistical science—that those improvements of manufacturing machinery, which enable ten men to produce as much of the necessities of life as a hundred did formerly, are injurious to national industry. The one fallacy is now generally exploded, but the other still maintains its ground in some quarters. It is certainly not easy to see how facility of access to what is already known can be an obstacle to the acquisition of knowledge. The age which produced the body of contributors to whose united efforts we are indebted for *Dr. Smith's* volumes, cannot be much behind in the pursuit of learning; and the generation qualified to profit by their labours is not likely to stop short in the march of improvement.

The cognate terms *Dictionary* and *Lexicon* denote, in their primary import, simply a collection of words or phrases. The now general practice requires that to this definition should be added that of alphabetical arrangement, which method, in the earlier stages of lexicography, seems to have been but partially adopted. Such works may be ranged under the two heads of *Philological*, and *Historical or Descriptive*—*Dictionaries* of words and *Dictionaries* of things.* Those of the former class illustrate the terms or phrases collected; those of the latter, the objects or ideas which the terms denote. The two classes united form that comprehensive order of literature entitled *Works of reference*; such works being almost invariably embodied in alphabetic form. It is to the latter of the two that the volumes selected for consideration in this article belong; but as the limits of each are, in the elementary stages of lexicography, but imperfectly defined, it will be proper to include both in the concise general summary which we here propose to offer of the origin and early progress of this entire branch of scientific pursuit.

Lexicography, like other cognate departments of speculative literature, first began to be cultivated at a comparatively advanced period of Greek polite learning, when the art of origi-

* For this latter definition the Germans have invented the uncouth *Gallo-Grecian* compounds, *Real-Lexicon* and *Real-Encyclopädie*, to which we have no equivalents in our own vocabulary.

nal composition, in all its leading varieties, had already reached its maturity, and when its productions had so multiplied as to hold out inducements to theorise on its principles, and resort to artificial means of extending its benefits or arresting its decline. Among those means one of the first was the illustration, in works specially devoted to the purpose, of choice words or expressions used by standard authors. These works were by the earlier grammarians entitled *Collections of Glossæ or Lexis* (idioms or phrases), and their authors *Glossographers*. The substantive terms *Glossary* and *Lexicon* are of much later introduction, the former dating not prior to the Roman empire, while the latter first occurs during the Byzantine age. Another term, also in use from an early period, was *Onomasticon*, denoting properly a collection of names or nouns, rather than of miscellaneous phrases, but which, in familiar usage, appears to have comprehended also the other kinds of compilation above described. One principal cause of the rapid accumulation of such works in Greece may be traced to that peculiar feature which distinguishes Greek literature from all others—the special cultivation bestowed on the separate dialects of the language, in connexion for the most part with particular styles of composition. The comparative usages of these several dialects and styles opened out a proportionally wide field of critical speculation. Hence, in the more advanced stages of grammatical art, almost every dialect or style, and every popular author in each, had their special glossaries and glossographers:

The earliest lexicographic work on record is an '*Onomasticon*' of uncertain character, ascribed to the Sicilian rhetor Gorgias (440 B.C.), the first popular teacher of the arts of Attic eloquence. Among the miscellaneous compositions of his younger contemporary, Democritus of Abdera, mention also occurs of an *onomasticon* of Homeric, and generally of elegant, phraseology. Philetas, the lyric poet and grammarian of Cos, by some supposed a contemporary of Democritus, by others of Aristarchus (200 B.C.), compiled a similar work of a more comprehensive character; and from the Alexandrian age downwards we have a copious list of authors and books of a like description. That the alphabetic mode of arrangement was in these times by no means general, appears from the care taken in the citations of works where it was adopted, to specify that such was the case; nor, from the preserved specimens, does such arrangement seem ever to have been characterized by the same order and regularity which the laws of modern criticism prescribe in similar compilations.

Although, as appears from these notices, Greek lexicography
was

was in its origin of the properly philological order, it may be presumed that from the first many of its productions also combined, in greater or less degree, the descriptive or historical, with the philological character; containing, in addition to the grammatical commentary on the phrases, some explanation of the objects which they denoted. Nor was the distinction between the two kinds of work, which is now sufficiently well defined, ever clearly established among the ancients. The principal extant examples which, though of comparatively recent date, represent, there can be little doubt, the earlier practice, blend the two characters: as a general rule, however, the philological element predominates; and while the greater number of such works were essentially verbal glossaries, it seems very doubtful whether there existed in antiquity such a thing as an historical or descriptive dictionary, in the proper sense, to the exclusion of grammatical details.

The descriptive element seems, as was natural, to have been first largely introduced in lexicons of a scientific character. The works of Hippocrates formed in every age a favourite text for speculative commentary. One Glaucias, in the third century B.C., is noted for his zeal as a Hippocratean glossographer: his book is also the first described as alphabetically arranged. Bacchius of Tanagra was author about the same time of a similar compilation in three books, illustrated by citations from standard poets said to have been supplied by the great Alexandrian critic Aristarchus. It was not alphabetic, but was reduced into that order by subsequent editors. Notices occur of various other glossaries on Hippocrates, two of which—one by Galen, the other ascribed to Erotianus—have been preserved.

Among the lexicons of a wider range of historical or descriptive illustration the most remarkable were those of Tryphon (30 B.C.); of Pamphilus, about half a century later; of Diogenianus (A.D. 130); and of Julius Pollux (A.D. 180). The work of Tryphon, entitled *Onomasiæ* ('Denominations'), was rich in details of literary history, in notices of the several styles of poetry, of musical instruments, &c. That of Pamphilus was a continuation of an interrupted undertaking by Zopyrion; it bore the title of *Meadow*, from the varied flowers of literature which it contained. The compilation of Diogenianus, entitled *Miscellaneous Readings*, is understood to have been a new and somewhat abridged edition of the *Meadow* of Pamphilus, with improvements and additions. These three works appear to have been alphabetically arranged. The fourth, by Julius Pollux, entitled *Onomasticon*, has alone been preserved, and may be considered as a fair sample of those under the same title by earlier lexicographers.

graphers. It is a copious digest of miscellaneous words and phrases, with definitions etymological and critical, illustrated occasionally by passages of authors. The arrangement is not alphabetical, but according to subjects, in books and chapters; the work, therefore, cannot be consulted as a dictionary, but by means of the copious indices which have been provided by later editors.

Numerous other Greek lexicons of different periods have been preserved,* the most comprehensive of which are those of Hesychius and Suidas, and that entitled *Etymologicum Magnum*, all in alphabetic order. None of these can, in their present form, pretend to date prior to the Byzantine age, and are for the most part of a low period of later Greek scholarship. Those of Hesychius and Suidas have been conjectured, on plausible grounds, to be mutilated editions or reconstructions of works of a better age, adapted, by the requisite amount of alteration or interpolation, to the taste of the Byzantine republic of letters. Hesychius and the *Etymologicon* may be characterised as properly philological, the few historical or descriptive notices which they contain being but incidental to their main object of grammatical illustration. The lexicon of Suidas, on the other hand, combines, with a similar amount of philological matter, a large body of biographical and miscellaneous narrative. It has been considered, perhaps justly, with the modifications above mentioned, as a fair representative of the more classical compilations of Pamphilus and Diogenianus, from whom there can be no doubt many of its materials are derived.

Of works devoted to the treatment of particular branches of knowledge in lexicographic form, comparatively few notices are extant. That of Stephanus Byzantinus (A.D. 550?), of which an epitome has been preserved, may fairly rank as a geographical dictionary, limited however chiefly to the names of cities and states, and comprising a portion of philological matter.† Dictionaries of law, philosophy, or of particular sciences, seem rarely to have assumed an historical or scientific character in the proper sense, but to have been chiefly glossaries of the words

* The oldest now extant appears to be the Homeric lexicon of Apollonius, a contemporary of Augustus. Besides the works noticed in the text, we have on the Attic dialect Moeris and Phrynichus, about A.D. 150, and Orion Thebanus about 450. The *Lexicon Platonicum* of Timæus dates about 250; the *Rhetorical Lexicon* of Harpocration probably later. Add to these Erotian and Galen, formerly mentioned, and an anonymous lexicon on Herodotus; the specimens published in the *Anecdota* of Villoison and Bekker; Philemon, Photius, Zonaras, and some others of inferior note.

† There is no reason to believe that the works entitled *Names of Nations*, by the old historian Hellanicus and the poet Callimachus, were of the lexicographic order.

and phrases more immediately connected with such subjects. Several biblical lexica of the earlier classical period of Christianity have survived. No distinct notice occurs of a biographical lexicon. Vocabularies of cookery terms are alluded to as popular at an early epoch. There are also extant several dictionaries of proverbs, one of which is a digest of the portion of the work of Diogenianus devoted to such matters.

The lexicography of Rome was, like other branches of her learned pursuit, a copy of the models supplied by the Greeks. Her few native productions possess accordingly but little claim, either on account of their celebrity or originality, to particular mention. The most important is that which bears the name of Festus '*de Verborum Significatione*,' being a digest of fragments of various authors, from one of whom its name is derived. It combines, like the compilation of Suidas, grammatical and verbal criticism with historical and antiquarian notices.

From the foregoing general view of this department of literature as cultivated by the ancients, it appears, that while in some branches of it the Greek men of letters surpassed our own in the extent and subtlety of their researches, in regard to others, it was handed over by them to ourselves in a very backward condition. The zeal which they displayed in the illustration of the different styles of writing, and of the idiom of their favourite authors, with the multiplicity and methodical character of their works on those subjects, find no parallel in modern times. Vocabularies specially devoted to the phraseology of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, if any such exist, have never, like the Homeric, Platonic, or Hippocratican lexica of the Greeks, attained the rank of a distinct branch of literature. Yet it is also perhaps in this philological department of lexicography, to which the labours of the Greeks were mainly devoted, that the deficiencies of their school are chiefly observable. In their voluminous library of Glossaries and Onomastica, of rare terms, classical terms, technical terms, idiomatic terms, we have no distinct notice of such a thing as a complete dictionary, grammatical and critical, of their own language in its comprehensive integrity, such as every polite European nation now possesses. As little trace is there of a complete dictionary of any foreign tongue; a class of works now so universally in request, above all others of the lexicographic order, that the term dictionary, when familiarly used without particular qualification, is commonly understood in that sense. The want of such works in Hellenic literature need not excite surprise, when it is remembered that the study of foreign languages formed no part of polite education in Greece. This is a peculiarity of her social culture which does not belong to our

our present subject, but which as a fact cannot be disputed. More remarkable is it that so little vestige of any similar work should be discernible in the grammatical literature of the Romans, who from the infancy of their civilization were dependent for every step of their progress in science and letters on Greek masters and models. A knowledge of the Greek tongue was as indispensable to a Roman of the upper class as a knowledge of Latin or French to an English gentleman; yet we find no allusion in any ancient writer to such a thing as a Greco-Latin Lexicon, in the modern sense. It need not perhaps be assumed from this silence that no such work existed. It seems scarcely possible for the Roman educated classes to have obtained that general knowledge of Greek which they undoubtedly possessed without some such aid to their studies. All that need be inferred is, that books of the kind had not yet, as among ourselves, obtained the rank of a distinct order of grammatical literature. Those that existed were mere elementary vocabularies for the use of beginners, whose more advanced knowledge was derived from habitual reading, public lectures, or intercourse with native Greeks. A few anonymous specimens of this rudimentary kind of bilingual lexicon have, in fact, been preserved; adapted for the use both of Roman learners of Greek and of Greek learners of Latin; all being of a very low period, those of the latter kind dating subsequent to the separation of the Roman and Byzantine empires. Attention has already been directed to another defect of Greek lexicography, as compared with our own—the want of that complete separation between its philological and historical element which has now taken place, and which seems indispensable to the proper treatment of each.

The polite literature of modern Europe not being, like that of Greece, of indigenous origin, but founded on the ruins of a previous state of civilization, grammatical science, instead of being among the last, was one of the first branches of learned pursuit to be generally cultivated. Hence, during the darkness of the middle ages, lexicography continued to receive at least its due share of such attention as was bestowed on literature of any kind. Among the earlier authors in this department whose names have been preserved, the more remarkable were Paulus Diaconus, at the close of the eighth century; Salomo, Bishop of Constance, and Ælfric, Abbot of Abingdon, during the ninth; John of Garlandia, another Anglo-Saxon, about 1040; Papias, of Lombardy, about 1060; Ugutio of Pisa (1200); Joannes Balbus of Genoa (1280); Mathæus Silvaticus of Mantua (1297); Marchesinus of Modena (1300); and Brito of Cambray (1350). Paulus Diaconus left an Epitome of the Roman grammarian Festus above mentioned.

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The works of the remainder, with the exception of those of Garlandia and Silvaticus, are all of the philological order; and these, except that of Ælfric, confined to the scholastic Latinity. In this department Papias, Ugutio, and Balbus were the most popular. Of the etymological method of the age we may judge from the definition by Papias of *aqua* (water), as that 'a quâ juvamus;' also from the interpretation which each of the two last mentioned gives of his own name. Ugutio is obviously the latinised form of Uguccio, a familiar Tuscan corruption of Ugo (Hugh).^{*} Its owner offers us the choice of two derivations, both equally illustrative of his own character and scholarship. One is from the Greek, 'quasi Euge-tio, id est bona terra, non tantum præsentibus sed etiam futuris;' the other from the Latin, 'vel Ugutio, quasi Vigitiis, id est virens terra, non solum sibi sed aliis.' Balbus wrote under the title of Joannes de Janua; thus further latinising the old Latin name of his native city Genua; and translates his variety of it as signifying the 'gate,' or port of access, to the whole northern region of Italy. These mediæval lexicographers seem to have been unscrupulous in their piracy of each other. Ugutio transcribed Papias, Joannes de Janua Ugutio; and an anonymous digest of the cream of each work, printed at Venice in 1490, seems to have in a great measure superseded the use of all three.

Ælfric was author of an Anglo-Saxon and Latin vocabulary. In him, therefore, our island may boast of the first writer of a bilingual dictionary, ancient or modern, whose name has been preserved. Garlandia left a Dictionary of Alchymy; so that here again England may claim, among modern rivals, a priority in the historical or descriptive branch of lexicography. Marchesinus and Brito compiled biblical glossaries; Silvaticus a medical dictionary. All these productions were committed to type within the first century after the invention of printing, some of them being among the earliest specimens of the art,—with the exception of that of Ugutio, whose boasted green fields and fertile soil of literature have not hitherto been thought worthy of cultivating in a printed form.

The labours of these authors seem to have been carried on quite independently of the parallel course of philological literature in the Eastern empire, where the old Hellenic lexicography, like other departments of grammar, continued, under its ancient forms, to drag on a lingering existence. That there was, however, some communication between the two schools may be surmised from the familiarity which the learned Robert Grosteste, Bishop of Lincoln in 1253, displays in several of his works with the Lexicon of Suidas. He has, indeed, obtained

credit for a complete Latin translation of that work, a phenomenon hardly to be expected amid the then prevailing darkness of Western Europe in regard to Greek literature, and which would still farther establish the priority of English mediæval scholarship in the promotion of classical philology. No such translation, however, as known to exist; and his labours probably were limited to occasional extracts, embodied in the Latin tongue in the text of his own works.*

After the invention of printing, the progress of this branch of literature equalled or surpassed that of any other. The earliest Greco-Latin dictionary, by Craston of Piacenza, appeared in 1478; and Greek lexicography reached its perfection during the ensuing century under the auspices of Phavorinus, Constantinus, and Henricus Stephanus. The Latin Lexicon of Robertus Stephanus (1543) was little less complete. That of Calepinus, first published in 1506, was augmented to a polyglott of eleven languages in 1598; its Latin element forms the basis of the now standard lexicon of Facciolati; and in the course of the sixteenth century, bilingual dictionaries of the Latin and principal modern languages became common in the several seats of European learning.

Historical and scientific dictionaries also multiplied during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The materials for those of the properly historical class were still chiefly borrowed from ancient history, sacred and profane. This was a consequence, partly of the still remaining ascendancy of scholastic learning, and of the Latin tongue as a vehicle of instruction; partly of the comparatively limited range of popular subjects which modern history as yet afforded. The first work of this class that attained celebrity—compiled by a member of the same family to which modern learning is under so many obligations—the Historical, Geographical, and Poetical Dictionary of Carolus Stephanus, appeared in 1556, many years prior to the Greek lexicon of his brother Henry. It subsequently became the basis of an enlarged and improved compilation by Nicolas Loyd, published at Oxford in 1670. In 1698 was completed the still more learned and comprehensive Lexicon Universale of Hofmann; and in 1678 appeared the Thesaurus Eruditionis Scholasticæ of Faber, which combined the two characters of copious and critical Latin dictionary and of lexicon of classical antiquities, and was afterwards enlarged and improved by Gesner. Of the singular value of both these compilations, even at this day, every scholar who has been in the habit of consulting them must be sensible.

* See his Life by Dr. Pegge (p. 291), who, strange to say, repudiates the notion of his having done more, as dishonourable rather than creditable to his literary character!

About this time began to appear, in the native languages of their authors, a class of historical dictionaries of a more speculative, often controversial character, among which those by Moser, Bayle, and Chambers are the most remarkable. During the eighteenth century the plan of the *Universal Dictionary* was enlarged into that of the *Encyclopædia*, intended, as its name denotes, to embrace the substance at least of all knowledge and learning; and under this title the press has since continued to send forth works of vast dimensions, keeping pace in new editions or under new designations with the rapid progress of scientific research.

Dictionaries devoted to special branches of history or science—geographical, medical, oriental, biographical, &c.—multiplied proportionally. Among these the *Classical dictionary*, with which we have here more immediately to deal, was one of the last to reach maturity. This may be in some measure explained by the circumstance already noticed, that historical dictionaries generally had hitherto partaken so much of the nature of classical dictionaries, that an entirely separate compilation of the latter kind was the less likely to suggest itself. Schools and colleges may, no doubt, have been furnished with elementary books of this nature; but prior to the eighteenth century we find no notice of any such qualified to rank as a standard. The Germans seem to have been the first to impart a distinct character to classical lexicography. Benjamin Hederich, the author of the well-known Greek lexicon, which maintained until far on in the present century its popularity as a class book in our own schools, also produced about the year 1720 a *Real-Schullexicon*, somewhat on the same plan as the subsequent publication of Lemprière. This work was superseded in 1800 by that of K. Ph. Funke, whose volumes, enlarged and improved by subsequent editors, have in their turn been supplanted by the great work of Professor Pauly, the title of which stands at the head of this article.*

No similar work of a standard character appeared in England prior to the *Classical Dictionary of Lemprière*. This work, published in 1788, speedily attained the rank and popularity which it has continued to enjoy until lately, it may be said, without a rival. It is a compilation of unquestionable merit, combining in a high degree correctness and conciseness with amplitude and elegance. Substantial testimony was also borne to

* Several great undertakings of this kind have at different times been set on foot in France and Italy, but have either remained imperfect, or, where completed, have proved more remarkable for bulk than for method or critical spirit. Such are the *Dictionnaire of Sabathier* (1766-1814), extending, in thirty-seven volumes, down to the letter R, the remainder of the alphabet being hurried over in a single one; and the Milanese *Dizionario d'ogni Mitologia*, 1809-1826.

its value in the foreign schools, by repeated translations into the French and other European languages. It has, however, recently been found to be no longer adapted to the present enlarged field of classical criticism.¹ Something new and more ample was wanted; and the want has been supplied by the dictionaries of Dr. Smith. We are not disposed in this, or any similar case, to risk our credit by an unqualified expression of opinion, that these volumes have so exclusively occupied the ground as to leave no arena whatever to future competitors. Such pretensions to permanent popularity have probably been advanced in their day in favour of other works which have long since been laid on the shelf. But with the best wishes for the future progress of critical archæology, we see little reason to apprehend a similar fate for Dr. Smith's volumes. In their present integrity, they are about as complete and critical a digest of the whole range of subjects which they treat, as could reasonably be expected from even the strong phalanx of able contributors which the learned and accomplished editor has united for his undertaking. Room, no doubt, has been left for change or improvement; but the basis of the compilation appears sufficiently broad and firm to admit of its easily incorporating the results of future researches in the subsequent editions which will in the progress of years be required. One of the bulkiest of the five published volumes has already been re-edited in an amended form. As what has here been said of the compilation of Dr. Smith applies in a great measure to that of Professor Pauly, it will, in order to a just critical estimate of either, be desirable to consider the two conjointly. Having therefore paid a well-merited tribute to their general value, we shall point out in a few special remarks on their respective plan and contents, what have occurred to us as the more prominent merits or defects of detail in each, whether in itself, or in comparison with its foreign rival.

The German scholars were here again the first in the field. The opening volume of the *Realencyclopädie* appeared early in 1839, the last in 1852, the publication having been carried steadily on in bimestral parts during the intermediate period. The editor was assisted by fifty-seven contributors. His scheme embraces the whole range of classical archæology,—mythology, historical biography, geography, and miscellaneous antiquities, in one alphabetical series of seven 8vo. volumes, averaging 1560 pages each.

A different plan has been adopted by Dr. Smith. He divides his entire subject into three separate dictionaries, each with its own alphabetical arrangement: I. *Antiquities*, one volume, published

lished in 1842 (2nd edition, 1851); II. Biography and Mythology, three volumes, published in 1851; and III. Geography. The four volumes of antiquities and biography average each 1250 pages, in 2500 columns. The third subdivision is not yet finished, but judging from the parts already issued, it will form at least two volumes of the same average size; so that the whole set, when complete, will consist of six volumes, and about 7500 pages. Each of these pages contains, in double columns, about four times as much matter as an octavo page of ordinary size and type, and about twice as much as the page of the *Real-encyclopædie*; so that Dr. Smith's six volumes will contain about a fourth more text than the seven of the German compilation. The excess in the former consists mainly in the extension given to the articles on Ecclesiastical and later Byzantine biography.

Upon the whole, we prefer the plan of combining all parts of the subject in one alphabetical series. This preference we rest more on practical than technical grounds, having been in the habit of using both works, and having been led to a similar opinion from past experience in parallel cases. The only apparent advantage of a division is, that in regard to such voluminous publications, it might be an object with a student to possess one without the other; or, when in possession of the whole, to carry one part with him for special use when absent from his own library. This advantage, however, in incidental cases, can hardly compensate for the trouble to which he is habitually subjected in shifting from one part to the other, amid the uncertainty which frequently arises as to the particular division in which certain articles are to be found; whether, for instance, heads of subjects appertaining to that subordinate branch of geography entitled topography,—sites of temples or sanctuaries, public buildings, places of assembly, &c.,—are to be sought in the volumes of geography or in that of antiquities. The separation also involves at times an inconvenient disconnexion of parts of the same subject, as, for example, in those chapters of mythology where the history of regions is so closely linked with those of races and of eponymous heroes. It must certainly be more convenient for the student who wishes to master the knotty questions comprised under such titles as *Hellas*, *Hellen*, *Helli*, *Hellenes*; *Pelasgus*, *Pelasgi*, *Pelasgia*; *Rome*, *Romulus*, *Remus*, to find those sets of names in contiguous pages, than to hunt for them in separate works. In several instances the same subject will be found, owing to this double arrangement, to be treated more than once. The *Areopagus* and *Pnyx* of Athens are described both in the *Antiquities* and the *Geography*; the *Pan-dects* and *Novellæ* are discussed at full length in the article *Justinian*

Justinian of the Biography, and again in similar detail under their own names in the Dictionary of Antiquities. It may however be remarked, that in a first edition of a compilation of so great extent, and so much needed, there was this benefit attending a division of subjects, that integral portions of the whole might be, and were in the case of Dr. Smith's volumes, much earlier completed and brought into general use, than the entire body of the text, on the other plan, could possibly have been. The Dictionary of Biography, for example, was finished between the years 1844 and 1851; the Dictionary of Antiquities in a shorter space; and the Dictionary of Geography will apparently be concluded—within the fourth year from its commencement—in 1856. The German work, on the other hand, was thirteen years in reaching maturity.*

Dr. Smith's compilations have the advantage of being provided with copious chronological and genealogical tables, also with tables of coins, weights, and measures. These are always valuable appendages to such works, as conveying, in a compact and connected form, much important information, which the student could not extract for himself from the general body of the text but at the expense of much unnecessary time and trouble.

A defect more or less common to both works is the undue proportion of space allotted to particular articles. It is one not perhaps easily avoided in the case of a number of contributors, each specially skilled in some favourite department, and, when warmed with his subject, naturally disposed to ride his hobby with an ardour which the leader of the cavalcade may at times find it difficult or impolitic to restrain. In rare instances, if any, ought the articles of such a work to assume the form or bulk of elaborate treatises. While containing copious references to such more ample authorities, their own dimensions ought not

* Mr. Charles Knight, in a recently published little book, 'The Old Printer and Modern Press,' which abounds in curious facts upon the history of books, states that 'no work that occupied more than four or five years in its completion was ever successful in this country.' The sale of the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' of which the publication occupied eleven years, or two years less than the Realencyclopædie, gradually fell from 50,000 to 20,000—more than half the original subscribers preferring to sacrifice their previous outlay to waiting any longer for the final articles of the alphabet, which were as frequently required for reference as the earlier portion. Mr. Knight, in an improved edition of the work, which he is issuing under the title of the 'English Cyclopædia,' has consequently found it expedient to break up the former single series into four divisions, for the purpose of bringing each to a speedier completion. It must therefore in fairness be added that we probably owe the elaborate fullness of Dr. Smith's Dictionaries to the present plan of publication, and that if the various compartments had been fused together the completeness and utility of the work must have been in great degree sacrificed to the commercial necessity for economising space and time.

to exceed the bounds of well-digested summaries. If this be true as a general rule, undue prolixity ought above all to be avoided in subjects of the least general interest or practical utility. We cannot approve, therefore, of the large amount of space bestowed in the Dictionary of Antiquities on the technicalities of Roman law, a subject which, while coming strictly within the terms of the above definition, occupies some 216 pages of that volume, being more than a sixth part of its text, and equal to about 850 pages of ordinary octavo type. With the quality of the articles we have no fault to find. Like the great body of others in the compilation, they do ample justice, both as regards learning and acuteness, to the subjects treated. We object merely to the quantity. The whole, if brought together in an integral form, would equal or exceed in mass many of the best modern compendia of the Corpus juris, and that, too, without reckoning numerous other copious disquisitions on the higher constitutional elements of Roman legislation. This superabundance of juridical matter reflects, like some other features of Dr. Smith's compilation, those Germanic influences which, partly for good, partly for evil, have lately held sway in our own schools of classical criticism. It has been justified accordingly in the Editor's preface, on the ground of the little attention hitherto paid to the literature of Roman law by our native scholars, as compared with the zealous labours, in the same field, of the Savignys, Mackeldeys, Hugos, and other eminent German jurists. We claim to be impartial in this matter, having in early youth studied this branch of science at the foot of some of these same Gamaliels, and being, therefore, the more able and willing to appreciate their talents and services. But we do not admit that the practice of the Germans here necessarily supplies a precedent for ourselves. The whole law of Germany, its usage and phraseology, are founded even to servility on the Roman codes. Every country Amtmann or village Schultheiss requires to have some smattering of the Pandects or Institutes. A course of law study being also required in that country to qualify for offices where no such obligation exists with us, the number of law students in the German seats of learning greatly outnumber those in our own. In England, on the other hand, the technical jurisprudence of Rome is to all practical purposes a dead letter; while the element of it, which in theory may yet be recognised in some of our courts, is comparatively trifling. But even were the circumstances of the two countries identical in this respect, we should still question the propriety of incorporating an entire course of civil law in a Dictionary of Classical Antiquities. All that can there properly be

be required is a concise exposition of such broader features of the legislation either of Rome, Athens, or other ancient states, as more immediately tends to illustrate their political constitution, or the peculiarities of their national character and manners. Beyond this, law is a science of technical detail, like medicine or chemistry; and the small body of Dr. Smith's readers who are likely to derive benefit from so voluminous a series of articles on its abstruser mysteries, have no better right to be so favoured at the expense of the remainder, than the equally small number of classically-minded medical students who may form part of that residue, have to be indulged with an equally minute digest of the doctrines and practice of Hippocrates and Galen.

This accumulation of what we must consider extraneous matter in the Dictionary of Antiquities is the more to be regretted, that the space so occupied might have been better bestowed on other subjects, the neglect, or entire omission of which forms a defect of that volume. The important head of Education, in the sense that is of literary training, is overlooked. We have been unable to find any article devoted to it under the various titles of Education, School, Pædagogue, &c. Similar is the neglect of Trade, Commerce, Manufactures, and, in our own department, of Literary History. We looked in vain for some little assistance in 'getting up' our present article, from the titles Lexicon, Glossarium, Onomasticon, which, in the Real-encyclopædie, are treated at some detail. There is also generally in this dictionary a want of notices of the several styles or orders of literature in prose and verse. We miss, for example, the titles *Epica poesis*, *Cyclus epicus*, *Homeridæ*, *Elegia*, *Iambographi*, *Bucolica*, *Epinicia*, *Scolia*, *Anthologia*, *Epigramma*, *Grammatica*, *Geographia*, *Sophistæ*, &c., all, or most of which are found in the Real-encyclopædie. We also miss the following subjects: *Pyramides*, *Inscriptiones*, *Hieroglyphics*, *Gemma*, *Mythologia*, *Paupères*, *Polizey*, *Zeitung*, *Postwesen*, and some others, which, as treated in more or less detail in Pauly, form valuable elements of completeness in a Thesaurus of classical archæology.

In illustration of our previous remark on the tendency of contributors to run riot on their favourite topics, we may mention, that the article Education, omitted in the Dictionary of Antiquities, is swelled out in the Real-encyclopædie to a most elaborate treatise, comprising a great many details altogether foreign to the purpose, by a writer who has published a similarly learned and prolix separate volume on the same subject.

The disproportion of length in the biographical articles of both works are also remarkable. To Cicero 76 columns are allotted by

by Dr. Smith; to Aristotle 66; while Demosthenes is allowed but 22, Plato 26, and Alexander the Great is dispatched with 7. The excess in the cases of Cicero and Aristotle is mainly owing to the detailed analysis of the works of each, which occupies 52 columns in the former, and 34 in the latter article. This is an honour restricted, for what reason does not appear, to these and a few other favoured authors; while for Plato, Demosthenes, and many more quite as well entitled to the same mark of distinction, a brief general notice is deemed sufficient. Plutarch's *Moralia* are disposed of in a few lines, although we are told that they are less read and appreciated than they deserve; a better reason, we apprehend, for affording the student some nearer insight into their character, than any that exists for so elaborate a discussion of the works of Cicero, on which commentary and criticism have been profusely accumulated during the last nineteen centuries. A comparison of the two compilations also offers some curious contrasts favourable on the whole to that of Dr. Smith. While in the Biographical Dictionary the lives of human personages are, as a general rule, treated at greater length, and much more effectively than in the *Encyclopædie*, the unreasonable excess of space devoted in the latter work to the mythological articles is very remarkable, and reflects broadly the German taste for the abstruser and less profitable mysteries of archæological science. The space bestowed on Jupiter and Juno conjointly in the *Encyclopædie*, as compared with the Dictionary of Biography, is about 100 to 14; that on Minerva, under her various titles, as 28 to 6; that on Neptune, as 20 to 5; on Mercury, as 30 to 5; on Isis, as 24 to 2. The article Mythology in Pauly occupies 33 pages; in Smith there is no such article; that on Magic in Pauly—43 pages—is also wanting in Smith; that on the *Mysteria* obtains from Pauly 25 pages, from Smith but 2. The bestowal of separate articles on the Egyptian divinities by the former is commendable, although they are occasionally diffuse. Their omission by the latter, or their overbrevity in the rare instances of their insertion, with the comparative neglect generally of Egyptian archæology in the Dictionaries, are deficiencies on the opposite side; especially when we remember the great extent and interest imparted to that subject since the days of Lemprière, and the older school of classical lexicographers.*

Some of the longer articles here referred to, with others that

* It is, we believe, the intention of Dr. Smith to publish a Dictionary of Oriental Antiquities, on a plan similar to that of his classical compilation; for which work the more extended treatment of Egyptian subjects has no doubt been reserved. We are however inclined to question whether those subjects do not more properly belong to classical than Oriental antiquity.

might be mentioned in both works, not only transgress the just bounds of 'well-digested summaries with copious references,' the definition above given of what such articles ought to be, but in some instances are swelled out into what would form 'elaborate treatises' in publications specially devoted to the particular subject. The article on Cicero, equal to about 150 pages of ordinary octavo print, would supply a voluminous chapter on that author in a general history of Roman literature. It may be remarked that this contribution, the longest in the Dictionary of Biography, with those on Agriculture, Astronomy, and Military Affairs (*Exercitus*, &c.), the three longest in the Dictionary of Antiquities, are all by the same hand. We gladly do justice to their intrinsic merits. They are not only copious, but comprehensive, practical, and critical; and had they been intended for an encyclopædia of classical antiquity on the same scale as the *Thesauri* of Grævius and Gronovius, there would have been no ground of complaint. But in a work originally intended for a more or less portable, or at least movable dictionary, it is hardly fair to appropriate so much space even to interesting subjects, at the cost of others with as good, perhaps better, claim to reasonable amplitude of treatment. The life and conquests of Alexander, for example, certainly offer materials of vast extent and interest—historical, political, moral, and geographical; such as an enthusiast on this particular topic might easily have worked up into an article rivalling in dimensions even that on Cicero. But the Macedonian conqueror, and founder of empires and dynasties, obtains from the pen of the editor, in less than a tenth part of the space allotted to the Roman orator, a remarkably well written, but meagre, summary of the bare matters of fact of his life, to the exclusion of all collateral points of interest, of historical commentary, and of those popular illustrations or anecdotes which give zest to such a biography. We cannot help suspecting, from this and some other examples, that Dr. Smith has been led at times to curtail his own valuable contributions, by a good-humoured indulgence to the spirit of amplification on the part of his coadjutors.

These remarks on the excess of bulk in certain contributions do not obviously apply to cases where a single article may happen to comprise a number of subordinate subjects, each affording scope for a separate contribution if treated in an independent form. As an example, we may refer to the editor's excellent article on Athens, in the Geographical volume. This treatise, embracing a number of deeply interesting points of Greek antiquity and topography, may be pronounced, both in regard to matter and style, to careful research and critical accuracy, a model

model of the class of composition to which it belongs. The Geographical articles are indeed throughout remarkable for their comprehensive character and critical treatment, and are as a general rule much superior in all respects to the corresponding portions of the German work, many of which are meagre and unsatisfactory. We have already alluded to Dr. Smith's own merits in regard to Greece. We should not be doing justice to the able writer of the principal articles on Italy and Sicily, were we not to bestow on them also our special tribute of commendation.

Each compiler has been called upon to furnish his solution of that old and puzzling problem—the adjustment of the limits of ancient and modern in the annals of the civilised world. While in every such work some line of distinction between these two great heads of subject is necessary, experience has shown any very rigid line to be incompatible with the proper treatment of either. The epoch of transition which most readily offers itself is the overthrow of the Western empire, A.D. 476, and the substitution of a purely barbarous dynasty for the degenerate successors of the Cæsars and Antonines. It is certain, however, that the age subsequent to that catastrophe supplies numerous names, such as Justinian, Belisarius, Narses, Theodoric, Procopius, Cassiodorus,—possessing, as well on historical as literary grounds, equal claims to a place in a classical dictionary with many of the more distinguished of the previous period. Professor Pauly accordingly, in adopting the era of Odoacer as the conventional boundary-line, expresses his intention of frequently transgressing it; in favour of persons or events that connect themselves in some special manner with epochs of more genuine Greek and Latin antiquity. These exceptions consist chiefly, as may be supposed, of names eminent in Byzantine or lower Greek literature.

Dr. Smith has aimed at a greater precision of adjustment, by the adoption of two limits, one for the Latin or Western, the other for the Greek or Eastern subdivision of the ancient world. For the former he also selects the epoch of 476. The latter he extends to the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. In favour of this method he urges, first, 'the near connexion between the early history of the Byzantine empire, and the history of literature and science; and, secondly, that 'down to the conquest by the Turks there was an uninterrupted series of Greek authors, the omission of whose lives, and of an account of their writings, would be a serious deficiency in any work which aspired to give a complete view of Greek literature.' Against the accumulation of heterogeneous matter, which this extension of

of plan might be calculated to involve, he professes to guard, by treating the lives of such later Greek personages with comparative brevity.

The first of the above two reasons seems hardly sufficient. We scarcely perceive any so close connexion between the history of the Byzantine empire and the general history of science, as to render necessary in a classical dictionary detailed articles on the whole series of Greek emperors, churchmen, and military commanders, who flourished—if such a term can properly apply to them—during the thousand years between the conquest of Rome by Odoacer and the conquest of Constantinople by Mohammed. The appearance of such names as Baldwin Count of Hainault, or Henry Count of Flanders, is also somewhat startling, in the columns of such a work, by the side of Theseus and Pericles, of Romulus and Julius Cæsar. The argument as to the uninterrupted succession of authors in the ancient Greek tongue is more specious. Yet even here, in the spirit of the proposed indulgence, the Byzantine articles might better perhaps have been restricted to authors or works savouring somewhat of classical as well as Byzantine Hellenism. The legion of polemical theologians, ranged under the heads of Georgius, Joannes, Simeon, Christophorus, &c., whose claims to Greek authorship are preferred for the most part solely through the medium of scholastic barbarism or monkish superstition, hardly, we think, deserve the attention bestowed on them. Nor can we admit that the editor has strictly fulfilled his engagement as to brevity in his Byzantine articles, when we find that the space devoted to the life and writings of Gregorius Palamas, a monk of Mount Athos in 1350, whose chief claim to celebrity is his controversy with another monk, Barlam of Calabria, relative to the merits or demerits of the Omphalopsychi, or ‘men with souls in their navels,’ is about three times greater than that accorded to the prince of Greek critics Aristarchus; when we find that Michael the Stammerer occupies considerably more room than either Miltiades or Marcus Agricola, Heraclius more than either Nicias or Vespasian, and Leo Philosophus twice as much as Aristides. This accumulation of ecclesiastical matter—for all the Byzantine articles partake more or less of that character—is observable also in the Roman department of antiquity; the lives and doctrines of the leading saints and theologians of the early Latin church being given within the prescribed limit of A.D. 476, in equal or still greater detail. The same class of persons, while not entirely overlooked, have in the *Real-encyclopædie* been treated with great succinctness, and solely or chiefly in their historical or literary capacity, to the exclusion of doctrinal or polemical details. The excess of bulk accordingly, in the
English

English over the German compilation, consists mainly in the preponderance of Christian and Byzantine materials in the former. This peculiarity seems to reflect the pervading ecclesiastical tone and tendency of the English mind, which, while shedding an influence over our literature at large, displays itself most prominently in the close connexion between the classical and the clerical in our higher stages of academical tuition. With every respect, or even reverence, for this national characteristic, we are yet inclined to think it would have been better to restrict the contents of a classical dictionary to properly classical subjects, to the exclusion consequently, in as far as reasonable, of such as so palpably belong to mediæval and ecclesiastical rather than classical antiquity. It is, however, very possible that Dr. Smith, in pursuing an opposite course, may have adapted his compilation to the taste and wants of a majority of his readers. The articles themselves exhibit in any case great research and ability, and supply a copious fund of information on the subjects to which they are devoted.

There results, also, a certain incongruity between the different parts of the compilation, from the circumstance that this Byzantine element is limited entirely to the biographical volumes, and finds no place whatever in the Dictionary of Antiquities. When, for example, some notable Greek or Roman is characterised as Prytaneus or Trierarch, or Prætor or Ædile, the student, desirous to know the precise powers or functions of these offices, refers to the Dictionary of Antiquities, and obtains at once the required information. Not so, however, with respect to the titles of Spatharius, Protospatharius, Protovestiarius, Magnus Drungarius, and many others of equally mysterious import, which signalize the names of eminent modern Greeks of various classes. In his attempts to discover the meaning of these, the reader is left entirely to his own resources.

Although the Dictionary of Biography may err, as in the examples above noticed, on the side of excess, it is not certainly open to any serious charge on the ground of deficiency—a far more serious fault in a book of reference. The omissions which we have detected in our habitual use of it—for we do not pretend to have analysed it for the special purpose of such detection—are indeed, with the exception of certain Egyptian subjects already mentioned, so few or so unimportant as to be scarcely deserving of notice.*

In

* The following may serve as a specimen:—Artemon (periphoretus), celebrated by Anacreon; Atergatis, the Syrian goddess; Calyce, Rhadina, Leontychus, hero and heroine of Stesichorus; Chersias, the Boeotian poet; Epicrates, the friend and preserver of Themistocles; Eurygania, the mother of Œdipus's children in the old Homeric tradition; Menecrates of Elea; Mys (see Herodot. viii.); Orpheus of

In regard to style, the English compilation has greatly the advantage. It is not indeed very easy to impart the graces of polite composition to works of this kind, comprising in their very nature so much of technical detail. But this ought to be a reason for softening down rather than exaggerating such unattractive features. And the style of the Dictionaries, especially of Dr. Smith's own articles, is, generally speaking, agreeable and correct. With regard to the *Encyclopædie*, it may be remarked that scholastic dryness and pedantry of manner have at all times been pervading defects of the German school of classical or philological inquiry. They are defects which claim indulgence, as originating partly in other more meritorious qualities of the same school—the extent, depth, and subtlety of its research—the all-engrossing interest of the matter creating a proportional indifference to the manner. Among other modes in which they manifest themselves, is the profuse accumulation in the body of the text of parenthetical references, with their attendant train of numerals, abbreviations, initials, and other cabalistic signs and symbols, interspersed with scraps of quotation in Greek, Latin, or the vulgar tongues, &c. &c., all which form throughout grievous obstacles to continuous perusal. The text indeed is at times so lacerated and parcelled out by these masses of extraneous matter, as to render it difficult or impossible to collect and comprehend its meaning at all.* This confused method has also been sanctioned, though to a less extent, in Dr. Smith's volumes, especially in the *Geography*. While its inconveniences are obvious, we cannot see what advantage it possesses over that generally followed in English composition, of placing the citations of all kinds, like the notes, in the lower margin of the page; the cyphers of reference being alone admitted into the body of the text.

The references themselves are generally copious and correct. But we regret to observe that the old practice of citing the text of later writers in preference to the original authorities from whom they borrowed, and whom they themselves quote, still maintains its ground. Much of the superiority of the present to the past school of classical research is undoubtedly due to the zealous efforts of its leaders to trace back, in as far as possible, every historical statement or mythical legend to its fountain-head, instead of adopting it as muddled through a number of secondary

of Croto; Zopyrus of Heraclea; Phrynichus, the Attic lexicographer; Procles of Phlius (*Xenoph. Hellen.*); Tisias, founder of the Sicilian-school of rhetoric.

* For an example we would refer to the first page of the article Theodoricus, the meaning of which we are not quite sure that our utmost efforts have yet enabled us to master.

channels into the page of some recent compiler. But if those who undertake to instruct others are themselves bound to borrow from the best authorities, they cannot be doing justice to their pupils in referring them to those alone of a secondary or inferior character. When, for example, Plutarch or Pausanias, in treating matters of early history or mythology, appeal to annalists contemporaneous with the events, or to standard primæval organs of tradition, were the modern compiler, in his account of the same matters, to quote simply Plutarch or Pausanias, rather, we shall suppose, than Hecateus or Hellanicus, Hesiod or Stesichorus, he would be misleading instead of instructing his readers. Yet this is the course frequently adopted in the Dictionaries. We select an example from the chapter of mythology which forms the main-connecting link between Greek and Roman antiquity. The earliest authorities relative to the legendary migrations of Æneas after the fall of Troy are Arctinus—the oldest recorded epic poet next to Homer and Hesiod, Stesichorus (600 B.C.), Hellanicus—an historian prior to Herodotus, and Sophocles. Several of these are quoted in much detail by Dionysius of Halicarnassus and other later compilers. But in the article Æneas of the Biography, while Dionysius, Strabo, Ælian, and a host of other recent authorities, of which Lycophron is the oldest, are referred to, neither Arctinus, Stesichorus, Sophocles, nor Hellanicus are mentioned. The less experienced student would be entitled from this to infer, that the adventures of Æneas had not been treated by any ancient author between the age of Homer and that of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

In regard to the mode of writing ancient proper names, we are sorry to find that Dr. Smith has not altogether escaped the influence of the spirit of innovation which has lately infected our native school of classical criticism,—a spirit not only at variance with the common sense and good taste for which that school has generally been distinguished, but tending to impart to it a tone of pedantry and affectation from which we would gladly see it relieved. We have long been desirous of offering a few remarks on this subject, and there can be no more appropriate place for them than an article on classical lexicography.

As every language reflects in its integrity the genius of the nation by whom it is spoken, the idiomatic peculiarities or anomalies for which it is remarkable will usually be found to reflect corresponding peculiarities in the character or destinies of that nation,—its early historical vicissitudes, the ethnographical changes or influences to which it may have been subjected, and its progress in literary culture. They constitute therefore what by the critical philologist ought to be esteemed among the most valuable

able properties of a language, both as essential ingredients of its idiomatic expression, and as materials for the study of history. And where, in a fully cultivated dialect, these peculiarities have been stereotyped by centuries of classical usage, their abolition, or subjection to any arbitrary type of etymological propriety, must be regarded in the light not of improvement but of mutilation or corruption.

There is no modern language to which these remarks more pointedly apply than to our own. The classical English, as transmitted through some twelve centuries of formation and culture, is, especially in regard to pronunciation and orthography, the properties here more immediately in question, essentially a language of anomalies. And there is perhaps no case in which the causes of this characteristic are more clearly traceable to the vicissitudes of national history, or possess consequently in themselves a greater ethic as well as literary value. Even had we no competent historical evidence that, while the basis of our race and language is Teutonic, our advances in social and literary culture have taken place under French and Latin rather than German influences, those eccentricities of pronunciation and orthography would suffice to prove it. But historical and philological data here illustrate each other, and at the same time the sources of that contempt for rule and theory by which, in the combination of its heterogeneous elements, our present rich and expressive Babel is proverbially distinguished.

These considerations, the intrinsic justice of which will hardly be disputed, may enable us to appreciate the value of the systematic efforts which have lately been made to corrupt the transmitted forms of our classical dialect, and cramp its genial license of idiomatic usage by theoretical rules to which it has from its first origin shown an unequivocal repugnance.

The portion of the new doctrine which affects the more familiar parts of speech does not here immediately concern us. It reached, a few years ago, in that notable periodical entitled, we think, '*Fonetik Nuz*,' a climax or paroxysm of extravagance which resulted in spontaneous dissolution; and we are well pleased to allow its manes to rest in peace. We have here merely to deal with the case of foreign, and especially Greek and Roman proper names.

Under the influence of historical or social causes of the nature above adverted to, the English tongue, in the earlier stages of its formation, adopted, as a general practice—for its anomalies like its rules have their exceptions—the orthography of modern foreign names from the French, that of ancient foreign names from the Latin. Accordingly, as a general rule, we write the
names

names of French localities, however, we may pronounce them, in the genuine French form: Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, &c. For the corresponding Italian names, on the other hand, we prefer the French to the Italian form; Milan; Tufin, Naples, to Milano, Torino, Napoli.

In like manner with respect to ancient proper names; while, as a general rule, we write those of the Romans—where vernacular corruption does not interfere—as the Romans themselves wrote them: Romulus, Remus, Augustus, Tiberius; we, or at least our ancestors who formed our classical dialect, preferred the Roman forms of Greek proper names to the genuine Greek forms: Achilles, Ulysses, Alcibiades, Plato, to Achilleus, Odysseus, Alkibiades, Platon. Equally inveterate is our preference of the Latin to the genuine Greek names of Greek divinities: of Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, to Zeus, Hera, Athena.

All this, say modern orthographical purists, is very irregular and incorrect, and ought to be amended; and practical effect has been given to their doctrine in several recent and otherwise valuable works on classical subjects. We do not dispute the premises. English classical usage is, no doubt, if tried by the test of verbal etymology, a mass of anomalies. But we reject the inference, on the ground already stated, that such anomalies, sanctioned by centuries of usage, and successive generations of standard authors, in a tongue which has long since reached, and we believe passed, its Augustan age of excellence, are quite as indispensable to its purity and integrity as its more normal features; and that the proposed scheme of reform, if consistently enforced in practice, would produce a fatal and even ludicrous dislocation of our whole framework of classical idiom. For if such innovation be once admitted, where is it to stop? If the Greek scholar is entitled to write and pronounce Makedonia and Kaisarëia, for Macedonia and Cæsarea, may not the Italian scholar claim an equal title to substitute Venezia and Firenze for Venice and Florence? Has not the German scholar a similar claim to insist on discarding such barbarisms as Saxony, Prussia; and Austria, and restoring Sachsen, Preussen, Oesterreich, to their legitimate orthographical rights; the Latin scholar to insist on restoring Livius, Horatius, Plinius, in place of our vernacular monstrosities, Livy, Horace, Pliny? The most subtle casuistry can draw no distinction of principle between the respective cases. Once let the wedge in, and who can limit the havoc that must result?

But one of the most curious features of this orthographical heresy are the irregularities of which its disciples are guilty in

their zeal for the enforcement of regularity. No one among them has hitherto, we believe, ventured consistently to follow out the system in practice. Each has a favourite set of words or forms to which he limits its application; but we look in vain for any rational ground or principle of such restriction.* Dr. Smith is comparatively moderate in his innovations, but the inconsistency of his method is perhaps the more apparent on that account. For our customary forms Phidias, Alexandria, Pisander, Areopagus, he substitutes Pheidias, Alexandriaia, Peisander, Areiopagus; and so throughout, as a general rule, where the Greek diphthong *ei* is similarly represented by the Latin vowels *i*, or *e*. If we ask why, the answer we presume can only be, that it is proper to write Greek names in the genuine Greek manner. But if this reason be worth anything, the two latter names should, *à fortiori*, be written Peisandros, Areiopagos; the terminal syllable usually supplying in such words a more certain indication of their Hellenic origin than any medial syllable; and its preservation being here, on the principles of the new school of orthography, the more necessary, to distinguish the words from others, such as Oidipous, Melampous, Hegesinous, which the Latins, and, strange to say, also Dr. Smith, equally write *Œdipus*, *Melampus*, &c. For the rule enforced by him, in regard to the *ei*, is as systematically violated in regard to the *ou*—where the corruption *u*, in deference to the same Latin usage elsewhere condemned, is retained—as in *Melampus*, *Œdipus*, above cited, and in *Plutarch*, *Thrasylbulus*, *Musæus*, &c., for *Ploutarchos*, *Thrasylboulos*, *Mousaios*. Yet here also our vernacular orthography furnishes, equally as in the case of *Phidias*, *Pisander*, &c., the diphthong which was wanting to the Romans. With like inconsistency the Latin *æ* and *œ* are preferred to the genuine Greek forms *ai* and *oi*; as in *Æolus*, *Alcæus*, for *Aiōlos*, *Alkaios*; *Phœnix*, *Phæbus*, for *Phoinix*, *Phoibos*, &c.

But these arbitrary rules are liable to no less arbitrary ex-

* Mr. Grote, whom we have been sorry to see placing himself at the head of this crusade against English style, suggests that the Latin or vulgar form should be retained in the names more familiar to English ears, while the genuine Hellenic form should be restored in the rest. This distinction seems in itself to convey a stigma on the whole practice. If the alteration, it naturally occurs, be an improvement, why withhold the benefit of that improvement in the cases where it would be most generally appreciated? If it be not an improvement, why introduce it at all? But who, it may also be asked, is to decide what are and what are not familiar Greek names? Mr. Grote, acting on his own suggestion, writes *Nikias* and *Alkibiades*; but retains the Roman consonant in *Thucydides*. Now, we can answer for ourselves, that through the usual medium of an English version of *Plutarch*, we had, in early boyhood, formed an intimate acquaintance with both *Nicias* and *Alcibiades*, many years before we have the least recollection of having heard of such a person as *Thucydides*.

ceptions. Aineias, Areius, Heracleius, Leiandros, the Heilots, and the Seirens are left in their modern state of mutilation — Æneas, Arius, Heraclius, Leander, Helots, Sirens. The Persian emperor is Dareius in the article on himself, but is changed into Darius in that on his conqueror Alexander. The heroines Medeia and Hecabe remain Greek in their own places in the Dictionary, but become Latin in the Medea and Hecuba of Euripides. In like manner the hero called Heracles when sane, becomes Hercules when dramatised as mad. For Aias, which according to Dr. Smith's general rule should be Æas, the monstrous Anglo-Latin corruption Ajax is retained. Our old friends Draco, Phormio, Philo, are elongated into Dracon, Phormion, Philon; while Plato, Apollo, Leo, preserve their abbreviated extremities. Moira, with her attended Moiragetes, maintains her native Greek diphthong, which is refused to the grammarian Mœris and the orator Mœrocles. In the Dictionary of Antiquities these anomalies are still more frequent, the Greek and Latin forms being alternately adopted or rejected in the same word and the same page, sometimes in contiguous lines. The rule as to the diphthong *ei* is violated in numerous instances, as in Daricus, Hypogeum, Mausoleum, Orichalchus, &c. In words compounded of Cheir, we have Cheirotonia and Cheironomia; elsewhere Chirographum, Chiridota, Chirurgia. The word written Cheiramaxium in one place becomes Chiramaxium in another. The *ou* diphthong, commonly latinised into *u*, is retained in Boule, Probouli, and some other forms. Gerusia alternates with Gerousia. The Boule of the Dictionary of Antiquities is relatinised into Bule in the Dictionary of Geography. On the other hand, the Odeum and Museum of the former work are rehellenised into Odeium and Museium in the latter; while the Lyceium of the geography is described in the biography as the Lyceum in the neighbourhood of the temple of Apollo Lykeios. The *ai* diphthong, transformed into *æ* in Hetæra, is retained in Hetairesis, also in Amphiaræia, Aliaia, &c. The *oi*, latinised in Metœci and Pericœci, remains Greek in Apoiikia, Synoiikia, Chalcioikia (elsewhere Chalcioicia). Hodopœi and Hieropœi occur in contiguous lines. The Greek ypsilon is rendered in numerous words by the Latin *u*; as in Catalusia, Argurion, Thusia, Adunati, Orugma, Kerux, &c. These latter forms are so contrary to all precedent or analogy, that we at first supposed them to be oversights or misprints, until led to infer from their recurrence in different texts that they are part of the same capricious system.

All this anomaly and inconsistency is but a natural result of

an author venturing to set at nought the standard usage of his mother tongue, in deference to the speculative theories of fanciful innovators. Even could the system here so inconsistently applied be consistently carried into effect, the result might be very good Greek archæology, but it would still be abominably bad English style. An English writer is, we maintain, as much bound to write on Greek subjects in classical English, as if he wrote on English, French, or German subjects. For behoof of those who insist on rigidly Hellenic forms in treating of Hellenic history, the best plan will be to write in Greek at once. But it is not fair in authors who treat those matters in English, to shock their reader's taste by such solecisms as *Alexandreia*, or *Pheidias*, or *Lykeios*, or many others still more offensive that might be quoted from the page of popular advocates of these pedantic theories.

The departure from established usage in the Dictionaries has not certainly been carried to an extent which can diminish their practical value. In justice to Dr. Smith it must also be remembered, that much may here be owing in the first instance to the caprice of individual contributors, which, as formerly remarked, the editor may not have always found it easy to restrain. Still, however, the responsibility for purity and propriety of orthographical detail rests ultimately on his correcting pen, which we doubt not will be more freely adhibited in future editions. We are the less inclined to believe that he can deliberately have sanctioned such irregularities, from being able, with as much sincerity as satisfaction, to state that we scarcely know an author in his own peculiar department of literature, whose language generally is more simple and elegant, or more free from pedantry and affectation.

Dr. Smith's plan of allotting separate articles to the Greek and Latin varieties of the same deity, and treating the one variety under the Greek, the other under the Latin title, has no doubt much plausibility. In every scientific work on mythology, such a distinction requires to be drawn; and in a lexicon this mode of drawing it may seem natural and reasonable. Upon the whole, however, we prefer the old method of treating each deity in a single article under the more familiar Latin title. We prefer it, first because it is the old method, sanctioned by our native usage; and secondly, because we consider it the best method. Where, as in all, or most of the cases here in question, the characters and attributes of certain varieties of the same mythological personage have been so long connected, or it may be confounded, as to form branches of a single subject, the
nicer

nicer investigation, either of the connexion or the confusion, is, we apprehend, more likely to be obstructed than promoted by their being treated as entirely different subjects.

We must also demur to Dr. Smith's appeal, in vindication of his own method, to the 'universal practice of the Germans.' Even were the appeal justified by the fact, we should dispute the inference, on the ground of there being here no sufficient analogy between our own case and that of our learned neighbours. The polite language of Germany first began to be settled less than a century ago. It is still but half settled, and, in regard to the feature here in question, is not likely to be ever entirely settled. The difficulty which the Germans experience in harmonising non-Germanic terms, ancient or modern, proper or common, with their own vernacular idiom, combined with their fondness for introducing them, is a prominent defect of their style of composition. Their habitual practice of writing Greek and Latin names in particular, in every conceivable variety of modes, Greek, Latin, French, and German, is still a chaos of crudities, savouring partly of barbarism partly of pedantry, such as we fervently hope will never be drawn into precedent by our native scholars.

- In so far, however, as the authority of the German school may be worth anything, it is unfavourable to the new method. The latest verdict of that tribunal upon the question at issue is that of Professor Pauly's work, embodied in seven dense volumes, and attested by a list of fifty-seven contributors, comprising the well known names of Grotefend, Creuzer, Nitzsch, Bähr, &c. In the preface the editor expresses his intention of adopting, as the title of each article, the Latin form of the name or word where such exists, the corresponding Greek term being, where necessary, parenthetically subjoined. And this intention has, upon the whole, been consistently fulfilled.

We may perhaps appear to have done but scanty justice to the very able Editor of the Dictionaries, as well as to the many excellent scholars who have assisted him in his arduous task, by dwelling so much on the few defects—so little on the many and obvious merits—of these volumes. But we have done so advisedly. The British classical public has long ago delivered a unanimous verdict in their favour, and it would be superfluous to commend in detail a series of works to which every scholar pays the tribute of habitual and constant reference. We have considered it therefore the more useful course to endeavour, in our capacity of censor rather than of eulogist, to contribute our mite to the improvement or ultimate perfection of what are already, and will long probably remain, the best and completest works

works on the important body of subjects which they embrace. In regard to the general plan of the English and German compilations, we have been led, on the whole, to give a preference to the latter. In learning and research the two may be considered as nearly on a par. But on a fair estimate of the actual substance of each, and of the intrinsic merits of the individual articles, whether as to completeness, sound practical commentary, or perspicuity and facility of style, we do not hesitate to award the palm of superiority to the Dictionaries. It is gratifying to reflect,—dependent as we have been of late years for so much of what is new and valuable in the educational branches of classical literature, on translations from foreign, chiefly German publications,—that in this instance our native scholars have produced a work which may more than challenge comparison in learning, extent, and critical method, with the best that have hitherto appeared in any other country.

Of the smaller compilations of Dr. Smith, the titles of which have also been placed at the head of this article, it will suffice to remark, that they are concise but comprehensive summaries, for the benefit of less advanced scholars, of the varied learning and critical research embodied in his more voluminous publications. They have thus the advantage, not very common in elementary books, of comprising the results of investigations more extended than could ever have been undertaken for such a subsidiary purpose, and of furnishing every tyro, in the clear and masculine language of the editor, with the latest conclusions of the best scholars at home and abroad.

ART. V.—1. *Télégraphe Electrique: Documents relatifs à l'Etablissement de Lignes Télégraphiques en Belgique.* Bruxelles, 1850.

2. *Electric Science: its History, Phenomena, and Application.* By F. C. Bakewell. London, 1853.

3. *The Electric Telegraph: its History and Progress.* By Edward Highton, C.E. London, 1852.

4. *Guide to the Electric Telegraph.* By Charles Maybury. 1850.

5. *Historical Sketch of the Electric Telegraph, including its Rise and Progress in the United States.* By Alexander Jones. New York, 1852.

6. *The Electro-Magnetic Telegraph; with an Historical Account of its Rise, Progress, and present Condition.* By Lawrence Turnbull, M.D. Philadelphia, 1853.

7. *Traité*

7. *Traité de Télégraphie Electrique*. Par M. l'Abbé Moigno. 2nd edit. Paris, 1852.
8. *New York Industrial Exhibition*. Special Report of Mr. Joseph Whitworth. Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty. London, 1854.

IF a needle turning upon a pivot were fixed at York, and if, by a wire placed in close proximity to it, the needle could be made to move to the right or to the left through the agency of a power applied at the other end of the wire in London, and if it were agreed that one motion of the needle to the left should signify *a*, and one to the right *b*, &c.,* we should have just such a contrivance as the common needle telegraph now in use.

Such is the dry statement of a problem the more detailed working of which we are about to explain to the reader.

When a schoolboy places a sixpence and a piece of zinc in juxtaposition with each other in his mouth, he immediately perceives a singular taste, which as instantly disappears upon their separation; it is an experiment which most of us have performed, wondered at for a moment, and then forgotten. How little did we ever dream that in so doing we were calling into life one of the most subtle, active, and universal agents in nature—a spirit like Ariel to carry our thoughts with the speed of thought to the uttermost ends of the earth—a workman more delicate of hand than the Florentine Cellini, and more resistless in force than the Titans of old!

If now we place a piece of zinc, *Z*, and of copper, *C*, in a glass of acidulated water, instead of in the saliva of the mouth, and if

* Code of Letter Signals in the needle telegraph commonly used in England. Two needles are generally employed, in order to facilitate the transmission of

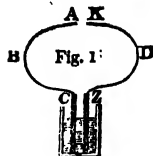
Let *a* denote a deflection of the left-hand needle to the left, *a'* to the right; *b* a deflection of the right-hand needle to the left, *b'* to the right. Then here is the code:

+	<i>a</i>	H	<i>b</i>	R	<i>a b</i>
A	<i>a a</i>	I	<i>b b</i>	S	<i>a a b b</i>
B	<i>a a a</i>	K	<i>b b b</i>	T	<i>a a a b b b</i>
C	<i>a' a</i>	L	<i>b' b</i>	U	<i>a' a b' b</i>
D	<i>a a'</i>	M	<i>b b'</i>	W	<i>a' b'</i>
E	<i>a'</i>	N	<i>b'</i>	X	<i>a' a' b' b'</i>
F	<i>a' a'</i>	O	<i>b' b'</i>	Y	<i>a' a' a' b' b' b'</i>
G	<i>a' a' a'</i>	P	<i>b' b' b'</i>		

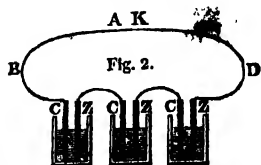
Thus F is indicated by two successive deflections of the left-hand needle to the right; R by a simultaneous deflection of both needles to the left. Where both needles are required they may be and are deflected simultaneously; where one only is used its deflections must of necessity be successive. The sign + means 'I do not understand; the letter E I do understand.'

we

we then attach to the piece of zinc the wire D K, and to the piece of copper the wire B A, and approximate the two ends, A K, until they touch, we shall have the philosophic expression of the contrivance of the boy—a decomposition of the water will immediately take place, and either as its cause or consequence—for scientific men have not yet decided which—an electric current will



flow in a continued stream from the zinc plate or positive pole to the copper plate or negative pole of the battery, and this action, provided the plates are kept clean and the acidulated water is supplied, will go on as long as the materials last. If this little instrument, which generates a very small amount of electric force,



is combined with others, as in figure 2,—the zinc plate of one cell being connected with the copper plate of the next by a piece of wire—we shall have the celebrated battery invented by Volta in 1800, in which the accumulated current, after flowing from one cell into

another, by means of the little hoops of wire, is transmitted along the large hoop, D K A B, from the one pole of the battery to the other. Within the narrow chambers of some such battery (which may be made of any number of cells, according to the force required), the motive power is generated by which the electric telegraph is worked, and the large hoop by which its two poles are connected represents the telegraphic wire we see running beside the railroad, whose office is to form a conducting pipe for the conveyance of the electricity. Different substances possess this property in various degrees; some, such as dry paper, not permitting the passage of the electric fluid to any sensible extent; and others transmitting it with great freedom. Of all known bodies, the metals are the most perfect conductors, and copper is in this respect superior to iron, but the latter, being cheaper and more durable, is commonly employed in the construction of the telegraph. Thus we have two of the indispensable requisites—a constant force and a channel which conveys it from place to place.

There was yet a third thing necessary—some contrivance by which the force could be made instrumental in forming signs or characters at its destined goal; and this final condition was supplied by Oersted's discovery in 1819 that a magnetic needle is deflected by the passage of a circuit of electricity through a wire parallel and in close neighbourhood

hood to it. The following cut will explain our meaning:—

When the fluid passes from the U pole of the battery in the direction of B A K L M Z, and enters V, its opposite pole, 'a current,' as it is called, is completed, running from left to right, the effect of which upon

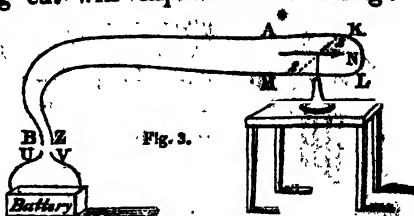


Fig. 3.

the needle, N, is to deflect it in the direction of the dotted line (seen in perspective) 2, 3, or to an angle of 90 degrees, with the wire, if the current is sufficiently strong. If, however, the current be reversed, and the electric fluid made to traverse the wire from right to left in the direction of the letters V Z M L K A B to the U end of the battery, the needle will immediately reverse its position and place itself at 90 degrees in the opposite direction. This then is the whole principle and mystery of the needle telegraph, the one still most extensively used in this country. The break that occurs between the letters B U and Z V is intended to show the method in which the needle is made to work. Whilst the wires are thus apart the 'circuit is broken,' or the fluid no longer passes along the wire, but immediately they are approximated the circulation again commences, and the needle 'answers the helm.' By the opening and closing, then, of this small space, which is effected by a lever, the needle is made to oscillate at will.

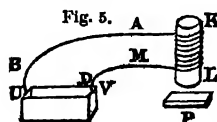
The mere fact, however, of an electric current passing along a wire in proximity to a magnetic needle was not sufficient to enable any person to construct a telegraph. Would the needle be deflected by a wire, the battery of which was placed at any considerable distance? it would not; therefore, for all telegraphic purposes Oersted's discovery was worthless. Schweigger, however, soon after ascertained that by passing a great number of times round the needle a wire, thoroughly insulated by a 'serving' of silk thread, as shown in figure 4, the deflecting powers of the current were multiplied, and the sensibility of the instrument marvellously increased.



Fig. 4.

In the same year that Oersted made his brilliant discovery M. Arago detected another law, which furnished a second method by which the electric current could be made to tell its tale. He announced to the French Academy the fact so pregnant in its consequences, that the fluid possessed the power of imparting magnetism to steel or iron; and shortly afterwards our own countryman, Sturgeon, invented the first electro-magnet, by

by coiling around a piece of soft iron a great length of fine insulated copper wire, the ends of which communicated with a battery. Figure 5 will give a rough idea of this instrument. The wire U B A, when it reaches the cylinder K L, is wound many times round it, and returns to the battery at V. As long as the current is passing, the soft iron becomes a magnet and attracts the iron armature P; but directly the circuit is broken its magnetic power ceases, and P, by the action of a spring, flies back. It will at once be seen that by alternately making and breaking the circuit, which can be done as fast as



the hand can move the handle of a lever, an up and down movement of the armature P will take place, and this is the principle of action in Wheatstone's electro-magnetic dial instrument and Morse's recording telegraph, so extensively used in America. The general *modus operandi* of the latter, which is a contrivance of singular merit and efficiency, can be easily understood. At the station at which the message is received, a poised iron lever has a metal pin on its upper surface at one end, and an armature on its under surface at the other end. When the magnet, which is placed beneath the armature, attracts and draws it down, the pin at the opposite extremity is raised, and presses against a strip of paper, which is moved between the metal point, and a roller supported above it, at a uniform rate by means of clock-work. The pin or style will then make a simple dot, or trace lines of variable length upon the paper, according as the electric current is kept up only for a single instant, or for a longer period. 'The impressions on the paper,' says Dr. Turnbull, 'resemble the raised printing for the blind.' Out of these dots and lines an alphabet is formed similar to that which we have given in a subsequent page, when speaking of the chemical telegraph of Bain. The instrument of Morse requires only a single wire to work it, and is, says the Abbé Moigno, 'an excellent telegraph, very simple, very efficacious, and very rapid in its transmissions. A practised clerk can indent on an average seventeen words a minute, which is consequently as many as a skilful writer could transcribe with a pen. It is, moreover, a great advantage to have fixed on a band of paper the messages which the needle telegraphs merely figure in the air.'

Since the year 1821 the principles of action of two of the working telegraphs of the present day were known to scientific men, and the question naturally arises, how was it that it still took so many years to make the telegraph a working fact? The answer is that the combination of circumstances necessary to bring

bring it to perfection had not arisen. What interest had practical men in carrying out the dreams of philosophers? No one imagined that it would ever become a necessary social engine, or that it would pay 'seven per cent.' to a public Company. The patronage of the Government could alone have been looked to by any of the proposers of the new method of telegraphy, and the sort of encouragement received from this quarter may be judged from the fact that when Mr. Ronalds attempted to draw the attention of some of the officials to the working of his instrument, they did not even deign to pay it a visit, but returned for answer 'That the telegraph was of no use in time of peace, and that the semaphore in time of war answered all the required purposes.' The occasion that suddenly ripened the invention and brought it into practical operation was the introduction of railroads. Were it not for the universal spread of this new means of locomotion, the telegraph might still have remained in that limbo from which so many discoveries have never emerged. The vast advantage to a railroad of a method of conveying signals instantaneously throughout its entire length was at once seen, and the continuity of its property, together with the protection afforded by its servants, presented facilities for its introduction and maintenance which had never before occurred.

A problem of great scientific interest as well as of practical importance in connexion with the electric telegraph had still to be solved. The experiments of Dr. Watson on Shooter's Hill, in the middle of the last century, proved, it is true, that *a shock of electricity* passed along a four mile circuit without any appreciable loss of time, but nothing was definitely known about the speed at which it really travelled. This difficult question was answered by Professor Wheatstone. His beautiful investigations on the subject were made by means of a very rapidly revolving mirror, upon which the passage of the electric fluid, at different and distant parts of a severed wire, was indicated by sparks, which appeared as lines of light on the rapidly turning glass, on the same principle that a bit of lighted charcoal whirled round and round in the air appears as a circle of fire. By this instrument, which we cannot render intelligible to the general reader, but for a fuller account of which we refer him to the Philosophical Transactions of 1834, he made it evident to the eye that one spark or leap of the electric fluid did occur before the other—thus proving that its transit along the wire *was* a matter of time. The manner in which he took measure of this infinitesimal period was extremely ingenious. By attaching a hollow piece of metal—a metallic humming-top as it were—to the spindle of his revolving mirror, and at the same time directing a current of air against it, he was enabled

enabled to test its speed, by the pitch of the sound produced: this once known, the measuring of the time that elapsed between the different sparks was easy. Thus he forced the lightning to tell how fast it was going. His admirably contrived apparatus has since proved of considerable use to philosophers in measuring very minute parts of time, and scientific men can now with the greatest ease ascertain the period a flash of light takes to traverse a distance of 50 feet—and light be it remembered travels at the speed of 200,000 miles a second!

By this experiment it appeared that electricity travels through a copper-wire with at least the velocity of light through the celestial space, though the recent experiments made for Professor Bache, Director of the National Survey of America, have proved that the velocity of the current through suspended *iron* wires is not more than 15,400 miles per second. The philosophic proof of the marvellous rate at which the electric current moved doubtless turned many minds once more in the direction of the long sought for telegraph, and it is not surprising that the eminent elucidator of the fact was among the number. A short time after this he insulated 4 miles of wire in the vaults of King's College, on which he performed most of his subsequent experiments.* Thus in the silence of these gloomy vaults as early as 1836, the lightning that was to flash with intelligence round the world—the nervous system so shortly destined to spread itself through two hemispheres, string together continents and islands, and carry human thought under the wide-spreading seas, was slowly being trained to the service of man by one of the most

* It may interest our readers to reproduce the first published notice we can find of Professor Wheatstone's Experiments relating to the Electric Telegraph, and which appeared anterior to his connexion with Mr. Cooke:—'During the month of June last year (1836), in a course of lectures delivered at King's College, London, Professor Wheatstone repeated his experiments on the velocity of electricity which were published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1834, but with an insulated circuit of copper wire, the length of which was now increased to nearly four miles; the thickness of the wire was $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch. When machine-electricity was employed, an electrometer placed on any point of the circuit diverged, and, wherever the continuity of the circuit was broken, bright sparks were visible. With a voltaic battery, or with a magneto-electric machine, water was decomposed, the needle of a galvanometer was deflected, &c., in the middle of the circuit. But, which has a more direct reference to the subject of our esteemed correspondent's communication from Munich, Professor Wheatstone gave a sketch of the means by which he proposes to convert his apparatus into an electrical telegraph, which, by the aid of a few finger stops, will instantaneously, and distinctly, convey communications between the most distant points. These experiments are, we understand, still in progress, and the apparatus, as it is at present constructed, is capable of conveying thirty simple signals, which, combined in various manners, will be fully sufficient for the purposes of telegraphic communication.'—*From the Magazine of Popular Science* (Parker, Strand) for March 1, 1837.

distinguished

distinguished of the many philosophers who have contributed to the development of this branch of science.

Following up his experiment, Professor Wheatstone worked out the arrangements of his telegraph, and having associated himself in 1837 with Mr. Cooke, a practical mechanic, who had previously devoted much time to the same subject, a patent was taken out in the June of that year in their joint names. Their telegraph had five wires and five needles; the latter being worked upon the face of a lozenge-shaped dial inscribed with the letters of the alphabet, any one of which could be indicated by the convergence of two of the needles. This very ingenious instrument could be manipulated by any person who knew how to read, and did not labour under the disadvantage of working by a code which required time to be understood. Immediately upon the taking out of the patent, the directors of the North Western Railway sanctioned the laying down of wires between the Euston Square and Camden Town stations, and towards the end of July the telegraph was ready to work.

Late in the evening of the 25th of that month, in a dingy little room near the booking-office at Euston Square, by the light of a flaring dip-candle, which only illuminated the surrounding darkness, sat the inventor, with a beating pulse and a heart full of hope. In an equally small room at the Camden Town station, where the wires terminated, sat Mr. Cooke, his co-patentee, and among others, two witnesses well known to fame, Mr. Charles Fox and Mr. Stephenson. These gentlemen listened to the first word spelt by that trembling tongue of steel which will only cease to discourse with the extinction of man himself. Mr. Cooke in his turn touched the keys and returned the answer. 'Never did I feel such a tumultuous sensation before,' said the Professor, 'as when all alone in the still room I heard the needles click, and as I spelled the words I felt all the magnitude of the invention, now proved to be practical beyond cavil or dispute.' The telegraph thenceforward, as far as its mechanism was concerned, went on without a check, and the modifications of this instrument which is still in use have been made for the purpose of rendering it more economical in its construction and working, two wires at present being employed, and in some cases only one.

A frequently renewed and still unsettled controversy has arisen upon the point of who is to be considered the first contriver of the telegraph in the form which made it available for popular use. Two names alone are now put forward to dispute the claim with Wheatstone—Steinheil of Munich and Morse of New York. From a communication of M. Arago to the French Academy of Sciences, it appears that the telegraph of Steinheil

was

was in operation, for a distance of seven miles, on the 19th of July, 1837, the same month in which Wheatstone put his own contrivance to the test upon the North Western Railway. But besides that the patent of Wheatstone was taken out in the preceding June, and was itself founded upon previous and thoroughly successful experiments, there is another material circumstance which gives him a claim to priority over Steinheil, viz., that the latter published no description of his instrument until August, 1838, that he altered and improved it in the interval, and that the only accounts we have of his contrivance describe its amended and not its original form. It was, however, a very meritorious performance, and, in addition to its other excellences, Steinheil was the first who employed the earth to complete the circuit—a most important fact, which we shall explain hereafter. Still his telegraph was inferior in its mechanical arrangements to that of Wheatstone, and the inventor himself soon abandoned it in favour of a modification of the instrument of Morse.

Morse dates his claim to *the invention of the telegraph* from the year 1832, when the first idea of such an instrument, he tells us, struck him as he was returning home from Havre in the ship Sully. A fellow passenger, Professor Jackson, it appears, was in the habit of amusing himself in common with the rest of the passengers, with some accounts of the wonders of electricity; and when Morse later developed his contrivance, Professor Jackson not only claimed it as a plagiarism from his own conversation, but added that Morse was so ignorant as to ask, upon hearing the term Electro-Magnetism, ‘In what does that differ from ordinary Magnetism?’ The telegraph was at best, on the part of both of them, a crude idea; and it was not till September, 1837, that Professor Morse was able to exhibit his still imperfect machinery in action. He ultimately succeeded, as we have before stated, in producing a telegraph of first-rate excellence; and, out of 15,000 miles of wire which had been erected by 1852 in the United States, 12,124 were worked on the system of Morse.

The question of priority is, in our opinion, after all of no sort of importance, at least as regards the rival claims of Wheatstone and Steinheil. When the progress of science has prepared the way for a great discovery, two geniuses will occasionally take the step together, because each is able to take the step of a giant. It was thus that the Calculus was found out by both Newton and Leibnitz, and the place of Neptune in the heavens by both Adams and Leverrier. It was the same with the telegraph. The investigations of Wheatstone and Steinheil were entirely independent

independent of each other, and it cannot lessen the merit of either that there was a second man in Europe who was equal to the task.

There are some who dispute Professor Wheatstone's claim, by urging that, inasmuch as all the main features of the telegraph existed before he took out his patent, there was nothing left to invent. It is true that much had been done, but it is equally certain that there was much to do. When Wheatstone first directed his attention to electricity as a means of communicating thoughts to a distance, the telegraph was a useless and inoperative machine. He and his partner established as a working, paying fact what had hitherto been little better than a philosophic toy. To those who now disparage the Professor's labours we think it sufficient to reply by the admirable saying of the French *savant*, M. Biot—'Nothing is so easy as the discovery of yesterday; nothing so difficult as the discovery of to-day.'

Let us return, however, to the history of the telegraph in England, from which we have digressed. After the successful working of the mile-and-a-quarter line, the Directors of the London and Birmingham Railway proposed to lay it down to the latter town if the Birmingham and Liverpool directors would continue it on their line; but they objected, and the telegraph received notice to quit the ground it already occupied. Of course its sudden disappearance would have branded it as a failure in most men's minds, and, in all probability, the telegraph would have been put back many years, had not Mr. Brunel, to his honour, in 1839, determined to adopt it on the Great Western line. It was accordingly carried at first as far as West Drayton, 13 miles, and afterwards to Slough, a distance of 18 miles. The wires were not at this early date suspended upon posts, but insulated and encased in an iron tube, which was placed beneath the ground.

The telegraph hitherto had been strictly confined to railway business, and in furtherance of this object Brunel proposed to continue it to Bristol as soon as the line was opened. Here, again, the folly and blindness of railway proprietors threw obstacles in the way, which led, however, to an unlooked-for application of its powers to public purposes. At a general meeting of the proprietors of the Great Western Railway in Bristol, a Mr. Hayward, of Manchester, got up and denounced the invention as a 'newfangled scheme,' and managed to pass a resolution repudiating the agreement entered into with the patentees. Thus within a few years we find the telegraph rejected by two of the most powerful railway companies, the persons above all others who ought to have welcomed it with acclamation.

To

To keep the wires on the ground, Mr. Cooke proposed to maintain it at his own expense, and was permitted by the directors to do so on condition of sending their railway signals free of charge, and of extending the line to Slough. In return he was allowed to transmit the messages of the public. Here commences the first popular use of the telegraph in England or in any other country. The tariff was one shilling per message. The effect of this low charge was to develop a class of business which seems beneath the notice of the powerful company now in possession of most of the telegraphic lines in the kingdom. The transactions of the retail dealers are considered too petty, perhaps, for their attention; but there can be no doubt that the comfort of the public would be vastly increased, and also the revenues of the company, if they would only condescend to take a lesson by the commercial experience of this shilling tariff, the working of which we will illustrate by transcribing from the telegraph book at Paddington a few specimens of the messages sent.

' Commercial News. 1844, Nov. 1, Slough, 4.10 P.M.—" Send a messenger to Mr. Harris, poulterer, Duke-street, Manchester-square, and order him to send twelve more chickens to Mr. Finch, High-street, Windsor, by the 5.0 P.M. down train, without fail." Answer: Paddington, 5.5 P.M.—" The chickens are sent by the 5.0 P.M. train."

' Slough, 7.35 P.M.—" A Mr. Thomas B., a first-class passenger, 6.30 P.M. train, left a blue cloak with a velvet collar in first-class booking-office. Send it by mail train if found."

' Paddington, 7.45 P.M.—" There are two such cloaks in the booking-office: has Mr. B.'s any mark on any part of it?" Slough, 7.47 P.M.—" Mr. B.'s has the mark X under the collar, inside."

' Paddington, 7.55 P.M.—" Cloak found, and will be sent on as requested."

' Slough, Nov. 11, 1844, 4.3 P.M.—" Send a messenger to Mr. Harris, Duke-street, Manchester-square, and request him to send 6 lbs. of white bait and 4 lbs. of sausages, by the 5.30 train, to Mr. Finch, of Windsor; they must be sent by 5.30 down train, or not at all."

' Paddington, 5.27 P.M.—" Messenger returned with articles, which will be sent by 5.30 train, as requested."

The chances are that, under the high tariff of the present company, the last message would not have been sent at all, and a very good dinner would perhaps have been spoiled in consequence; or, if it had been sent, the 50 words of which it consists, counting numerals as letters, would have come to 8s. 6d. ! The first application of the telegraph to police purposes also took place about this time on the Great Western Railway, and, as it was the first intimation thieves got of the electric constable being

being on duty, it is full of interest. The following extracts are from the telegraph book kept at the Paddington station:—

‘Eton Montem day, August 28, 1844.—The Commissioners of Police have issued orders that several officers of the detective force shall be stationed at Paddington to watch the movements of suspicious persons, going by the down-train, and give notice by the electric telegraph to the Slough station of the number of such suspected persons, and dress, their names if known, also the carriages in which they are.’

Now come the messages following one after the other, and influencing the fate of the marked individuals with all the celerity, certainty, and calmness of the Nemesis of the Greek drama:—

‘Paddington, 10.20 A.M.—“Mail train just started. It contains three thieves, named Sparrow, Burrell, and Spurgeon, in the first compartment of the fourth first-class carriage.”

‘Slough, 10.48 A.M.—“Mail train arrived. *The officers have cautioned the three thieves.*”

‘Paddington, 10.50 A.M.—“Special train just left. It contained two thieves: one named Oliver Martin, who is dressed in black, *crape on his hat*; the other named Fiddler Dick, in black trowsers and light blouse. Both in the third compartment of the first second-class carriage.”

‘Slough, 11.16 A.M.—“Special train arrived. Officers have taken the two thieves into custody, a lady having lost her bag, containing a purse with two sovereigns and some silver in it; one of the sovereigns was sworn to by the lady as having been her property. It was found in Fiddler Dick’s watch-fob.”’

It appears that, on the arrival of the train, a policeman opened the door of the ‘third compartment of the first second-class carriage,’ and asked the passengers if they had missed anything? A search in pockets and bags accordingly ensued, until one lady called out that her purse was gone. ‘Fiddler Dick, you are wanted,’ was the immediate demand of the police-officer, beckoning to the culprit, who came out of the carriage thunderstruck at the discovery, and gave himself up, together with the booty, with the air of a completely beaten man. The effect of the capture so cleverly brought about is thus spoken of in the telegraph book:—

‘Slough, 11.51 A.M.—“Several of the suspected persons who came by the various down-trains are lurking about Slough, uttering bitter invectives against the telegraph. Not one of those cautioned has ventured to proceed to the Montem.”’

Ever after this the lightfingered gentry avoided the railway and the *too* intelligent companion that ran beside it, and betook themselves again to the road—a retrograde step, to which on all great public occasions they continue to adhere.

The telegraph even up to this period was very little known to the great mass of the public, and might have continued for some time longer in obscurity but for its remarkable agency in causing the arrest of the quaker Tawell. This event, which took place on the afternoon of Friday, January 3rd, 1845, placed it before the world as the prominent instrument in a terrible drama, and at once drew universal attention to its capabilities.

It must not be imagined, however, that Mr. Wheatstone's was the only patent taken out for a telegraph in the year 1837. A number of inquiring minds were simultaneously with the Professor wandering in the tangled wood of doubt, and when he burst his way through, others speedily emerged at different points, one after another. Consequently, the year 1837 was distinguished by a complete crop of telegraphs, any one of which would perhaps have held its ground had it stood alone, but not one of them was practically equal to the first, and they have all long since departed to the tomb already stored with the abortive results of so many merely ingenious minds.

The rapidity with which the needle instrument transmits messages, the small amount of electricity required to work it, and the simplicity of its construction, are its chief recommendations. Upwards of 200 letters can be forwarded by it within the minute. Its great drawback—a drawback that will appear greater every year—is that it can only be worked by a system of signs, which requires some practice to understand. As long as the public is content to send its messages open to the light of day, this plan will hold its ground, as a practised manipulator can indicate the letters as fast as it is possible to read, much less transcribe them, at the other end of the wire; but immediately that the public come to demand secrecy—to put a seal as of old on its letters—this telegraph will, we predict, fall into public disuse; and the revolving dial telegraph, invented by Mr. Wheatstone, in 1840, or the recording telegraph of Bain or Morse, or, more likely still, the American printing telegraph of House, will come into play.

This latter instrument appears to contain within itself capabilities of very high excellence; for instance, it requires no one to interpret, and then to rewrite its messages—this it does itself. In fact, it extends the compositor's fingers as far as the wire can be stretched. Messages are thus printed at the rate of fifty letters a minute, say at five hundred miles distance, in common Roman characters, on long slips of paper similar to those used for the recording instrument. Any description of its complicated mechanism would be utterly unintelligible to general readers. 'While the arrangements of the telegraph of Morse,' said Mr. Justice

Justice Woodbury of America, in giving judgment in a patent case, 'can be readily understood by most mechanics and men of science, it requires days, if not weeks with some, thoroughly to comprehend all the parts and movements of the telegraph of House.' His system is in use for 1358 miles of the American lines. Bakewell's copying telegraph is naturally suggested by the telegraph of House, from the fact that it reproduces its messages, although in a different manner. The sender of the message may be said to write with a pen long enough to stretch to the most distant correspondent—that is, he not only forwards instantaneously the substance of a message, but it is conveyed in his own handwriting. The principle is similar to that of Davy's chemical recording telegraph. The person sending the message writes it on a piece of tin foil with a pen dipped in varnish or any other non-conducting substance; this message is then placed round a metal cylinder, which is made to revolve at a certain regulated pace. In contact with this cylinder is a blunt steel point, which, by the action of a screw, makes a spiral line from the top to the bottom of the cylinder, thus touching every portion of the written message enveloping it. In connexion with the steel point is the conducting wire, and at the end of the wire is a similar steel point working spirally upon a like cylinder. It will be at once seen that the current will always be transmitted, except at those portions of the tin foil which are covered with the non-conducting varnish, and which therefore cut off the flow of electricity, and the handwriting will appear at the other end of the telegraphic wire upon a piece of chemically prepared paper rolled upon its cylinder, and moving synchronously with it. The transmitted letter appears to be written in white upon a dark ground, the white parts of course indicating where the current has been broken, and where consequently no decomposition of the chemical paper has taken place.

To return, however, to our subject after this little digression. At the same time that the first working telegraph was being simplified and improved, the system was gradually spreading, and, by the end of the year 1845, lines exceeding 500 miles in extent were in operation in England, working Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke's patents. In the following year, capital, as represented by the powerful Electric Telegraph Company, commenced its operations, and an immediate and rapid development of the new method of carrying intelligence was the result.

'A period of eight years has elapsed,' as they say in a certain class of drama, and let us now look upon the condition of electro-telegraphy in England. We left it exerting its influence in a disjointed manner over a few railways, and striking out its

wires here and there at random, without governing head or organization; and how do we find it?

Jammed in between lofty houses at the bottom of a narrow court in Lothbury, we see before us a stuccoed wall, ornamented with an electric illuminated clock. Who would think that behind this narrow forehead lay the great brain—if we may so term it—of the nervous system of Britain, or that beneath the narrow pavement of the alley lies its spinal chord, composed of 224 fibres, which transmit intelligence as unperceived as does the medulla oblongata beneath the skin? Emerging from this narrow channel, the ‘efferent’ wires branch off beneath the different footways, ramify in certain plexuses within the great centre of intelligence itself, and then shoot out along the different lines of railway until the shores of the island would seem to interpose a limit to their further progress. Not so, however: beneath the seas, under the heaving waves covered with stately navies, they take their darksome way, until, with the burthen of their moving fire, they emerge once more upon the foreign strand, and commence afresh their career over the wide expanse of the Continent.

And now, like a curious physiologist, let us examine the various parts of this ingeniously constructed sensorium, and endeavour to show our readers how in this high chamber, fashioned by human hands, thoughts circulate, and ideas come and go. The door of the ‘Central Telegraph Station’ leads immediately into the Central Hall, an oblong space, open quite up to the roof, which presents an appearance something like the Coal Exchange or the Geological Museum, two tiers of galleries being suspended from the bare walls, and affording communication to the different parts of the building. If we ascend the first gallery and lean over the balustrade, we shall get a very clear bird’s eye view of the method in which messages are received and transmitted. Here, man, like the watchful spider, sits centered within his radiating web, and ‘lives along the line.’ Beneath us runs a sweep of counter forming three sides of a quadrangle, divided into compartments of about a square yard, by green curtains. A desk and printed forms, to be filled up, are placed in each of these isolated cells, towards which we see individuals immediately make, and then bury themselves, being for the time profoundly intent upon the printed form.

We all know the jocose excuse of the correspondent for having written a long letter—that he had not time to make it shorter. And truly it requires some art to be laconic enough to satisfy the pocket in this establishment. Let us watch for instance yonder youth: he seems to have filled his sheet very close—now he gives it in to the receiving clerk, and something
evidently

evidently is wrong, for he looks, perplexed—it is some hitch about the charge, for his attention is directed to the scale of prices printed at the head of the paper.

‘Messages (not exceeding 20 words) can be sent between all the principal towns in Great Britain at a charge of 1s. within a circuit of 50 miles, of 2s. 6d. within a circuit of 100 miles (geographical distance), and of 5s. beyond a circuit of 100 miles, with an additional sum of 6d. portorage within half a mile of the station.’

‘Economy,’ says a French writer, M. de Courcy, ‘teaches conciseness. The telegraphic style banishes all the forms of politeness. “May I ask you to do me the favour” is 6d. for a distance of 50 miles.’ How many of those fond adjectives therefore must our poor fellow relentlessly strike out to bring his billet down to a reasonable charge! What food for speculation each person affords, as he writes his hurried epistle, dictated either by fear, or greed, or more powerful love!—for we have not yet got into the habit of employing the telegraph like the Americans, on the mere everyday business of life. Every message—and of these there are 350,000 transmitted by this Company yearly for the public, and upwards of 3,500,000 for the Railways—is faithfully copied, and put by in fire-proof safes—those sent by the Recording Telegraph being wound in tape-like lengths upon a roller, and appearing exactly like discs of sarcenet ribbon. Fancy some future Macaulay rummaging among such a store, and painting therefrom the salient features of the social and commercial life of England in the nineteenth century. If from the Household-book of the Duke of Northumberland, or still later, from the Paston Letters, we can catch such glimpses of the manners of an early age, what might not be gathered some day in the twenty-first century from a record of the correspondence of an entire people?

‘Softly, softly,’ interposes the Secretary of the Company, ‘we have no such intention of gratifying posterity, for after a certain brief period all copies of communications are destroyed. No person unconnected with the office is under any consideration allowed to have access to them, and the servants of the Company are under a bond not to divulge “the secrets of the prison house.”’ Very good as far as the present generation is concerned, nevertheless it is devoutly to be wished that an odd box or two of these sarcenet ribbons, with their linear language, may escape for future Rawlinsons to puzzle over and decipher for the instruction of mankind.

Whilst we have been thus speculating, however, a dozen messages for all parts of the kingdom have successively ascended through the long lift before us, to the instrument rooms, of which
there

there are two, situated in the attics of the establishment, on either side of the top gallery of the central hall:—these, to carry out our anatomical simile, might be called the two hemispheres of the establishment's cerebrum. The instruments of one of these rooms are worked by youths, while those of the other are manipulated by young ladies; and it seems to us as though the directors were pitting them against each other—establishing a kind of industrial tournament—to see which description of labourer is worthiest. As yet little or no difference can be detected: this however is in itself a triumph for the fair sex, as it proves their capacity for a species of employment well calculated for their habits and physical powers, and opens another door for that superabundance of female labour of a superior kind which has hitherto sought employment in vain.

Click, click, go the needles on every hand as we enter. Here we see the iron tongues of the telegraph wagging, and talking as fast as a tea-table full of old maids. London is holding communication with Manchester. Plymouth is listening attentively to a long story, and every now and then intimates by a slight movement that he perfectly comprehends. But there is one speaker whose nimble tongue seems to be saying important things by the stir around him—that is *the Hague* whispering underneath the North Sea the news he has heard an hour or so ago from Vienna of a great victory just gained by the Turks. We are witness to a series of conversations carried on with all corners of the island, and between the metropolis of the world and every capital of northern and central Europe, as intimately as though the speakers were bending their heads over the dinner table and talking confidentially to the host. And by what agency is this extraordinary conversation carried on? All that the visitor sees is a number of little mahogany cases, very similar to those of American clocks, each having a dial with two lozenge-shaped needles working by pivots, which hang, when at rest, perpendicularly upon it. Two dependent handles, situated at the base of this instrument, which the operator grasps and moves from side to side at his will, suffice to make and break the currents or reverse them, and consequently to deflect the needles either to the right or left. Two little stops of ivory are placed about half an inch apart, on either side of the needle, to prevent its deflecting too much, and to check all vibration. It is the sound of the iron tongue striking against these stops that makes the clicking, and to which the telegraphists are sensitively alive. In the early days of telegraphy the operator's attention, at all the stations, was drawn to the instrument, by the sudden ringing of an alarum, which was effected by the agency of an electro magnet; but the horrid din it occasioned

sioned became insupportable to persons in constant attendance, and this part of the instrument was speedily given up, the clicking of the needle being found quite sufficient to draw his attention to the arrival or passing of a message. We say *or passing* of a message, because when a communication is made, as for instance, between London and Edinburgh, the needles of all the telegraph stations on the line are simultaneously deflected; but the attendant has only to take notice of what is going on when a special signal is made to his particular locality, informing him that *he* is spoken with. A story is told of a certain somnolent station clerk, who, in order to enjoy his nap, trained his terrier to scratch and awaken him at the first sound of the clicking needles.

There are but two kinds of telegraph used by the Company, the Needle Telegraph and a few of the Chemical Recording Telegraph of Bain. The latter instrument strikes the spectator more perhaps than the nimble working needle apparatus, but its action is equally simple. Slits of variable length representing letters, according to the alphabet in the note,* are punched out from a long strip of paper called the message-strip, which is placed between a revolving cylinder and a toothed spring. The battery is connected with the cylinder; the wire, which goes from station to station, is joined to the spring. As dry paper is a non-conductor, no electricity passes while the unpierced portion of the message-slip interposes between the cylinder and the tooth; but when the tooth drops into a space and comes in contact with the cylinder the current flows. If we now transfer our attention to the station at which the message is received we find a similar cylinder revolving at a regular rate, and a metal pin, depending from the end of the telegraph-wire, pressing upon it; but in this case the paper between the cylinder and the pin has been washed with a solution of prussiate of potash, which electricity has the effect of changing to Prussian blue at the point where the pin touches it. Therefore, as the chemically-prepared paper moves under the pin, a blue line is formed of the same length as the slits at the other end, which regulate the duration of the electric current; and thus every letter punched upon the message-strip is faithfully transferred to its distant fellow. Such is the celerity with which the notation is transmitted by this method, that 'in an experiment performed by M. Le Verrier and

a -	f -	k -	-q - - -	- - x -
b - - - -	g - - - -	l -	r -	y -
c - - - -	h - - - -	m -	s - - -	
d - - - -	i - - -	n -	-t - - -	
e - - -	j - - - - -	o -	u - - -	
		p - - -	v - - -	
			w - - -	

Dr. Lardner before Committees of the Institute and the Legislative Assembly at Paris, dispatches were sent 1000 miles at the rate of nearly 20,000 words an hour.* In ordinary practice, however, the speed is limited to the rate at which an expert clerk can punch out the holes, which is not much above a hundred per minute. Where the object was to forward long documents, such as a speech, a number of persons could be employed simultaneously in punching out different portions of the message, and the message-strips would then be supplied as fast as the machine could work.

This system is used on 1199 miles in America. A weaker current of electricity than what is required for deflecting needles or magnetising iron, suffices to effect the requisite chemical decomposition. The conducting power of vapour or rain carries much of the electricity from the wires in certain states of the atmosphere, 'and in such cases, where both Morse's and Bain's telegraphs are used by an amalgamated company in the same office, it is found convenient to remove the wires from Morse's instruments and connect them with Bain's, on which it is practicable to operate when communication by Morse's system is interrupted.'—(*Whitworth's Report*, p. 51.)

This Chemical Telegraph has also the advantage, in common with all recording instruments, that it leaves an indelible record of every message transmitted, and therefore is very useful when the mistake of a single figure or letter might be of consequence, which we will illustrate by a case which happened very lately. A stockbroker in the City received, during a very agitated state of the funds, an order to buy for a client in a distant part of the country, by a certain time of the day, 80,000*l.* of Consols. This order being unusually large for the individual, the broker doubted its accuracy, and immediately made inquiries at the office. The message had luckily been sent by the recording instrument, and upon looking at the record it was immediately seen that the order was for 8,000*l.*—the transcriber having put in an 0 too much, for which, according to the rules of the Company, he was incontinently fined. Now here the error was immediately traced to the person who made it, and there was no need of telegraphing back to inquire if all were right, two matters of vital importance in such a transaction as this, involving so much personal responsibility, for if the purchase had been made and turned out unfortunate, the loss would indubitably have fallen upon the unhappy sharebroker.*

In all ordinary transactions, however, the needle instrument is

* In justice to the Company, which is very properly jealous of the particulars of its messages transpiring, we beg to state that we acquired the above fact from a person totally disconnected with the Electric Telegraph Office.

preferable,

preferable, because it transmits its messages much more quickly. The speed with which the attendants upon these instruments read off the signals made by the needles is really marvellous: they do not in some cases even wait to spell the words letter by letter, but jump at the sentence before it is concluded, and they have learned by practice, as Sir Francis Head says in 'Stokers and Pokers,' to recognise immediately who is telegraphing to them, say at York, by the peculiar *expression of the needles*—the long drawn wires thus forming a kind of human antennæ by which individual peculiarities of touch are projected to an infinite distance. To catalogue the kind of messages which pass through the room, either on their way from London or in course of distribution to it, would be to give a history of human affairs. Here, from the shores of this tight island, comes the morning news gathered by watchers, telescopes in hand, on remote headlands, of what ships have just hove in sight, or what craft have foundered or come ashore—to this room, swifter beyond comparison than the carrier-dove of old, the wire speeds the name of the winner of the Derby or the Oaks. How the four winds are blowing throughout the island; how Stocks rise or fall every hour of the day in all the great towns and in the continental capitals; what corn is at Mark Lane, and what farmer Giles got a quarter of an hour since in a country town in Yorkshire, are equally known in the telegraph room. Intermixed with quotations of tallow and the price of Wall's End coals, now and then comes a love-billet, which excites no more sympathy in the clerk than in the iron that conveys it; or a notice that the sudden dart of death has struck some distant friend is transmitted and received as unconcernedly as an account of the fall in Russian Stock. When business is slack the telegraphists sometimes amuse themselves by an interchange of badinage with their distant friends. Sir Francis Head informs us that an absolute quarrel once took place by telegraph, and the two irritated manipulators were obliged to be separated in consequence.

In addition to this Private Message department there is, below stairs, an Intelligence Office, in which news published in the London morning papers is condensed and forwarded to the Exchanges of Liverpool, Bristol, Manchester, Glasgow, &c. A few years since the Company opened subscription rooms in all the large towns of the North, in which intelligence of every kind was posted immediately after its arrival in London; but the craving for early intelligence was not sufficient to induce the people to incur the expense, and, with the exception of the room at Hull, the establishments have all been shut up.

On Friday evening especially this department is very busy
condensing

condensing for the country papers the news which appears in that exciting column headed *By Electric Telegraph*, London, 2 A.M. Thus the telegraph rides express through the night for the broad sheets of the entire kingdom, and even steps across from Portpatrick to Donaghadee into the sister country, with its budget of latest intelligence, by which means the extremities of the two islands are kept as well up in the progress of important events as London itself. Upwards of 120 provincial papers each receive in this manner their column of parliamentary news of the night, and the *Daily Mail* published in Glasgow gets sometimes as much as three columns of the Debates forwarded whilst the House is sitting. A superintendent and four clerks are expressly employed in this department; and early in the day towards the end of the week the office presents all the appearance of an Editor's room. At seven in the morning the clerks are to be seen deep in the *Times* and other Daily papers, just hot from the press, making extracts, and condensing into short paragraphs all the most important events, which are immediately sent off to the country papers to form 'Second Editions.' Neither does the work cease here, for no sooner is a second edition published in town, than its news, if of more than ordinary interest, is transmitted to the provinces. For instance, whilst we were in the Company's telegraph room a short time since, the following intelligence was being served out to Liverpool, York, Manchester, Leeds, Bristol, Birmingham, and Hull:—

'EASTERN WAR—BATTLE ON THE DANUBE—FROM EVENING EDITION OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

'Vienna, Saturday, April 8th.

'The journal *Fremden Blatt* announces, under date of Bucharest, 4th April, that a great battle was being fought at Rassova, about midway between Hirsova and Silistria, in the Dobrudscha. The result was not known. Mustapha Pasha is at the head of 50,000 men.'

Arrived at the above-mentioned places, swifter than a rocket could fly the distance, like a rocket it bursts and is again carried by the diverging wires into a dozen neighbouring towns. The announcement we have quoted comes opportunely to remind us that intelligence, thus hastily gathered and transmitted, has also its drawbacks, and is not so trustworthy as the news which starts later and travels slower. The 'great battle of Rassova' has not yet been fought, and the general action announced through the telegraph was only a sanguinary skirmish.

The telegraphic organization of London, meagre as it is at present, would form alone a curious paper: 'a province covered with houses,' it demands a special arrangement, and accordingly we see day by day new branches opened within its precincts, by which

which means every part of the metropolis is being put in communication with the country and Europe.

The Branch Stations are, London Docks (main entrance); No. 43, Mincing Lane; General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand; No. 30, Fleet Street; No. 448, West Strand; No. 17a, Great George Street, Westminster; No. 89, St. James's Street; No. 1, Park Side, Knightsbridge; No. 6, Edgeware Road; Great Western Railway Station; London and North Western Railway Station; Great Northern Railway Station; Highbury Railway Station; Eastern Counties' Railway Station; Blackwall Railway Station; London and Brighton and South Coast Railway Station; and the London and South Western Railway Station: of these only two are open night and day. The central office, strange as it might appear, is closed at half-past 8 o'clock P.M., and its wires are put in connexion with those at the Charing-Cross Station, which takes upon itself the night work—a singular proof, by the way, that London proper is deserted shortly after the hours of business are over. The Eastern Counties' Office is also open at night, and forms the East End Office of the Company. These stations communicate with the central office in Lothbury, and form in fact direct feeders to it, just as the hundred suckers do to the zoophyte.

We have yet, however, to notice the special telegraphic communication which exists in the metropolis between place and place, either for governmental purposes or for social convenience. The most curious of these lines is the wire between the Octagon Hall in the New Houses of Parliament and the St. James's Street Commercial station. They should name this line from the 'whipper-in' of the House, for it is nothing more than a call-wire for Members. The Company employ reporters during the sitting of Parliament to make an abstract from the gallery of the business of the two Houses as it proceeds, and this abstract is forwarded at very short intervals to the office in St. James's Street, where *it is set up and printed*, additions being made to the sheet issued as the MS. comes in. This flying sheet is posted half-hourly to the following Clubs and establishments:—Arthur's; Carlton; Oxford and Cambridge; Brookes's; Conservative; United Service; Athenæum; Reform; Traveller's; United University; Union; and White's. Hourly to Boodle's Club and Prince's Club; and half-hourly to the Royal Italian Opera. The shortest possible abstract is of course supplied, just sufficient in fact to enable the after-dinner M.P. so to economize his proceedings as to be able to finish his claret and yet be in time for the ministerial statement, or to count in the division. The following, for instance, is a fac simile of the printed abstract of the debate on the Address to her Majesty on the declaration of war:—

THE

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

(INCORPORATED 1846.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS, FRIDAY, MARCH 31st, 1854.

TIME.		REMARKS.
H.	M.	
4	0	House made.
4	30	Private business and Petitions.
4	40	Mr. Napier brought up report of Dungarvan Election Committee: Maguire duly elected, and attention called to state of law upon the withdrawal of Petitions.
5	0	Notices.
5	30	Lord John Russell moving reply to message of Her Majesty.
6	0	Stating various transactions and negotiations which have taken place with Russia.
6	30	Mr. Layard approved of the sentiments expressed.
7	0	Still speaking.
7	30	Compared the language and opinions of different Members of the Cabinet, and called attention to various articles in the "Times," which he maintained to be written with a full knowledge of the contents of the secret and confidential correspondence.
8	0	Mr. Bright replied to Mr. Layard, adverse to policy of the Government.
8	30	Still speaking.
9	0	Still speaking.
9	30	Mr. J. Ball was prepared to support the war, though not agreeing in the reasons put forward to justify it.
10	0	The Marquis of Granby expressed his regret at the language used by certain of the Government with respect to the Emperor of Russia, whose conduct regarding Turkey he vindicated.
		Lord Dudley Stuart.
10	30	Still speaking.
11	0	Lord Palmerston vindicating the policy of the Government.
11	30	Mr. Disraeli supported the address, but severely criticised the conduct of different Members of the Cabinet.
12	0	Analysing the secret and confidential correspondence to show that a plan for the partition of Turkey was assented to by the English Government in 1844, when the Earl of Aberdeen was Secretary for Foreign Affairs.
12	30	Lord John Russell replying to Mr. Layard, and the observations of other speakers.
12	40	Colonel Sibthorp: observations.
		The address to Her Majesty agreed to, and on the motion of Lord John Russell, and seconded by Mr. Disraeli, to be presented by the whole House.
1	0	HOUSE ADJOURNED.
		HOUSE OF LORDS.
		Lord Aberdeen stated, in reply to Lord Roden, that it was intended to appoint a day for solemn prayer for a blessing on Her Majesty's arms by sea and land.
		Earl of Clarendon moved the address in reply to the Queen's message.
		Earl of Derby: observations.
		(7:30). Earl of Aberdeen replied to Lord Derby.
		(7:45). Earl of Malmesbury regretted the tone taken by the Prime Minister.
		(8:20). Earl Granville: observations.
		Lord Brougham ditto.
		Earl Grey ditto.
		(8:50). Earl of Hardwicke wished for a larger Naval Reserve.
		(8:55). Marquis of Lansdowne said it was necessary to check Russia.
		(9:5). Address agreed to, to be presented on Monday.
		LORDS ADJOURNED, 9.25.

The wire to the Opera is a still more curious example of the social services the new power is destined to perform. An abstract of the proceedings of Parliament similar to the above, but in *writing*, is posted during the performance in the Lobby, and Young England has only to lounge out between the Acts to know if Disraeli or Lord John Russell is up, and whether he may sit out the piece, or must hasten down to Westminster. The Opera House even communicates with the Strand Office, so that messages may be sent from thence to all parts of the kingdom. The Government wires go from Somerset House to the Admiralty, and thence to Portsmouth and Plymouth by the South Western and Great Western Railways; and these two establishments will shortly be put in communication, by means of subterranean lines, with the naval establishments at Deptford, Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, and with the Cinque Ports of Deal and Dover. They are worked quite independently of the Company, and the messages are sent in cipher, the meaning of which is unknown even to the telegraphic clerks employed in transmitting it. In addition to the wires already spoken of, street branches run from Buckingham Palace and Scotland Yard (the head police office) to the station at Charing Cross, and thence on to Founder's Court; whilst the Post Office, Lloyd's, Capel Court, and the Corn Exchange communicate directly with the Central Office.

The function then of the Central Office is to receive and redistribute communications. Of the manner in which these ends are accomplished nothing can be gained from a glance round the instrument rooms. You see no wires coming into or emerging from them; you ask for a solution of the mystery, and one of the clerks leads you to the staircase and opens the door of what looks like a long wooden shoot placed perpendicularly against the wall. This is the great spinal chord of the establishment, consisting of a vast bundle of wires, insulated from each other by gutta percha. One set of these conveys the gathered up streams of intelligence from the remote ends of the continent, and the farthest shores of Britain, conducts them through London by the street lines underneath the thronging footsteps of the multitude, and ascends with its invisible dispatches directly to the different instruments. Another set is composed of the wires that descend into the battery chamber. It is impossible to realize the fact by merely gazing upon this brown and dusty looking bundle of threads, nevertheless so it is, that they put us in communication with no less than 4,409 miles of telegraph, which is coterminous with the railway system of the island, and forms a complete net-work over its entire surface, with the exception of the highlands of North Wales and Scotland.

It

It will not be long before it penetrates into the wilds of the latter country, as we see the wire is to be carried on from Aberdeen to Balmoral.

The physiologist, minutely dissecting the star fish, shows us its nervous system extending to the tip of each limb, and descants upon the beauty of this arrangement, by which the central mouth is informed of the nutriment within its reach. The telegraphic system, already developed in England, has rendered her as sensitive to the utmost extremities as the star fish. Day by day, and hour by hour, everything that happens of importance is immediately referred to its centre at Lothbury, and this centre returns the service by spreading the information afresh in every direction. Thus should an enemy appear off our coast, his presence, by the aid of the fibre, is immediately felt at the Admiralty, and an immediate reply sends out the fleet in chase. Should a riot occur in the manufacturing districts, the local authorities communicate with the Home Office, and orders are sent down to put the distant troops in motion. Does a murderer escape, the same wire makes the fact known to Scotland-Yard, and from thence word is sent to the distant policemen to intercept him in his flight. The arm is scarcely uplifted quicker to ward off a sudden blow—the eye does not close with more rapidity upon an unexpected flood of light, than, by the aid of the telegraph, actions follow upon impressions conveyed along the length and breadth of the land. But, says our reader, suppose these wires should be severed or damaged, your whole line is paralysed, and how are you to find out where the fault may be? Against these eventualities human foresight has provided: by testing from station to station along the line, the office soon knows how far the wires are perfect; and if the breach of continuity should be in the subterranean street wires, there are iron testing posts at every 500 yards distance, by the aid of which the workman knows where to make his repairs. Whilst all is being made right again, however, a curious contrivance is brought into play, in order to keep the communication open. Every one is acquainted with the action of the railway ‘switch,’ by which a train is enabled to leave one line of rails and run on to another. The telegraph has its switch also, and thus a message can be transferred from one line to another, or can be sent right *through* to any locality, without making a stoppage at the usual resting place on its way. By this device then the ‘sick wires’ can be altogether avoided. Suppose, for instance, that some accident had happened to the direct Bristol line, and it would not work in consequence, then the clerk at the Lothbury station would signal to Birmingham, & switch the wire through to Bristol,

Bristol, or, in other words, to put him in communication with that place; this done, the message would fly along the North-Western line, look in at the Birmingham station, and immediately be off down the Midland wire to Bristol, arriving, to all perception, in the same latitude as quickly as though it had gone direct by the Great Western wire. Every large station is provided with a switching apparatus, and the Lothbury Office has several. Here also there is a very curious contrivance called the 'testing box,' which enables the manipulator to connect any number of batteries to a wire, in order to give extra power, without going into the battery vault.

These switches, testing, and battery boxes are of great service in certain conditions of the atmosphere. For instance, a thunderstorm, or more often a fog, will now and then so affect the conducting power of a wire, working through a long distance, that it is found impossible to send a message along it, in which case the clerk 'dodges' the passing storm or fog by switching the dispatch round the country through a fine-weather wire. If however the foggy weather should continue, the manipulator has only to go to the battery box and couple on one or more batteries, just as fresh engines are put on a train going up an incline when the rails are 'greasy.' By thus increasing the power of the electric current the message is driven through the worst weather. Sometimes as many as six or eight 24-plate batteries are necessary to speed a signal to Glasgow. The more general way in such cases, however, is to transmit the dispatch to some intermediate station, where the message is repeated.

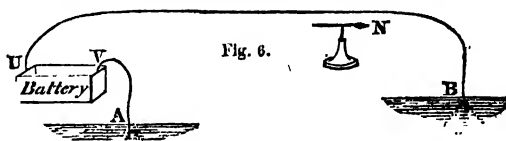
Let us now descend into the battery vaults—two long narrow chambers, situated in the basement of the building. Who would think that in this quiet place, night and day, a power was being generated that exerted its influence to the very margin of this sea-girt isle, nay, invaded the territories of Holland, Belgium, and France? Who would think that those long, dusty boxes on the shelves were making scores of iron tongues wag hundreds of miles off? There are upwards of six Daniel's batteries in full employment in these vaults. They are ranked as sixes, twelves, and twenty-fours, according to the number of their elements or plates; and just like guns, the higher they rank the farther they carry. The powerful twenty-fours work the long ranges of wire, and the smaller batteries the shorter circuits. Of course some of these batteries have harder work to do than others, and the 'twenty-fours' working the North-Western line have much the busiest time of it. Considering the work done by them, their maintenance is not very costly. A twenty-four, when in full work, does not consume

sume its zinc plates under three months, and a gill of sulphuric acid, diluted, is its strong but rather moderate allowance of liquid per month. Other batteries of the same force are satisfied with 1 lb. of sulphate of copper per month, with a little sulphate of zinc, and salt and water. The entire amount of electric power employed by the Company throughout the country is produced by 8000 12-plate batteries, or 96,000 cells, which are lined with 1,500,000 square inches of copper, and about the same of zinc. To work these batteries six tons of acid is yearly consumed, and fifty-five tons of sand; the principal use of the latter is to prevent the chemicals from slopping about, and the metal plates from getting oxidized too rapidly. The language of the 'wire,' with respect to the working of the telegraph, is very curious. For instance, when a distant station clerk finds that a battery is not up to its work by the weak action of the needles, he sends word that it requires 'refreshment,' and it is accordingly served with its gill of aquafortis, and, totally opposed to the doctrines of temperance, a 'long-lived battery' owes its vitality to the strongest drink.

We have followed the wires down to one pole of their respective batteries, and now we have to pursue them out of the opposite pole until they take to 'earth.' No electricity will flow from the positive pole Z of the battery (Fig. 2) unless the wire D K A B is connected, either by being itself unbroken, or by the interposition of some other conductor where a gap occurs, to the negative pole C. In the earlier telegraphs it was usual to have a return wire to effect this purpose. But, strange as it may sound, it was discovered that the earth itself would convey the current back to the negative pole, and thus an entire length of wire was saved. Accordingly the earth completes the two hundred and odd different circuits, which pass their loops, as it were, through the central office. In order to get a 'good earth' a hole was dug deep in the foundations, until some moist ground was found, *dry* soil being a very bad conductor, and into this a cylinder of copper, four inches in diameter and 40 lbs. in weight, was sunken, surrounded by a mass of sulphate of copper in crystals. All the earth wires of the establishment were then put in connexion with this mass of metal, or earth plate.

The non-scientific reader will perhaps require a figure to explain to him our meaning, when we say that the earth is capable of completing the 'circuit.' In the accompanying diagram (No. 6) we have a battery, U V, in the central office in London, deflecting a needle N, say in Liverpool. The fluid passes from the positive pole of the battery U, traverses the wire of the North-western Railway, and after working the telegraph in Liverpool, descends

descends into the earth by the wire B, which has a metal or earth-plate attached to it. From this point the electric fluid starts homewards, through the solid ground, and finding out the earth-plate* under the foundations at Lothbury, ascends along the wire A, into the negative pole of the battery V. By reversing the current, it flows first through the earth from V A to B, and returns by the wire to the opposite pole U.



Nothing in telegraphy impresses the thoughtful mind more than the fact that the electric fluid, after spanning, may be, half the globe, should come back to its battery, through adamantine rocks, through seas and all the diverse elements which make up the anatomy of the globe. The explanation of the phenomenon is still a matter of pure speculation. Indeed it may be objected that our flight of the electric principle is altogether a flight of fancy—that there is in fact no flow of electricity at all, but that its progress through bodies, according to the generally received theory, is owing to opposite poles of contiguous particles acting upon each other. The hypothesis, however, first received in science gives birth to its language, which usually continues the same, although it may have ceased to be an adequate expression of the current doctrine of philosophers.

The traveller, as he flies along in the train, and looks out upon the wires which seem stretched against the sky like the ledger lines of music, little dreams of these invisible conductors that are returning the current through the ground. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, indeed, the wires and their sustaining posts represent to the spectator the entire telegraph. The following conversation between two navigators, overheard the other day by a friend, gives the most popular view of the way the telegraph works. ‘I say, Jem, how do ‘em *jaw* along them wires?’ ‘Why, Bill, they pulls at one end, and rings a bell at t’other.’ Others again fancy that messages are conveyed by means of the vibrations of the metal, for on windy days they sometimes give out sounds

* The use of the metal or earth-plate will be understood from the following statement of Steinheil: ‘Owing to the low conducting power of water or the ground compared with metals, it is necessary that at the two places where the metal conductor is in connexion with the soil, the former should present very large surfaces of contact. Assuming that water conducts two million times worse than copper, a surface of water proportional to this must be brought into contact with the water. If the section of a copper wire is 0.5 of a square line, it will require a copper plate of 61 square feet surface in order to conduct the galvanic current through the ground, as the wire in question would conduct it.’

like an *Æolian* harp: a fact which, according to Sir Francis Head, called forth the remark from a North-Western driver to his stoker, 'I say, Bill, aint they a giving it to 'em at Thrappstone?' The more ignorant class of people actually believe that it conveys parcels and letters, and they sometimes carry them for transmission to the office.

Iron wire coated with zinc, or 'galvanized,' as it is termed, to prevent its rusting, is now universally used as the conductor of the electric fluid when the lines are suspended in the air. The first rain falling upon the zinc converts it into an oxide of that metal, which is insoluble in water, so that henceforth in pure air it cannot be acted upon by that element, and all further oxidation ceases. Mr. Highton says, however, that in the neighbourhood of large manufacturing towns the sulphur from the smoky atmosphere converts the oxide into a sulphate of zinc, which is soluble, and consequently the rain continually washes it off the wire. He asserts that he has had wires in this manner reduced from the eighth of an inch to the diameter of a common sewing-needle. There has been a great controversy as to the best means of insulating the wires from their supporting poles, which would otherwise convey the electricity from the wires to the earth. There is no method known of effecting this completely, but we believe it is now decided that stoneware is the best material for the purpose, both on account of its non-conducting qualities, and the readiness with which it throws off from its surface particles of water. The latter quality is extremely important, for, in very rainy weather, if the insulator should happen to get wet, the electric fluid will sometimes make a bridge of the moisture to quit the wire, run down the post to the earth, and make a short circuit home again to its battery. Indeed, when there are many wires suspended to the same pole on the same plane, a dripping stream of water falling from an upper to a lower one will often suffice to return the current before it has done its work, much to the telegraphist's annoyance. Not long ago, a mishap, having similar consequences, occurred on the line between Lewes and Newhaven, owing to the following very singular circumstance: a crane, in its flight through the rain, came in contact with the wires, and having threaded his long neck completely through them, the current made a short cut along his damp feathers to the wire below, and by this channel home. Moisture, however, much as it may interfere for a time with the working of a line, rarely does any permanent injury. Lightning, on the contrary, if not guarded against, is capable of producing great mischief. It has been known to strike and run for miles along a wire, and, in its course, to enter station after station, and melt

melt the delicate coils and the finer portions of the instruments into solid masses. In most cases it reverses the polarity of the needles, or renders permanent the magnetism of the electro-magnets. All these dangerous and annoying contingencies are easily avoided by the application of a simple conducting apparatus to lead away the unwelcome visitor. The method adopted by Mr. Highton is to line a small deal box, say ten or twelve inches long, with a tin plate, and to put this plate in connexion with the earth. The wire, bound up in bibulous paper—which is a sufficient insulator for the low-tensioned fluid of the battery—is carried, before it enters the instrument, through the centre of the box, and is surrounded with iron filings. The high-tensioned electricity of the lightning instantly darts from the wire, through the pores of the paper, to the million points of the finely divided iron, and so escapes to the earth. There are, of course, many kinds of lightning conductors used on different lines, but this one is simple in its construction, and, we are given to understand, answers its purpose exceedingly well.

Notwithstanding that the Electric Telegraph Company has been established for eight years, it is only just now that the public have begun to understand the use of the 'wire.' The very high charges at first demanded for the transmission of a message, doubtless, made it a luxury rather than a necessary of life; and every reduction of the tariff clearly brought it within the range of a very much larger class of the community, as will be seen by the following table issued by the Company, which shows the advance of the system under its management.

In the half years ending	Miles of Telegraph operation.	Miles of Wire	Number of Messages.	Receipts.			Dividends paid.
				£.	s.	d.	
June 1850	1684	6,730	29,245	20,436	10	0	4 per Cent. per Ann.
December 1850	1786	7,200	37,389	23,087	13	9	4 per Cent. per Ann.
June 1851	1965	7,900	47,269	25,529	12	4	5 per Cent. per Ann.
December 1851	2122	10,650	53,957	21,336	8	10	6 per Cent. per Ann.
Note.—In this half-year the paid-up Capital of the Company was increased, and the tariff diminished about 50 per cent. from the original rate of charge.							
June 1852	2502	12,500	87,150	27,437	4	8	6 per Cent. per Ann.
December 1852	3709	19,660	127,987	40,087	18	2	6½ per Cent. per Ann.
June 1853	4008	20,800	138,060	47,265	16	3	6½ per Cent. per Ann.
December 1853	4409	24,340	212,440	56,919	0	1	7 per Cent. per Ann.

It will be seen from the above what an impulse was given to the business by the reduction in the tariff which took place in December, 1851; for if we compare the messages of the half-

year ending June, 1850, with those of the half-year of June 1852, we shall find that whilst the miles of telegraph in work had not increased one-half, the messages transmitted had nearly trebled. It is only within this last year or two, however—as will be seen by the table—that a very large augmentation of business has taken place, which is doubtless owing to the public being better acquainted with its capabilities. The tariff has since been further reduced, with the result of a still further increase of the messages sent and of the money received—the profits allowing at the present moment of a seven per cent. dividend! The lowest point of cheapness, in our opinion, is yet very far from being reached; and it would only be a wise act on the part of the Company to at once adopt an uniform charge for messages, say of twenty words, for one shilling. If this were done, the only limit to its business would be the number of wires they could conveniently hang, for the present set would clearly be insufficient. Means should also be taken to obviate one great objection, at present felt with respect to sending private communications by telegraph—the violation of all secrecy—for in any case half-a-dozen people must be cognizant of every word addressed by one person to another. The clerks of the English Electric Telegraph Company are sworn to secrecy, but we often write things that it would be intolerable to *see* strangers read before our eyes. This is a grievous fault in the telegraph, and it *must* be remedied by some means or other. Our own opinion is that the public would much prefer the dial telegraph, by the use of which two persons could converse with each other, without the intervention of a third party at all—or the printing step by step instrument would be equally good. At all events, some simple yet secure cipher, easily acquired and easily read, should be introduced, by which means messages might to all intents and purposes be ‘sealed’ to any person except the recipient. We have reason to believe that Professor Wheatstone has invented a cipher of this description, which has not yet been made public. ‘One-eighth of the despatches between New Orleans and New York,’ says Mr Jones in his *Historical Sketch of the Electric Telegraph*, ‘are in cipher. For instance, merchants in either city agree upon a cipher, and if the New Orleans correspondent wishes to inform his New York friend of the prices and prospects of the cotton market, instead of saying “Cotton eight quarter—don’t sell,” he may use the following:—“Shepherd—rum—kiss—flash—dog.”’

The Company has lately made an arrangement, by which the very absurd and inconvenient necessity of being obliged to attend personally at the telegraph station with a message

has

has been obviated. 'Franked message papers,' pre-paid, are now issued, procurable at any stationer's. These, with the message filled in, can be dispatched to the office when and how the sender likes, and the Company intend very quickly to sell electric stamps, like Queen's heads, which may be stuck on to any piece of paper, and frank its contents without further trouble. Another very important arrangement for mercantile men is the sending of 'remittance messages,' by means of which money can be paid in at the central office in London, and, within a few minutes, paid out at Liverpool or Manchester, or by the same means sent up to town with the like dispatch from Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hull, York, Plymouth, and Exeter. There is a money-order office in the Lothbury establishment to manage this department, which will, no doubt, in all emergencies speedily supersede the Government money-order office which works through the slower medium of the Post-office.

We have spoken hitherto only of the Old Electric Telegraph Company. There are several other Companies in the United Kingdom working different patents. We have chosen, however, to describe the proceedings of the original Company, because it is the only one that has an amount of business sufficient to give it universal interest; it is the only Company, in fact, that has seized the map of England in its nervous grasp, and shot its wires through every broad English shire. The European and the British Telegraph Companies have laid their lines, insulated with gutta percha and protected by iron tubes, beneath the public roads. The European Company works between Manchester, Birmingham, London, and Dover, and, by means of the two submarine cables of Dover and Calais and Dover and Ostend, puts the great manufacturing and commercial emporiums in connexion with France, Belgium, and the rest of Europe by a double route. The British Telegraph Company works, as our telegraphic map of England shows, principally in the northern counties.* Of the other lines, we need only mention at present the United Kingdom, which has not yet commenced operations;† and the

* Whilst this paper is going through the press we are given to understand that a 'fusion' has taken place between the British and the European Companies—the British has also thrown a cable across to Ireland, not far distant from that belonging to the English and Irish Magnetic Company—consequently, a new electric service is constituted, having its central office at Cornhill, which puts the three kingdoms in communication with each other. This consolidated company has reduced its tariff 50 per cent., and is now the cheapest working line in the kingdom.

† This company intends to adopt the excellent plan of charging an uniform rate of 1s. for its short messages, whatever the distance. The telegraphs to be employed are based on the plans and patents of Mr. Thomas Allan, of Edinburgh—a gentleman to whom we are indebted for improvements in almost every department of the electric telegraph.

English and Irish Magnetic Company, which works wires between London, Belfast, and Galway, by means of a subterranean line as far as the west coast of Scotland and of a submarine cable stretched between Portpatrick and Donaghadee.

It will, perhaps, be a source of wonder to our readers that one Company should virtually possess the monopoly of telegraphic communication in this country, but this will cease when they consider that this Company was the first to enter the field, that it came forward with a large capital, speedily secured to themselves the different lines of railway—the only paths it was then considered that telegraphs could traverse with security—and that it bought up, one after another, most of the patents that stood any chance of competing with its own. The time is fast approaching, however, when most of these advantages will fail them, and when the Company, powerful as it is, must be prepared to encounter a severe and active competition, and that for the following reasons:—

1. The plan of bringing the wires under the public roads turns, as it were, the flank of the railroad lines.
2. The patents of the old Company are year by year expiring.
3. The very large capital expended by it—upwards of 170,000*l.* being sunk in patent rights alone—independently of the vast expense attaching to the first introduction of the invention, forms a dead weight which no new Company would have to bear.

In the ordinary course of events, then, the other lines at present in existence will gain strength; new Companies will spring up, and the supply of a great public want will be thrown into the arena of competition. Would it not be wise for the legislature to consider the question of telegraphy in England before it is too late? We all know what the principle of reckless competition led us into in our railway system. For years opposing Companies scrambled for the monopoly of certain districts, and the result was the intersection of the country with bad lines, and, in many cases, with useless double routes. Millions were spent in litigation; railway travelling became, as a natural consequence, dear; the property of the original shareholder rapidly deteriorated; and it has all ended in half a dozen powerful companies swallowing up the smaller ones; and that competition, in whose name so much was demanded, has turned out to be only 'a delusion and a snare.' The conveyance of intelligence cannot safely and conveniently be left in the hands of even one company without a strict Government supervision, much less can half a dozen systems be allowed to distract the land at their own will. Indeed, the question might with propriety

propriety be asked, Is not telegraphic communication as much a function of Government as the conveyance of letters? If the do-nothing principle is to be allowed to take its course, we shall have to go through a similar state of things to that which occurred only a few years since in the United States, when different competing lines refused to forward each other's messages, and the whole system of telegraphic communication was accordingly dislocated. Indeed, even with the most perfect accord between different companies, the dissimilarity of instruments used by them would prove a great practical evil,—as great a one, if not greater, than the break of gauge in the railway system. Messages could not be passed from one line to another, and delays as vexatious as those which occur on the Continental lines would take away much of the value of the invention. It seems to us, then, that even if Parliament should refuse to interfere with the principle of competition in the case of the telegraphic communication, it should, at least, provide for the use of the same kind of instruments, and make it a finable offence for one line to refuse to forward the messages of another.

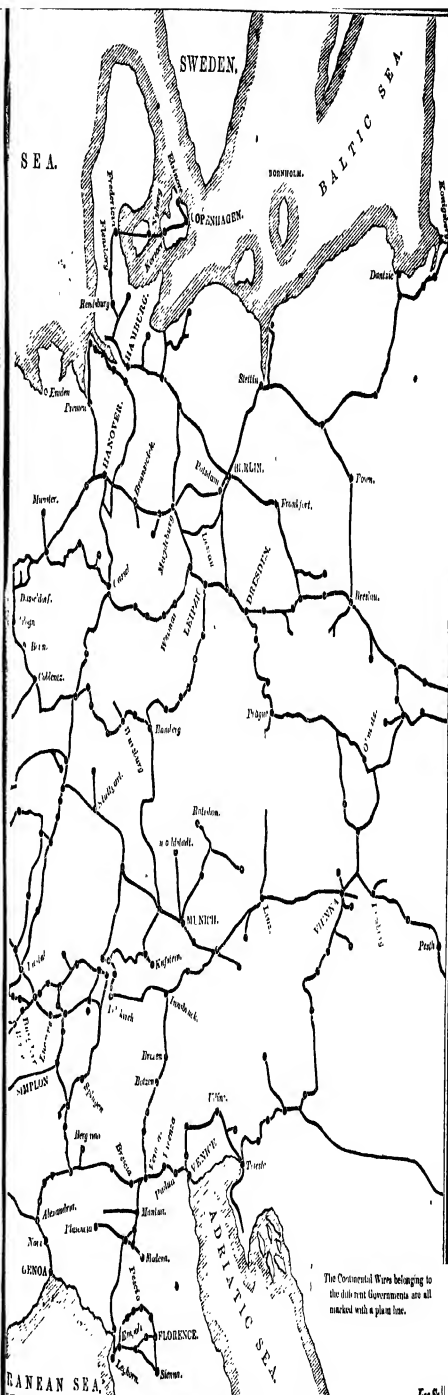
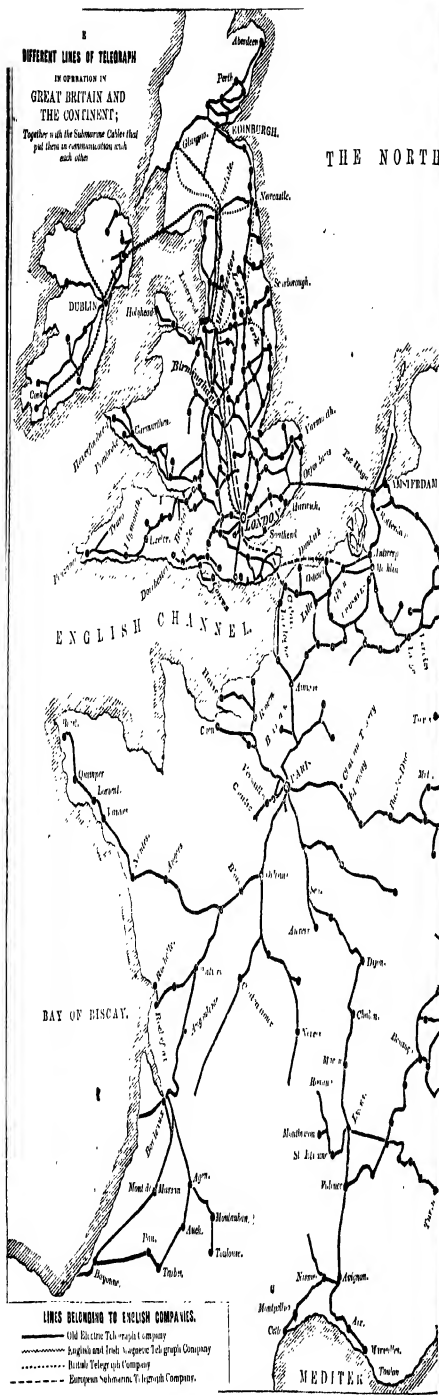
Having done so much towards completing our telegraphic organization at home, our engineers adventurously determined to carry the wires across to the Continent, and thus destroy the last remnant of that isolation to which we were forced to submit on account of our insular position. As long back as the year 1840, we find by the Minutes of Evidence in the Fifth Report upon Railways, wherein the subject of electric telegraphy was partially examined, that whilst Mr. Wheatstone was under examination, Sir John Guest asked 'Have you tried to pass the line through water?' to which he replied, 'There would be no difficulty in doing so, but the experiment has not yet been tried.' Again, on the chairman, Lord Seymour, asking, 'Could you communicate from Dover to Calais in that way?' he replied, 'I think it perfectly practicable.' A couple of years later the Professor indeed engaged, and had everything in readiness, to lay a line for the Government across Portsmouth Harbour; it was not executed, however, through circumstances over which he had no control, but which were quite irrespective of the perfect feasibility of the undertaking.

We question, however, whether it would have been possible to have accomplished the feat of crossing the Channel with the electric fire before this date, as the difficulty of insulating the wires, so as to prevent the water from carrying off the electricity, would, we imagine, have been insuperable, but for the happy discovery of gutta percha, which supplied the very tough, flexible, non-conducting material the electrician sought for. Thus it
might

DIFFERENT LINES OF TELEGRAPH

IN CONNECTION WITH
GREAT BRITAIN AND
THE CONTINENT;
Together with the Submarine Cables that
pass from one continent to another
each side

THE NORTH SEA

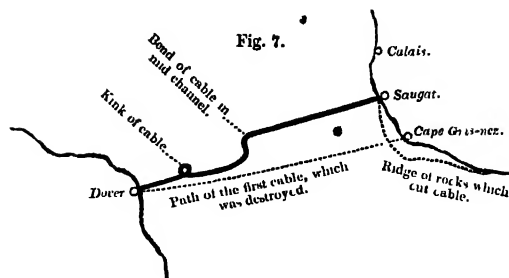


The Continental Wires belonging to
the different Governments are all
marked with a plain line.

might be said that the instantaneous interchange of thought between distant nations awaited the discovery of a vegetable production in the dense forests of the Eastern Archipelago. The first application of this singular substance to the insulation of electric conducting wires was made in 1847, by Lieutenant Siemens, of the Prussian artillery, for a line to cross the Rhine at Cologne.

The first submarine wire laid down was that between Dover and Cape Gris-nez, in the vicinity of Calais, belonging to the Submarine Telegraph Company. This wire, thirty miles in length, was covered with gutta percha to the diameter of half an inch, and sunk (August, 1850), as it was paid out, by the addition of clumps of lead at every sixteenth of a mile. The whole was completed and a message sent between the two countries on the same day. In the course of a month, however, the cable broke, owing to its having fretted upon a sharp ridge of rocks about a mile from Cape Gris-nez. It was now determined to make a stronger and better-constructed cable, capable of resisting all friction in this part of the Channel. The form of cable adopted for this and all other submarine telegraphs now in existence seems to have been originally suggested by Messrs. Newall and Co. of Gateshead, the well-known wire-rope manufacturers. Instead of one, four wires, insulated by the Gutta Percha Company, were twisted together into a strand, and next 'served' or enveloped in spun-yarn. This core was then covered with ten iron galvanised wires 5-16ths of an inch in diameter, welded into lengths of twenty-four miles, and forming a flexible kind of mail. The cable was manufactured in the short space of twenty-one days. It weighed 180 tons, and formed a coil in the hold of the old hulk that carried it of thirty feet in diameter outside and fifteen feet inside, standing five feet high. All went well with the undertaking until about one-half had been 'paid out,' when a gale arising, unfortunately the tug-boat that towed the hulk containing the rope broke away, and vessel, wire, and all, drifted, with a racing tide, full a mile up the Channel before it could be overtaken. The consequence was that the cable was violently dragged out of its course in the middle of the straits. What was worse, a sharp 'kink,' or bend, also occurred near the Dover shore, which doubled the cable on itself, but luckily produced no serious damage. The 'lie' of the submarine cable between Dover and the vicinity of Calais at this present moment, is expressed in the diagram on the opposite page:—

When the cable at length came near the French coast, it was found to be in consequence of this unintentional détour at least half a mile too short. This was remedied, however, by splicing
on



on a fresh piece ; and, on securing it at Saugat, the new place of landing fixed upon on account of its sandy shore, it was found that the communication was good, and good it has remained ever since—a proof of the admirable manner in which the wires were insulated and the cable constructed. The placing of this successful cable was superintended by Mr. Wollaston, the Company's engineer, and by Mr. Crampton, the contractor. Mr. Wollaston, who is a nephew of the illustrious philosopher of the same name, and who also presided over the earlier attempt, will accordingly, in the annals of electricity, carry off the honours of having first laid down the ocean telegraph.

The same Company, not long afterwards, laid another cable across to Ostend. This established a connexion with Europe through Belgium, and was planned to prevent this line of communication falling into the hands of another company ; and was not, as was suspected at the time, a matter of political foresight on the part of the directors to enable them to carry on their intercourse with the Continent in spite of France, supposing war should break out between the two countries. Who would have believed five years ago in Belgium that the day would come when it would be quicker to convey intelligence to France by way of England than directly across the frontiers ? Yet such is at the present moment actually the case ; for it is a thing of very frequent occurrence for despatches from Ostend to cross the Channel to Dover by one cable, and to be immediately switched across to Calais by the other—thus paying us a momentary triangular visit underneath the rapid Straits.

The notion, however, of preventing competition proved to be vain. A third cable was laid on the 30th May, 1853, between the English coast at Orfordness, near Ipswich, and the port of Schevening in Holland, and thence to the Hague. This cable is the longest at present in existence, extending 120 miles under the turbulent North Sea. It was, however, paid out during a violent gale of wind without the slightest accident, and
affords

affords the most direct means of communication with the north of Europe, and entirely commands the commercial traffic of the cities of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. The Hague cable (or cables, for there are now three, consisting of a single wire conductor each, running side by side) is the property of the International Company, a branch of the Old Electric Telegraph, and its wires go direct to the Lothbury office.

Whilst England has moored her south-eastern shores to the Continent by three cables, and put herself *en rapport* with all its principal cities, her north-western extremity has been secured, after many failures, to the sister kingdom—the Electro-Magnetic Company having laid a submarine wire from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, in the neighbourhood of Belfast, and the British Electric Telegraph Company another between Portpatrick and Whitehead in Belfast Lough. England, as befits her, led the way in these adventures upon the sea with the electric fire, and the Danes, Dutch, Russians, and others, are now following in her track.

The map we give of the continental lines shows at a glance how the telegraph has spread over Europe. France, of all the great continental states, with the exception of Spain and Russia, is the worst supplied. This is owing, in a great measure, to the jealousy entertained by the Government to its first introduction, and the opposition made to the new system by the officials employed in the old aerial telegraph. Will it be believed that in 1841, long after the electric telegraph was working in England, scientific men were seriously discussing in the French Chamber the propriety of establishing a night telegraph on the visual principle, and that when at length it was determined to call in the aid of electricity, instruments were ordered to be so constructed that signals could be given after the fashion of the old semaphore, in order that the officials might be spared the trouble of leaving their ancient ruts? The needles were accordingly displaced for a mimic post, to which moveable arms were attached and signs were transmitted by elevating or depressing them by electricity, instead of by hand. Of course this absurd system was after a while abolished, and the instrument now made use of is a modification of the dial telegraph constructed by Breguet. The first telegraph planted in France was constructed by Mr. Wheatstone, from Paris to Versailles, in 1842. The principal line is that running from Calais via Paris to Marseilles, which puts the English Channel and the Mediterranean in communication, and transmits for us the more urgent items of the India and China mail.

Belgium and Switzerland are perhaps the best supplied of all the

the continental kingdoms with telegraphic communication. The Belgian lines were excellently planned and cheaply constructed, consequently their tariff is comparatively low, the average charge for a message being 3 francs 48 centimes, or about 2s. 10½*d.* Of the nature of the messages sent we can form a very good idea by the following classification of a hundred dispatches:—

Government	2
Stock-jobbing	50
Commercial	31
Newspaper	4
Family affairs	13
	<hr/>
	100

A comparison of the average division of messages in every state would afford a very fair index of the nature of the occupations of their peoples. We have attempted to obtain materials for this purpose in vain, foreign governments, as well as English companies, being very jealous of giving any information relative to their messages. The history of the telegraph in Switzerland is an evidence of what patriotic feeling is capable of accomplishing. Although by far the best and most extensive for a mountainous country in the world, it was constructed by the spontaneous efforts of the people. The peasantry gave their free labour towards erecting the wires and poles, the landlords found the timber and gave the right of way over their lands, and the communes provided station room in the towns. Thus the telegraph was completed, so to speak, for nothing. The peculiarity of the Swiss telegraph is that, like the great wall of China, it proceeds totally regardless of the nature of the ground. It climbs the pass of the Simplon in proceeding from Geneva to Milan—it goes over St. Gothard in its way from Lucerne to Como—it mounts the Splugen, and again it goes from Feldkirch to Innspruck by the Arlberg pass—thus ascending the great chain of the Alps as though it were only a gentle hill-side. The wires course along the lakes of Lucerne, Zug, Zurich, and Constance; sometimes they are nailed to precipices, sometimes they make short cuts over unfrequented spurs of the mountains—going every way, in short, that it is found most convenient to hang them. The completion of the telegraphic system of this little republic, which stands in the same relation to Southern as Belgium does to Northern Europe, was of great consequence, as it forms the key-stone between France, Prussia, Austria, Piedmont, and Italy.

In Prussia the lines are insulated in gutta percha and buried
in

in the ground in leaden tubes, a very costly process, but with many great advantages in freedom from injury and atmospheric influences over the more usual method of suspending them in the air on poles. Upwards of 4000 miles of wire have already been laid down in this kingdom. Although Austria only commenced operations in 1847, she already possesses 3000 miles of telegraph, which puts the greater part of her extensive empire in communication with Vienna; her Hungarian system already extends to Belgrade, the nearest point to the seat of war. The distance between this frontier post and Schumla, to which place the engineers of the allies are already carrying the telegraph from Constantinople, is very small, and when the termination of hostilities enables Turkey to fill up the gap, the frontiers of Asia will be reached.

Whatever injury the Eastern war might inflict upon the world, it will, at least, infuse fresh vigour into the telegraphic system, as independently of the lines planned to put Constantinople in communication with the Danubian frontier, Russia has been stimulated to order the immediate construction of a line between St. Petersburg and Helsingfors, in the Baltic, and a continuation of the line already extending from the capital to Moscow, down to Bucharest, Odessa, and Sebastopol. One feature distinguishes the management of continental telegraphs over those of England and America; they are all, with the exception of the short line between Hamburg and Cuxhaven, possessed and worked by the different governments, who seem afraid of the use they might be put to for political purposes, and accordingly exercise a strict surveillance over all messages sent, and rigidly interdict the use of a cipher. What other States have done will be seen from the European map of telegraphs accompanying these pages, which is corrected up to the latest moment.* The Anglo-Saxon race, however, has far surpassed any other in the energy with which it has woven the globe with telegraphic wires. The Americans in the West and the British in the East alike emulate each other in the magnitude of their undertakings of this nature. The United States, although she came into the field long after England—her first line from Washington to Baltimore not having been completed until 1844—has far outstripped the mother country in the length of her lines, which already extend over 16,729 miles. Every portion of the Union, with the exception of California and

* It may be as well to state that nearly all the continental telegraphs have formed themselves into a confederacy, called the Austro-Germanic Union, which includes the lines of Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Hanover, Würtemberg, the Netherlands, Denmark, and the Grand Duchy of Baden. The union regulates the tariff and all questions relative to the working of the allied lines.

the upper portion of the Mississippi, is covered with a net-work of wire.

New York and New Orleans communicate with each other by a double route—one skirting the sea-coast, the other taking an inland direction by Cincinnati. These lines alone, following the sinuosities of their routes, are upwards of 2000 miles in length.

Other lines extend as far as Quebec, in Upper Canada, so that messages may be forwarded in the course of a couple of hours from the freezing north to the burning south. The great chain of lakes which form the northern boundary of the Union is put in communication with the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, and the great valley traversed by the latter will, ere long, interchange messages with the Pacific coast,—Congress having under its consideration a plan to establish a telegraph across the continent to San Francisco as the precursor of the proposed railroad.

This we suspect is the project of Mr. O'Reilly, the engineer, who has already executed the boldest lines in America. In constructing such a line, man, not nature, is the great obstacle to be encountered. The implacable Indians inhabiting this portion of the States certainly would not pay any respect to the telegraphic wire; on the contrary, they would in all likelihood take it to bind on the heads of their scalping tomahawks. To provide against this contingency, it is proposed to station parties of twenty dragoons at stockades twenty miles apart, along the whole unprotected portion of the route; two or three of these soldiers are also to ride from post to post and carry a daily express letter across the continent.

When this project is executed, it is asserted that 'European news may be published in six days on the American shores of the Pacific, on the shortened route between the old and new world.' The 'shortened route,' it should be mentioned, lies between Cape Race, in Newfoundland, and Galway, in Ireland, a passage calculated to take, on the average, only five days.

It may be asked how is it that such lengths of wire, carried through thinly settled parts of the country, and sometimes through howling wildernesses, can pay? The only manner that we can account for it is the cheapness with which the telegraph is built in America, the average price being 150 dollars, or about 31*l.* a mile—less than a fourth part of the cost at which the early lines of the English Electric Telegraph Company were erected. Again, the low prices charged for the transmission of messages produce an amount of business which the lines running through thickly inhabited England cannot boast. For instance, let us take the following advertised 'specimen message' of the latter Company,
and

and compare the price charged for it here with what it could be sent for in America:—

' From James Smith, London,	To S. R. Brown, Exchange, Liverpool.
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' I will meet you at Birmingham to-morrow, three P.M. Don't fail me.'

Now the London charge for the above, if forwarded to Liverpool, would be five and sixpence; but the American tariff for the same, on the Louisville and Pittsburgh rail, would be only one cent a word, or sixpence halfpenny English. On very long distances our friends on the other side of the steam ferry have a still greater advantage over us: for instance, a message of ten words can be sent on O'Reilly's line, from New York to New Orleans, a distance of 2000 miles, for sixty cents, or two and sixpence—not half the sum it would cost to send the same message from London to Bristol, just 112 miles. We give as a curiosity the scale of prices on this line: *—

	Per word.
200 miles or under	1 cent.
500 „ or over 300 miles	2 cents.
700 „ „ 500 „	3 „
1000 „ „ 700 „	4 „
1500 „ „ 1000 „	5 „
2000 1500	6 ..

These charges, it is true, are unusually low; but if they will pay one Company, why should they not another? There are as many as twenty Telegraph Companies in America, and consequently there is great competition, three or four competing lines in many cases running between the same towns. Great confusion has arisen from this competition, as we have before stated; but it cannot be doubted that prices have materially fallen in consequence. It is common to send a message 1000 miles in the United States without its being read and repeated at intermediate stations; and brother Jonathan boasts that he can communicate in fine weather instantaneously between New York and New Orleans. This, if done at all, must be at the expense of enormous battery power, as 2000 miles of No. 8 wire would expose a conducting surface of no less than 450,000 square feet to the air. The wires in America are all suspended upon poles, and those passing through the southern pine forests are in consequence particularly liable to injury from the falling of trees, and watchers are posted

* See Tariff of the Rates charged for general Dispatches on the Pittsburgh and Louisville Telegraph, Jones's Electric Telegraph, New York, page 105.

at every twenty miles' distance to patrol the line. The telegraph is rarely seen in America running beside the railway, for what reason we do not know; the consequence however is, that locomotion in the United States is vastly more dangerous than with us. A comparison of the casualties occurring on railroads in the two countries, in the year 1852, will show this at a glance; for in the State of New York alone, during that year, 228 persons were killed out of 7,440,653 travellers, whilst during the same period only 216 people perished in Great Britain out of a total number of 89,135,729 passengers: thus the average in America was 1 killed in 286,179, and in Great Britain 1 in 2,785,491! Of course property suffers in an equal degree with life on the American lines. The people of Boston, on the recommendation of Dr. Channing, have constructed a municipal telegraph, the many uses of which will be obvious. Mr. Alexander Jones, in his historical sketch of the electric telegraph in America, gives the following account of the application of the electric wire in cases of fire:—

‘A central office or station is fixed upon, at which the main battery, with other instruments, is placed. From this two circuit-wires proceed, like those of the common telegraph wires, fastened to house-tops or ingeniously insulated supports. One of the wires communicates from the main fire bell-tower to all the others, and connects each with machinery, which puts in motion the largest size hammer, and causes it to strike a large fire-bell the desired number of blows; the other wire proceeds on a still more circuitous route, and from one local street or ward signal-station to another. Each station is provided with a strong box and hinged door and lock. Inside of this box there is a connecting electro-magnet and connecting lever, an axle with a number of pins in it to correspond to the number of the station. The axle is turned by a short crank, and in its revolutions the pins break and close the circuit, by moving the end of the lever as often as there are pins or cogs, the result of which is communicated to the central station. If the alarm indicates a fire in the local district No. 3, the alarm can be instantly rung on all the bells in the city. If it is a subject requiring the speedy and efficient attention of the police, information by alarms can be given at each police-station, or the despatches can be recorded by instruments at each place. The local street alarm-boxes are placed in the charge of a person whose duty it is to give the alarm from the local to the central station, when called upon, or circumstances require him to do so.’

Canada has also sketched out a plan of telegraphs, which every year will see filled up. Already she has lines connecting all her principal towns, and extending over nearly one thousand miles of country, all of which lock in with the American system.

In India, Dr. O'Shaughnessy has for some time been engaged in carrying out a telegraphic system proposed by Lord Dal-

housic, and approved by the East India Company, which will ultimately put all the important towns of the peninsula in communication with the seat of government and with each other. A considerable portion of this line, extending from Calcutta to Delhi on the one hand, and from Bombay to Delhi on the other, is already at work; and Dr. O'Shaughnessy has pledged himself to carry the wires across the country to Bombay and Hyderabad in eighteen months' time. The fine No. 8 galvanized iron wire, which in Europe runs along from pole to pole, like a delicate harp-string, is discarded in this country for rods of iron three-eighths of an inch in thickness. The nature of the climate, and the character of its animal life, has caused this departure from the far more economical European plan. Clouds of kites and troops of monkeys would speedily take such liberties with the fine wires as to place them *hors-de-combat*. Again, the deluges of rain which occur in the wet season would render the insulation of a small wire so imperfect that a message could not be sent through it to any distance. The larger mass of metal, on the contrary, is capable of affording passage for the electric fluid through any amount of rain, without danger of 'leakage;' and as for the kites and other large birds of the country, they may perch on these rods by thousands without stopping the messages, which will fly harmlessly through their claws; and the weight of the heaviest monkey is not sufficient to injure them. These rods are planted, without any insulation, upon the tops of bamboo poles (coated with tar and pitch), at such a height that loaded elephants can pass beneath without displacing them; and even if by chance they should be thrown down, bullock-carts or buffaloes and elephants may trample them under foot without doing them injury. In some places the rods, if we are rightly informed, run through rice-swamps, buried in the ground, and even here the only insulating material used is a kind of cement made of rosin and sand. The telegraph, like a swift messenger, goes forward and prepares the way for the railroad, which is planned to follow in its footsteps. When these two systems are completed, the real consolidation of England's power in the East will have commenced, and the countless resources of the Indian peninsula will be called forth for the benefit of the conquered as well as of the conquering race.

The restless spirit of English engineers, having provided for the internal telegraphic communication of Great Britain and her principal dependencies, seems bent upon stretching out her lines to the East and to the West, so as ultimately to clasp the entire globe. The project of connecting, telegraphically, England
with

with America is at the present moment seriously engaging the attention of scientific and commercial men. The more daring engineers are sanguine of the practicability of laying a submarine cable directly across the Atlantic, from Galway to Cape Race in Newfoundland. Now that we have Lient. Maury's authentic determination of the existence of a shelf across the North Atlantic, the soundings on which are nowhere more than 1500 fathoms, the feasibility of the project is tolerably certain. The principal question is whether if a line were laid an electric current can be passed through 3000 miles of cable. No doubt, by the expenditure of enormous battery power, this might be accomplished through wires suspended in the air, but it is a question whether it can be done along a vast length of gutta-percha coated wire, passing through salt-water. There is such a thing as *too great an insulation*. Professor Faraday has shown that in such circumstances the wire becomes a Leyden jar, and may be so charged with electricity that a current cannot, without the greatest difficulty, move through it. This is the objection to a direct cable between the two Continents: if, however, it can be overcome, doubtless the ocean path would in all possible cases be adopted where communications had to be made between civilized countries having intermediate barbarous, or ungenial lands. To escape this at present dubious ocean path it is proposed to carry the cable from the northernmost point of the Highlands of Scotland to Iceland, by way of the Orkney, Shetland, and Ferroe islands—to lay it from Iceland across to the nearest point in Greenland, thence down the coast to Cape Farewell, where the cable would again take to the water, span Davis's Straits, and make right away across Labrador and Upper Canada to Quebec. Here it would lock in with the North American meshwork of wires, which hold themselves out like an open hand for the European grasp. This plan seems quite feasible, for in no part of the journey would the cable require to be more than 900 miles long; and as it seems pretty certain that a sandbank extends, with good soundings, all the way to Cape Farewell, there would be little difficulty in mooring the cable to a level and soft bottom. The only obstacle that we see is the strong partiality of the Esquimaux for old iron, and it would perhaps be tempting them too much to hang their coats with this material, just ready to their hands. The want of settlements along this inhospitable arctic coast to protect the wire is, we confess, a great drawback to the scheme; but, we fancy, posts might be organized at comparatively a small cost, considering the magnitude and importance of the undertaking. The mere expense of making and laying the cable would not be much more

than double that of building the new Westminster bridge across the Thames.

Whilst England would thus grasp the West with one hand, her active children have plotted the seizure of the East with the other. It is determined to pass a cable from Genoa to Corsica,* and from thence to Sardinia. From the southernmost point of the latter island, Cape Spartivento, to the Gulf of Tunis, another cable can easily be carried. The direction thence (after giving off a coast branch to Algeria) will be along the African shore, by Tripoli to Alexandria, and eventually across Arabia, along the coasts of Persia and Beloochistan until it enters Scinde, and finally joins the wire at Hydrabad, which in all probability by that time will have advanced from Burmah, across the Indian peninsula, to welcome it. America will shortly carry her line of telegraph to the Pacific shore, and run it up the coast as far as San Francisco. Can there be any reasonable doubt that, before the end of the century, the one line advancing towards the West and the other towards the East—through China and Siberia—will gradually approach each other so closely that a short cable stretched across Behring Straits will bring the four quarters of the globe within speaking distance of each other, and enable the electric fire to ‘put a girdle round the world in forty minutes?’

* The cable to connect the mainland with Corsica, 110 miles in length, is already completed, and, in all probability, by this time has reached its destination. It was manufactured by W. Kuper and Co., of East Greenwich. We witnessed the spinning of this cable, and were struck with astonishment at the ease with which half-a-dozen different processes were being carried on upon the same rope at the same time; the laying round each other of the six wires insulated with gutta percha, the envelopment of these in tarred spun-yarn, and the coating of the whole with twelve iron wires of No. 1 gauge, went on in different parts of the factory simultaneously. At one entrance, in fact, all the materials in a disconnected state were continually entering, and at another the finished rope was continually emerging at the rate of two miles and a half in the twenty-four hours. The rope, when finished, measured seventy-five feet in diameter, and twenty-four feet from the convex to concave of one side of the coil. The six wires which it enclosed were connected together, when all was completed, and extra insulated wire added until the length of 1000 miles was made up. Along this enormous distance the current was passed freely enough at first, yet it was evident that some moments of time were necessary to discharge the accumulated electricity in it, which in some degree bore out the idea we before expressed,—that a too well insulated rope of a very great length becomes, for the moment, a Leyden jar. It may be as well to state that the rope belongs to the Mediterranean Electric Telegraph Company, and that the shareholders are principally English.

- ART. VI.—1. *Life in Fejee, or Five Years among the Cannibals.* By a Lady. 1851.
2. *Journals of the Bishop of New Zealand's Visitation Tours.* Printed for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.
3. *A Letter to His Grace the Duke of Newcastle on behalf of the Melanesian Mission of the Bishop of New Zealand.* By Lewis M. Hogg, Rector of Cranford, Northamptonshire. London. 1853.
4. *Remarkable Incidents in the Life of the Rev. Samuel Leigh, Missionary to the Settlers and Savages of Australia and New Zealand.* By the Rev. Alexander Strachan. London. 1853.
5. *Our Antipodes: or, Residence and Rambles in the Australasian Colonies.* By Lieut. Col. Godfrey Charles Mundy. 3 vols. London. 1852.
6. *Auckland, the Capital of New Zealand, and the Country adjacent; including some Account of the Gold Discovery in New Zealand.* London. 1853.

WE endeavoured in a late number to trace the recent history of the spread of Christianity in the multitudinous islands of the Eastern Pacific, inhabited by the Polynesian race. We observed on that occasion on the remarkable similarity of the type of features, stature, and language among tribes so widely dispersed over the surface of that great ocean, belonging to this common stock. It is necessary that we should recur for a moment to the subject, in order to render more intelligible the distinction taken by modern geographers between Polynesia and Melanesia.*

It was long ago suggested that the root of the common Polynesian speech is to be found in the 'Kawi,' a branch of the Malay language; the researches of William Humboldt are said to have established the fact; and learned men have already affixed to those who speak it the name of 'Malayo-Polynesians.' We are in no degree qualified to dispute these conclusions. But

* The three volumes of the French popular publication 'L'Univers Pittoresque,' devoted to 'Océanie,' are compiled by M. Domeny de Rienzi, himself a voyager in the South Seas and the East. They contain a great deal of information, and, although published in 1836, remain the best 'Handbook' with which we are acquainted for vast tracts of the populous Pacific. This writer divides that ocean into four regions: Polynesia, comprising the groupes we have already described, and also the extensive archipelagos of the Caroline and Pellew Islands, north of the equator and west of 180°; Melanesia, including (besides the groupes we have placed in it) Australia and New Guinea; Malaisia, or the Malay archipelago; and Micronesia, containing the many clusters of small islands in the Northern temperate Pacific.

the fact of these islands having been actually colonized from the regions now inhabited by the Malay family, or, as some have supposed, by the Dyaks of Borneo, has always seemed to us of the most problematical character. Those who maintain it, including, we are bound to admit, not only theoretical geographers, but very close observers, such as John Williams, have to get over the difficulty of a series of migrations from West to East, that is, against the steady breeze of the unvarying Trades, and by the aid of those irregular westerly gales, the 'mad-winds,' as some of the islanders call them, from their caprice and uncertainty, which prevail at most for only two months of the year. They have to controvert the equally unvarying current of Polynesian tradition, which (as Mr. Ellis points out) speaks of colonization as uniformly proceeding from the East; corroborated by the insulated cases of migration which have taken place since the Pacific was known to Europeans—all, we believe, in the same direction, when accomplished in native vessels. They have to answer the puzzling question, How is it, if the Eastern Polynesians came from Asia, that they inhabit the part of the ocean farthest from Asia—that a vast portion of the insular region, lying directly between the presumed colony and the presumed mother country, is occupied by a totally different race, the Melanesians, or Oceanian Negroes, whom no one, so far as we know, has connected with any Asiatic origin? Again, we know of no similarity, except that of language, which has been established between the Malays and Polynesians. The slender Malay resembles neither in hue, nor face, nor figure, the tall and big-boned islander; nor has any really significant analogy of habits or religion been pointed out. And to what does a mere radical identity of language amount, as a proof of identity of race? Does any one doubt, for instance, that the mass of the French people are of Celtic, not of Roman, descent?—and yet has not the antiquary the greatest difficulty in detecting a single Celtic root in the common language of the country, which (with the exception of more recently-imported words) is wholly and exclusively Roman? The fact is, that some families of mankind have always shown a readiness to abandon their pristine tongue on occasions of conquest or migration, and acquire a new one, as remarkable as the obstinacy with which others adhere to it.

Supposing the colonization of the Eastern Pacific to have proceeded from its American shore—supposing it effected by one wave of that vast migration, of which another wave carried the Aztecs to the tropical plateau of Mexico—it will be not an unreasonable hypothesis, also, that the singular family of mankind

to

to which recent geographers give the name of Melanesians, comprises the remnant of the original native races whom that colonization disturbed. The confused and fragmentary dispersion of these tribes, so far as we are acquainted with them, as well as their general inferiority, seems to countenance such an hypothesis. Even circumscribed within its narrowest limits—lying north of the parallel of New Zealand, west of the 180th meridian, east of Australia, and south of the equator—Melanesia seems to include rather a multitude of distinct nations than a single people. The inhabitants of these islands differ from the Polynesians proper in being much darker of colour—approaching to the real Asiatic negro of New Guinea, or ‘Negrillo’ of the Papuan race, with whom they have been sometimes allied by ethnographers. But, with this exception, they seem to possess no common and distinctive feature. They present, therefore, a remarkable contrast, and very unfavourable one for missionary purposes, to the singularly homogeneous character which, as we have seen, characterises the Eastern Polynesians. Some tribes, as those of Fiji, are remarkable for gigantic stature: others, the reverse. The language of some seems a Polynesian dialect; other groupes have many languages of their own, said to be totally distinct both from the Polynesian and from each other. Some have estimated that in the New Hebrides there is on the average a different language, or dialect, for every 5000 souls. The whole archipelago presents, in short, to the ethnographer a kind of labyrinthine confusion, out of which the patient labours of the missionary and the philologist will no doubt ultimately educe some systematic arrangement.

Within two days’ westerly sail of the Society Islands lies the first Melanesian groupe, that of the *Fiji* or *Feejee* Islands (we adopt the continental orthography, to which English writers, not without a struggle, seem at last to have generally resigned themselves in foreign nomenclature), which, like the former, is a province of the Wesleyan missionaries. Of all the races of the Pacific hitherto known to Europeans the men of Fiji are the most sanguinary and ferocious in their practices; and at the same time nearly the highest in point of natural endowments. And, consequently, the beginning contest between light and darkness here assumes an intensity which marks it in no other quarter. It seems as if the very approach of dawn had added new horrors to the night: never were war and massacre, with their attendant atrocities, so rife among these savages as now. ‘The progress of the battle’ (says Mr. Lawry in one of the works cited in our former article) ‘now going on in Feejee between the old murderer and his conqueror and lord is waxing hot, and hastening

hastening to its close.' The strangest features of the collision between civilised and savage life seems here brought prominently forward: in one little 'lotu' or 'converted' island, the missionary with his gentle and submissive flock; on another, within sight, the smoke rising from the burning village, and the cannibal revelry of its conquerors: on a third, eager traffic driving between a chief and his people and an European or American cruiser. The missionaries here are in their true element.

'They preach the Gospel to all who will hear it, morning, noon, and night. They administer medicine to the sick, and settle disputes for all parties. They are consulted about every important enterprise, and have their hand in everything that is going on. They are lawyers, physicians, privy councillors, builders, agriculturists.'

They are exposed, without arms and without protectors, to the evil passions of the most bloodthirsty of all known races of mankind. And great is their reward—the progress of their mission is eminently encouraging, not only as regards the extent, but the character of their conquests.

This great archipelago, as yet very imperfectly known, contains, it is thought, not less than 300,000 inhabitants. The two principal islands (of which Viti Leuvu is the largest) are represented as equal in size to ordinary English counties. They are intersected by lofty ridges of volcanic mountains. There are dwellers in the interior of Viti Leuvu who have never seen the sea—not, however, so much by reason of actual distance, as from the certainty to which the adventurous tourist would be exposed of being literally, not figuratively, eaten up before he could reach his object. The valleys are singularly fertile and well watered, and abound in the vegetable riches of the Eastern and Western Pacific, which seem to meet at this central point. Mr. Lawry says he has seen and handled 'the tea plant of China, caraway-seed, nutmeg, arrowroot, capsicum, and sarsaparilla.' The ethnography of this noble group is puzzling; and has much exercised the ingenuity of scholars in that science. The colour of the people is many shades darker than that of the more easterly islanders, and, together with other peculiarities, seems to betray a Melanesian origin: but many of their customs, as well as their stalwart proportions and lofty stature ('far above the height of any other nation which I have seen,' says Sir E. Belcher) resemble those of the Polynesians proper; while their language is said to be a polyglot, compounded of many elements. Their industry, energy, and personal activity contrast strongly with the indolent habits of most of their neighbours. Mr. Lawry expatiates on their very superior character as servants,

to

to the Tongans, 'who, though they are more comely in our eyes, are not so sharp, nor so well-disciplined, as the Feejeeans : ' an advantage, however, more than compensated by the inbred ferocity of the latter: witness the horrid story which he elsewhere tells of a young girl 'daughter of the king of Opo,' who was taken as nursemaid into a missionary family, and set forth-with about murdering the infant. 'Her plan was to avail herself of those times when the child was cross, to hug it in her arms so strongly as to crush its frame together!' It died soon after the device was detected from the internal injuries inflicted through these vindictive embraces. 'In Tonga,' says the same writer, 'the children at school sit with all the gravity of judges on the bench: whereas the raw and lively children of Feejee, just wild from the sea-shore and the bush, are like so many merry-andrews.' Their taste for commerce and barter is well known to navigators in those seas. Captain Erskine notes that the position of their women is rather elevated, and 'the intercourse between the sexes, without pretending to any exalted feelings of modesty or principle, is conducted with great delicacy, excepting in cases where the bad example of dissolute white men has spread its contamination.'

And—to complete the catalogue of their better qualities—they seem to have a due appreciation of literary merit. A Feejeean poet, says Mr. Hale, will often get twenty tambuas (whale's teeth) for a song or dance—a rate of payment, proportionally speaking, which an European *maestro* might find it difficult to attain.

This fine people are bowed down by the most crushing and hideous superstitions known to exist in the world. In Captain Wilkes's volumes will be found long dissertations on their voluminous theology. They seem to have more definite notions of a First Cause than are common among the South Sea islanders: and a strong belief in the immortality of the souls of all animated things. Next to the Maker of all—who is acknowledged under various names—they worship the God Ndengei, said to be enshrined, in the form of a serpent, in the district of Nakauvandeia in Viti Leuvu.* This deity 'slews or turns himself over every

* Whence arises the extraordinary universality of the popular belief in the existence of monsters of the serpent class? We have seen it attributed to a dim recollection of the great Saurian reptiles which once inhabited the earth; but the period of these creatures was a comparatively early geological age; and the huge extinct quadrupeds of much later times have left no such general tradition behind them. The symbolical Dragon of China seems to be the very same fabulous animal whose conquest has immortalised St. George and More of More Hall; the same whose 'ancient brood' is still believed by the matter-of-fact Swiss peasant to lurk in the caverns of the High Alps; whose portraiture is preserved, as seen by a burgo-master,

every sleep he takes, which is from three to seven years long,' and thus produces earthquakes. Ravuyalo, 'the destroyer of souls,' endeavours to intercept and annihilate the spirit of the dead on its escape from the body. He is believed to reside at a place called 'Nambang Gatai,' on the road to 'Bulu,' the 'separate state,' or land of souls.

'The town is inhabited by people of this world; and the town occupied by Ravuyalo and his sons, though in this vicinity, is nevertheless out of sight. The people of the natural town are, nevertheless, well acquainted with what is going on in the spiritual town, by means of a paroquet, which gives notice whenever spirits are passing to another world. If only one is coming, he calls once; if two, twice; and so on according to number.'

Such is the romantic myth told by Mr. Lawry; it should, however, be added, for the caution of grave inquirers who seek to enrich their collections with legendary stores, that the people of Fiji are (according to John Jackson, the sailor, whose strange narrative of his two years' residence among them forms an appendix to Captain Erskine's 'Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific') 'the greatest adepts at fabricating a lie, or exaggerating, that ever I heard of.'

Fiji is under the double yoke of a chiefhood and priesthood, whose relations to each other we cannot distinctly trace in any of the volumes before us, but whose combined power has reduced the mass of the people to a state of abject submission, in which the most unheard-of cruelties are both witnessed and suffered

master, issuing, full clawed and tailed, from the flank of Mount Pilatus, in the work of the learned naturalist Scheuchzer. We know the obstinacy with which British tars and Norway fishermen cling to their sea-serpents; and the Indians of the Mississippi swamps, not content with the real terrors of their alligators and gar-fish, people the marshes with the legendary 'cawani.' The reader may consult Sir George Grey's little narrative of one of his journeys in New Zealand (printed in Maori and English) for the legend of the three 'Taniwhas,' evidently draconic monsters, and the feats of the Maori chivalry in subduing them. But a living reptile, equally horrible, was actually seen by Jackson the sailor in the interior of a Fiji island, if we can believe him. 'One day, when I was at a place called Vusaratu, the natives gave me some eels to eat, and asked me if we had any in papalangi' (white man's country). When I said we had, they asked me if there were any king-eels among them? I answered, No; when they straightway conducted me to a fresh-water hole, with a temple erected at one end. In this hole there was an immense sized eel; his body at the thickest part was as big round as a stout man's thigh, and his head was enormously large and frightful; but his whole length I could not tell. They said he was two fathoms long. I inquired the meaning of the temple. They said it was his, and that he was a "kalou" or spirit. I thought I would prove the veneration they held him in, so I pointed my musket at him, and cocked it. They seemed to be extremely agitated, and begged me to desist, and then ran off and fetched some cooked bread-fruit to propitiate him for the insult offered, which he took from their hands. They told me he was of a great age, and that he had eaten several infants, which they had given him at different times; children of prisoners taken in war.'

with

with apathy, as part of the common lot of man. Buried alive in the holes dug for the posts of the chief's home—strangled in masses at his funeral—their living and writhing bodies used as 'rollers,' over which the monstrous war-canoes are dragged up the beach (a barbarity which struck Mr. Ellis with horror in Otaheite, where it was only practised on corpses)—the Fijians take it all as part of the inevitable burden laid on them, '*gravi sub religione*.' A district called Dreketi, according to Jackson,

'is considered the lowest of all, and is actually kept for human sacrifices and for food upon any public occasion. They are not allowed to lift arms in their defence, but are supposed to be not only neutral, but passive and resigned to their fate, from whatever hand it may come. Although there are many canoes on each side their river, they never get ferried over, but always swim; and in fact they never expect it. So habitual is their hard fate, that they look upon it as a matter of course, and not only resigned are they, but even pleasant!'

We will select a less revolting instance of aristocratic outrage from Jackson's narrative. Revelita, a great chief, had paid a visit to a village of serfs with his suite, and called for his dinner.

'The poor inhabitants, having been paid such visits before, knew what sort of guests they had to entertain, and hurried accordingly. They, in their haste and desire to please, took the victuals up before they were properly cooked, and brought them in the most humble way. The lazy courtiers and tasters informed Revelita that the victuals were quite raw, and observed, at the same time, that it was an old offence of that place in particular. The chief flew into a passion, thinking that his dignity was slighted, and ordered the inhabitants to assemble before him. They did so, and it happened to be on a beach that was completely covered with pumice-stone. They crawled on their hands and knees, waiting with resignation the result of the anger of the chief. At last he looked out of the door, and began to abuse them at a tremendous rate, and said he did not know how to punish them, as it was of no use killing them, because they would be glad to get off so easy. One of the courtiers observed, that it would be easier for them (the inhabitants), hardened slaves as they were, to make a hearty meal from the pumice-stones, than for such a chief as Revelita to eat the pork underdone. Revelita said, "Well thought of," and commanded the poor Batiki fellows to begin at once, which they immediately obeyed, and despatched such quantities of pumice-stone, that you could in a little while observe the stones diminishing, although the beach was thirty or forty yards long.'—*Erskine*, p. 456.

The practice, common to many other savage nations, of burying living persons when they become a burden to others, is so ordinary, that (according to Captain Erskine) an aged or decrepit person is rarely seen among them. But it is attended with horrors peculiarly their own. Mr. Williams (a missionary who has lived

lived four years in these islands) gave Captain Erskine an account of an attempt which he had ineffectually made to induce Tui Thakau, an elderly chief, to embrace Christianity during an illness:—

‘On the following morning Mr. Williams, whilst standing at the door of his house, was a good deal surprised, having left the chief in such high spirits so short a time before, by being informed, by a Feejeean, evidently proceeding on some important business, in a low tone of voice, as if not desirous of being overheard, that Tui Thakau was dead, and that preparations were going on for his burial. Not doubting the truth of the information, but knowing that the preparations partly consisted in strangling the wives of the deceased, Mr. Williams, hurriedly apprising his colleague, Mr. Hazlewood, of the circumstance, hastened with him to the chief’s residence, with the humane intention of endeavouring to save the lives of some at least of the destined victims.

‘As they crossed the threshold they stepped over the body, yet warm, of the first strangled wife, whilst two men, each holding the end of the fatal cord, were performing the office of the executioner on the second, then in the agonies of death. Tui Kila-Kila, the heir to the chieftainship, sat at a short distance, with a scowl of fierce determination on his countenance, whilst in a more remote corner, to the astonishment of the missionaries, reclined old Tui Thakau himself, apparently in no more infirm condition than on the previous day. A remonstrance on the atrocity of such proceedings during the life-time of the chief was met by a stern announcement from Tui Kila-Kila that “his father was dead; the spirit had quitted him yesterday: he before them was no living man, but a corpse whom they were about to carry to the tomb.” Seeing that no expostulations were likely to be of any avail in favour of the old man, whose mind, from his composed silence, was evidently made up to his fate, the missionaries turned their attention to the surviving wives, whose lives they were successful in saving, the two already sacrificed being considered as sufficient for the occasion.

‘The principal wife, a woman of higher rank than any person present, had escaped the usual fate, Feejeean custom requiring that the ceremony of strangulation shall be performed by one of an equal grade. The bodies having been placed in a litter, and the old chief in another, the funeral procession began, the principal wife and son fanning his face as they conducted him to his living grave.’—*Ib.*, p. 231.

The particulars of a still more repulsive case will be found, by those who are studious of such horrors, in the last page of Jackson the sailor’s extraordinary narrative. The women, however, are usually willing and often eager to meet the fate which awaits them when a husband dies. In an instance which came under the cognisance of Mrs. Wallis (the wife of an American who traded to these islands, and the accuracy of whose little work—‘Life in Feejee’—is attested by the missionaries), the chiefs of Bau

Bau would not consent to strangle any of the women of a deadly enemy whom they had succeeded in clubbing. They wished him to feel the effects of their hatred in the next world by not allowing him to have a wife to cook for him—a thing indispensable according to the Fiji creed. ‘Come, strangle me quick,’ said his faithful partner, ‘that my spirit may go with the spirit of Nalela, and comfort him; he is even now faint for food.’ When she found that no one would do her the friendly office, she resolved to starve herself, and tasted nothing from the 21st to the 30th of the month. It was with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Wallis then persuaded, or rather compelled her to eat.

In the practice of cannibalism the people of Fiji ‘equal, if they do not exceed, all known races.’ It is impossible to give, except by reference to the ample details of the volumes before us, any idea of the excesses to which it is carried. This custom, the existence of which at all it was at one time the fashion to disbelieve, has been traced, in some regions, to motives of ferocious revenge; in others, to superstitious fancies—to an unnatural appetite—to actual deficiency of other nourishment: but in Fiji all these causes seem to co-operate. Whether by way of rendering the last honours to a deceased enemy, or treating his remains with the extreme of contumely, the Fijian warrior equally devours him—only with some difference of language and ceremony. It is related by one of the missionaries that the king of Bau, when a rebel chief was killed, commanded his tongue to be cut out. Holding it in his hand, he joked over it, and apostrophised it as the instrument of evil, as a preliminary to eating it. The heart, liver, and tongue, are favourite morsels. Tuihilahila, king of Somoromo, thus addressed the baked body of a once intimate friend, whom he had captured and slaughtered—‘Thou hast been my brother; had I fallen into thine hand, should I not have been eaten forthwith? And dost thou think of an escape?—No, verily!’ But Thakombau, another eminent warrior, when lectured by Captain Erskine on the subject, defended the usage on strictly economical grounds. ‘It was all very well for us, who had plenty of beef, to remonstrate—but they had no beef but men!’ The missionaries even assert that the language ‘contains no word for a simple corpse; but the word used, “bakola,” conveys the idea of eating the body.’ It is common to call a human being, when considered as an article of diet, ‘a long pig.’ All enemies killed in battle are, ‘as a matter of course,’ eaten by the victors. A body, properly roasted and prepared, is sent as a present of great value to friends:—

‘the limbs are tied, say in a sitting form, and there they remain; when dressed,

dressed, they take the body up, paint the face red, put a wig upon the head, put a club or fan in the hands, as they may happen to fancy, and then carry the whole as a present to be eaten by their friends. They sometimes travel far with this spectacle, which, when met in the path, may easily be mistaken for a living man in full dress.' .

The hideous banquet excites a kind of frenzy resembling intoxication. Even whites have sometimes yielded to the maniacal propensity. M. Gervais, one of Dumont Durville's officers, found that the crew of a whaler who accompanied him on a visit to a Fiji chief had great difficulty in resisting his invitation to join the feast: and Forster observed a similar longing in some of Cook's crew of the *Resolution*, while others 'suffered the same effects as from a dose of ipecacuanha' from the mere proposal.

When war will not afford the requisite victims, a Fiji party will often surprise persons by stratagem, solely for the purpose of devouring them—a whole village will lie in wait for a man and his wife, returning from their plantation. Women are preferred, when choice is free. If a chief has been well feasted by a friend, it becomes a point of honour with him to return the compliment with equal munificence, however scarce the requisite game may be. An instance of this kind gave occasion for that exploit of heroic humanity on the part of the two missionaries' wives, Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert, who interrupted the work of massacre by their presence, to which we called attention in our former article. It is no detraction from the merit of these brave women to notice, that the success which crowned their interference was possibly owing, in part, to the superstitious feeling prevalent among the natives that it is unlucky to persist in an undertaking which has been once interrupted—a feeling powerful enough to unnerve the fiercest warrior, in the full excitement of the orgie or the fight. Thus, in one of the Tahitian attacks on the French, a poor missionary stepped forward to implore the natives to desist, and fell by a chance shot—'This is no good fight,' the chiefs exclaimed, and drew off their men immediately. Jackson has a remarkable story of the same kind. A certain queen, smitten with a partiality for an American negro, ordered a slave woman, 'extremely good-looking and intelligent,' to marry him. She declined, and, in spite of all threatening, refused to have anything to do with the 'kuke' (all blacks are called cooks in Fiji, from the ordinary profession which they follow on board ship). Her mistress, in a rage, ordered two subordinate chiefs 'to lay hold of her knees and break her thigh.' Jackson, according to his own account, rushed in, 'knocked down one of the chiefs like a bullock,' and rescued the poor wretch.

wretch. He was instantly seized and pinioned, and told that 'as I had saved the woman's life' (which I discovered I had effectually done by the queen's observations, it being considered dangerous to undertake a second time anything which has been once prevented), I must lose my own instead—a fate, from which he escaped with difficulty.

The fact is, that cruelty, as well as courage, among the South Sea islanders seems to be of a very impulsive character. Generally speaking, they cannot comprehend the 'patient search and vigil long' of the Red Indian's hatred; nor the deliberateness of European criminal justice; which seems to them much the same thing.

'You speak of cruelty,' said a Maori chief to Samuel Leigh: 'I saw them hang a white man at Sydney; and never did I witness so horrible a spectacle. They kept him in prison several days after they told him he must die: was there no cruelty in that? We have no such custom in our country. When we intend to kill, we watch for a convenient opportunity, and when the person least expects it, with one blow of the *marce wé* bring him to the ground in a moment.'

The work of change in these islands will probably advance much more rapidly than present appearances would indicate. As Captain Erskine truly observes—

'The certainty that a line of communication will soon be opened between the whole of the western coasts of America and our gold-producing colonies in Australia, to the success of which a series of intermediate points is necessary, of which the Feejee Islands will probably be one of the most important, renders this prospect no longer one of distant speculation; nor the conversion of a people, to whom we must be indebted for many useful supplies, from a fierce barbarism to a rational civilisation, a question of mere sentimental fancy.'—p. 279.

Two days' westerly sail before the steady trade-wind brought Captain Erskine, in the 'Havannah,' from Fiji to Anciteum, the most easterly land of the interesting group of the NEW HEBRIDES, 'a long chain of volcanic islands, extending 400 miles from north to south,' inhabited by many tribes of the Melanesian family; some, says Captain Erskine, nearly allied to those of Fiji; others of smaller stature, and seeming to belong 'to a less robust and less advanced people.' The use of the betel-nut and chunam among some of these islanders already announces to the voyager from the East the influence of Asia. To this groupe (and the neighbouring sub-groupe of the low coral formation, called the Loyalty Islands) belong Erromango, Vate, Tana, Vanikoro, the scene of La Pérouse's shipwreck, and other spots more or less famous in the annals of maritime

time and missionary adventure. Tana is known by its great volcano, which recent voyagers have noticed in constant activity—the Stromboli or natural lighthouse of these seas, well known as a beacon by the crew of the Bishop of New Zealand's little missionary vessel.

The New Hebrides were discovered by the Spaniard Quiros in 1606, who considered them part of the great Terra Australis, and cherished gigantic schemes for their colonization. They were visited afterwards by Bougainville and Cook, but few additions have been made to our knowledge of them since the time of those great navigators. The sandal-wood traffic has been carried on thither with more or less activity since 1828, chiefly from Sydney, and somewhat in the Dutch spirit of monopoly:—

‘The apprehension of the trade being thrown open to competition,’ says Captain Erskine, ‘has induced a habit of secrecy with respect to all their transactions on the part of the traders; and the commerce itself has, with a few exceptions, been conducted in a manner very discreditable to the white men employed in it, who have often shown themselves in no way behind the natives in cruelty and treachery, and indeed, with the sole exception of cannibalism, in the practice of all the vices we generally ascribe to savages.’

Many of these islands, says another authority,

‘are infested by Europeans, who are either runaway convicts, expirces, or deserters from the whalers. . . . They live in a manner easily to be imagined from men of this class, without either law, religion, or education to control them—with an unlimited quantity of ardent spirits, which they obtain from distilling the toddy that exudes from the cocoa-nut tree. This spirit is not very palatable, but it serves, to use their own expression, “to tickle the brain.”’

The seamen who frequent this dangerous region recount with horror the deeds of ‘the monster Jones,’ one of these miscreants, who in 1841 destroyed eleven Europeans, deserters from the ‘Woodlark,’ Sydney whaler:—

‘He invited them all to visit him to partake of a feast, and, when he had got his victims intoxicated with this island spirit, he gave them food in which he had previously mixed poison. This proved fatal to seven, and the remaining four having refused to eat, he watched his opportunity, and shot them.’

The cause of the crime, reported by Captain Simpson, of the barque ‘Giraffe,’ in the Nautical Magazine of 1844, was jealousy of the influence of these new-comers over the natives. Had the victims only belonged to the latter class, the matter would have excited but little attention. These myriads of islets and reefs abound but too plenteously in memorials of dark and undetected crime, like those of the Gulf of Mexico in the old buccaneering days:—

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‘Some

‘ Some desert isle or key,
Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty ;
Or where the savage Indian’s mood
Repaid it back in deeds of blood.’

Many have been the massacres committed on these shores on tribes of unoffending natives ; and many a barque, long since catalogued in Lloyd’s list of ‘ vessels lost at sea and never heard of,’ has paid with the lives of all her crew the penalty for some such guilty act. The murder of John Williams by the natives of Erromango, reputed the most savage of the New Hebrideans, in 1839, is supposed to have been committed in retribution for outrages perpetrated by nameless European visitors. And the work of mutual wrong still continues. Captain Richards, master of a vessel trading to these islands, told Captain Erskine that the mate of a Sydney sandal-wood trader had boasted to him but a few weeks previously, of having shot six men, as she sailed along the coast, with the charitable purpose of spoiling the market of those who might follow ; and the same or another miscreant was reported to have shot a friendly chief in sport, when, having concluded his traffic, he was swimming on shore from the vessel.

The volumes before us abound with most painful instances, both of the frequency and savage nature of these outrages on the native population, and of the lamentable inadequacy of English law rather than of English executive authority to repress them. The commander of a Queen’s ship, however anxious to put down such enormities, finds his movements impeded by the thousand snares which our jurisprudence, in its abundant caution, has contrived, as if on purpose to embarrass the march of justice. ‘ The ‘ case of Mr. Lewis,’ contained at length in the appendix to Captain Erskine’s work, affords an instructive commentary on the hopelessness of such endeavours. John Charles Lewis, late of Sydney, master mariner, had shot three natives of the isle of Maré. Strange to say, preliminary difficulties were so far got over, that Lewis was actually put on his trial, on the 15th November, 1849, at Sydney, for the wilful murder of ‘ a certain male adult, whose name was to the Attorney-General unknown.’ ‘ His Honour suggested that the words male adult would not necessarily mean a human being.’ This objection, benevolently taken by the court, was, however, got rid of by an amendment, and the trial proceeded—to a triumphant acquittal, on the ground apparently that the naked male adult in question was shot ‘ under circumstances which might reasonably create in the mind of Captain Lewis a belief that his life was in danger.’ Mark the result. ‘ Within a month after the trial of Mr. Lewis, his employer, who had him sent back to his station, received information,

VOL. XCV. NO. CLXXXIX. N

tion, which has since been 'confirmed, of the capture by the people of Maré of his cutter the 'Lucy Anne,' and the murder of the whole of her crew.'

A still more serious instance of similar atrocity and revenge will be found in the Parliamentary New Zealand Papers of August 1848; the narrative of an outrage committed at Rotuma by the crew of a Sydney schooner and brig 'engaged in obtaining men from islands hereabouts at 2*l.* by the head as wages, as they are designed to be shepherds and labourers in New South Wales.' The vessels were entered in a shipping-list kept at Rotuma by a pilot established there as 'trading for cannibals!' The case seems to have been taken up by the Governor of New Zealand, but to have fallen through for want of available evidence. Similar ill success (according to Colonel Mundy) attended the prosecution of another Sydney master, who had obligingly lent his ship's coppers for the purpose of cooking New Zealanders' heads.

Another offender, on a smaller scale,—one Stephens, who had led a native war-party—Captain Erskine took on himself to remove from the island of Tana by compulsion—much to the man's own surprise, that the captain should have thought such an affair worth noticing.

'I was desirous of showing to the vagrant English, who, when amongst these islands, fancy themselves above all restraint, that offences wantonly committed here were punishable by our own laws; and although in this case it was not probable that any evidence could be procured which would weigh with a Sydney jury, even in the doubtful case of their considering the murder of a savage a blameable action, yet the inconvenience the culprit would be put to by his removal might operate in some degree as a check upon others, if it were understood that our domiciliary visits were to be annually repeated.'—*Erskine*, p. 308.

Again; we have before us a proclamation of Sir Charles Fitzroy, Governor of New South Wales, stating that certain British subjects, resident in the Fiji Islands, have been for some time past accustomed to make purchases of native women from their relatives, and keep them in a state of slavery: adding, truly enough, that such conduct on the part of British subjects is illegal under our slave-trade acts wherever perpetrated by Englishmen, and warning such offenders of the consequences. But in what practical way is this menace of the 'utmost rigour of the law' to be enforced? and is the good done by such a demonstration equal to the mischief of holding out threats which are well known by all concerned to be futile?

This is a state of things which, we have no hesitation in saying, deserves the serious attention of our statesmen and legislature. Difficulties there may be in the way of effective enactments,

ments, but they chiefly proceed from reluctance to encounter those phantoms raised by legal ingenuity, of which we are daily learning more and more to appreciate the unsubstantial nature. Our English criminal procedure, thanks to the obstructive wisdom of ages, is the most cumbrous of all instruments for punishing offences committed under any unusual and exceptional circumstances; wherever, for instance, there is necessity for the arrest of the culprit in one jurisdiction and trial in another, or wherever the case requires the transmission of culprit and evidence to a distance. We believe that we are borne out in the assertion, that criminal extradition treaties between ourselves and other countries have been hitherto almost a dead letter, as far as our side is concerned, on account of the difficulties which our rules of evidence interpose in the way of the reception of documents to authorise the arrest of the alleged offender. For somewhat similar reasons, to succeed in prosecuting to conviction, in any British court, an individual charged with outrages such as those which we have described, would be an achievement not only of the greatest industry but singular felicity. To justify this impotence of law and right, on the score of tenderness for the liberty of the subject, is really to adopt some of the merest cant of the legal profession. British justice shows no symptoms whatever of such sentimental softness where her prey consists only of the 'small deer' of common gaol deliveries; witness the astounding summariness with which the victims of the Central Criminal Court are usually cut short in their endeavours to baffle their pursuers. It is only to the perpetrator of offences of peculiar atrocity—especially if committed outside of her ordinary preserves, and under conditions not admitting the application of every-day precedents—that she offers the luxury of a long chase and plenty of 'law.' For our own parts, we believe that not only justice to our uncivilised fellow men, and the claims of our common Christianity, but the protection of our own traders from the vindictive fury of the savage, require that the commanders of our cruisers should be invested with extensive police and even court-martial powers, in regard to offences of violence committed in savage countries by British subjects. Undoubtedly, in order to make such provisions thoroughly effectual, the co-operation of other states would be required; and we hope that the sense of universal justice, on which international law is founded, will ultimately prevail, through the extinction of some subsisting prejudices and mutual distrust, until such offenders, like pirates, are dealt with as enemies of the human race.

Even in this unpromising region of the Western Pacific, the work of conversion has been of late years sedulously plied.

plied. But it has hitherto been found impracticable to plant resident European missionaries in the New Hebrides. The labour has devolved on native teachers of the Eastern Polynesian race, chiefly from Samoa and Rarotonga, pupils reared in the institutions established by John Williams. Few incidents in the wide history of South Sea missions are more touching than the unpretending, unwearied zeal of these obscure assistants in the cause—theirself, or their parents, just rescued from the darkness of idolatry, and devoting their simple lives in order to communicate their own spiritual blessings to a people of alien manners and language. They have none of the *prestige* about them which attaches to Europeans. They inspire the savage with no fear or respect. They are the ready victims of his arbitrary violence or superstitious terrors. It is with them as with the early Christians, ‘*si cælum stetit, si terra movit, si fames, si lues,*’ they are the appropriate sacrifice. In 1843 the people of Rotuma murdered two Samoan teachers and their families ‘on account of the prevalence of dysentery.’ Instances are recorded by Capt. Erskine of their slaughter, or narrow escape, in endeavouring to rescue European crews from massacre. The Bishop of New Zealand (according to Mr. Hogg) ‘knows of forty (including wives and children), within the last eight years, who have either been murdered or fallen victims to the fever of these islands; every set of fresh boys that comes here (to New Zealand) has a story to tell of murdered Samoans, who came to preach to them of ‘Jesus up above, and Satan down below.’ Such is the self-devotion, however, of these Polynesian neophytes, that no difficulty is found by the London Society in supplying their places from the institution in Upolu; and advantage has been constantly taken of any favourable symptoms to place teachers among the different populations; ‘they being, with their wives and families, and generally a Samoan canoe, conveyed to their destinations by the missionary barque the John Williams, which is dispatched on a periodical voyage for this purpose, as well as to furnish supplies to these men, who are often dependent on head-quarters for the common necessities of life.’

The Rev. William Nihill, one of the bishop’s companions, observes, in a journal before us, that,—

‘These people [the Samoan teachers and their converts] spend more time in worship and religious exercises than any I have ever known. . . . Every Sunday these people devote seven and a half or eight hours to public worship, during the whole of which time, broken up into five parts, they are hearing either prayer, or reading, or a sermon, or being catechised, or singing. Everything is conducted with the greatest solemnity and decorum; and I am quite anxious and perplexed

perplexed because I fear that this cannot last; and that, without God gives these simple converts a greater share of grace to keep them stedfast than is usually vouchsafed to men, there must be a falling away. Religion has become the business of their lives; and without their mode of life is changed, and something given them to do, they cannot, I fear, withstand the temptations which their easy mode of life must continually expose them to when the novelty has worn off.—*Colonial Church Chronicle*, vol. vi. p. 425.

As yet, however, the labours of these primitive teachers have been but scantily rewarded; and it was on fully considering the imperfection of the means hitherto made available that the Bishop of New Zealand framed, and has carried out with assiduous patience, his scheme of 'Melanesian missions,' described in several recent publications, and particularly in the pamphlet of Mr. Hogg. This scheme, originally framed by himself, and since concurred in by the other Australian bishops of the Church of England, was to consist of regular visits to the New Hebrides and other Melanesian isles, for the purpose of periodically renewing relations with the several chiefs and tribes; advising where advice was sought, arbitrating in disputes, and suggesting improvements: and, above all, inducing promising youths from the island population—in numbers limited hitherto only by the capacity of the bishop's little vessel to receive them—to accompany him back to the English settlements for the purpose of receiving a Christian education. The bishop's own foundation of St. John's College, at Auckland, was at first destined to admit these along with English and Maori scholars; the ultimate purpose of their instruction being to train future teachers and evangelizers for the region of their nativity. But as the winter climate, even of the most northerly part of New Zealand, was found too trying for the constitutions of many of these children of the tropics, the bishop has hitherto so contrived it as to take back several of them annually to pass that season in their own country. It may easily be imagined that this plan involved no small difficulties of arrangement and execution, considering the great extent of ocean to be regularly traversed; but, from 1849 to 1852, it was most happily accomplished in the bishop's own small vessels, the 'Undine' (of 23 tons and four men) and the 'Border Maid' which has succeeded the former classical vessel. The bishop has already answered by anticipation those—if there be any such—who might be disposed to regard with disfavour this dedication of so large a portion of his time and labour to objects apart from his immediate duties:—

'The venerable primate,' he says, 'at whose hand I received my consecration, charged me, in the name of the archbishops and bishops
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of the Mother Church, not to confine my efforts to New Zealand, but to watch over the progress of the Gospel throughout the coasts and islands of the Pacific.'

On his last return, with the particulars of which we are acquainted, in October, 1852, the bishop was accompanied by twenty-five youths, of various ages, and two little Melanesian Topsisies; and we do not know whether we are derogating from the dignity of history in recounting that these black damsels (whose archness and adroitness, when compared with the ways of their heavier contemporaries of Maori blood, greatly amused the ladies of Auckland) were decently clad in robes made out of the bishop's counterpane, stitched and 'sloped,' on the voyage, by his own episcopal hands.

One of these little 'Negrillo' maidens was to be educated as the affianced bride of a young countryman—one of the bishop's first and most promising Melanesian pupils—Siapo, or 'George,' a lad from Maré, who first joined the mission in 1849.

'His handsome, thoughtful face,' says Mr. Nihill, 'was a true index to his mind. The bishop made his acquaintance when he went down to the bottom of one of the coral-pits in his own island to draw water for the strange white man. The bishop, who is an accomplished physiognomist, was struck with his expression as he looked up at him from the bottom of the pit, and resolved, if possible, to induce him to come to New Zealand. He came with two companions, and from that time to his death continued to be a steady friend and helper in the cause of Christianity, using his influence (which was considerable from his being a near relation and the intimate friend of the young chief) always in the best way, both among his schoolfellows in New Zealand and his friends the young men at home. At Mallicolo he risked his life on shore in the watering party, when the bishop and his companions were in danger. Before returning to the college for his last visit, he said to one of the chiefs who had adopted him when a boy, "I am afraid I shall die some day in New Zealand." And his friend replied, "Even if you do, it is better that you should go." So he came, bowing meekly to the decision of the chief of his tribe, and of the bishop, his English father.'

The poor fellow's presentiment did not deceive him. His delicate tropical constitution did not long withstand change of climate and habits; he died at Auckland, of consumption, in January, 1853. He was of a very reserved character, we are told; and it was not until the very last that 'the fire kindled, and at last he spake with his tongue.'

'In an hour or two before he breathed his last he was constantly giving kind messages by the boys to his friends at home, on Mr. Nihill's behalf. "Wadokala, take care of Mr. Nihill when I am gone. Poor Mr. Nihill, you and I have gone together, and now I die, and you go alone!"'

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The achievements of the fifth voyage of the mission (1852) are thus summed up in the 'Colonial Church Chronicle':—

' Fifty-three islands (named) were visited or sighted by the *Border Maid*: in twenty-six of these we were able to hold some intercourse, more or less, with the people; from eleven we have received scholars; in seven mission stations have been established by the London Society, three of which are proposed to be given up to the Church Mission. The aggregate of population cannot be less, at the lowest estimate, than 200,000 souls, with a different language or dialect, on a probable average, for every 5000 souls!'

This rapid sketch affords no place for personal panegyric, nor does it furnish a proper opportunity for dwelling on the higher and holier characteristics of a missionary's calling; and we believe it possible that even such a character as that of George Selwyn may have its gloss tarnished for a moment by that incense of indiscriminate and fulsome eulogy of which our habits of religious 'demonstration'—party demonstration especially—are apt to make us profuse. We will leave it, therefore, to others to expend their encomiastic propensities on so good a subject; but, in reference to our present purpose, we cannot but dwell for a moment on some of those secondary but most useful qualities which have marked him out as an eminent agent for his present work; a work to which, with the highest honours of his great profession open to him at home, he has dedicated his life. The extreme polish of English social refinement, the touch of chivalrous sentiment, the finished classical elegance of taste, which are the ultimate results of such an education as his acting on such abilities, are apt, in nine cases out of ten, to unfit their owner for all exertion requiring close and constant communication with various classes of men. They produce fastidiousness—a more unconquerable enemy to generous expansiveness in active life than pride, or indolence, or profligacy itself. But in those cases where this danger is avoided, whether through a happy natural disposition, or by resolute watchfulness and self-control, not a stroke of the chisel, which has given this fine and elaborate polish to the man, has been bestowed in vain. No other training gives in such perfection the aptitude to do the right thing in point of time, place, and circumstances; to be 'all things to all men' without loss of self-respect, or compromise of principle. The kind of dignity which it communicates is such as cannot be obscured by want of outward show and appliances, or derogated from by condescension; such as involuntarily attracts, or subjugates, both the coarsest civilised, and the wildest savage nature. Captain Erskine's volume gives examples enough of the impression made by the presence of 'the great missionary chief'

chief' 'Aliki Asori,' with his body-guard of four unarmed sailors, among the islanders of the New Hebrides; together with the innocent and simple affection of his own adopted children for his person.

Nor ought we to omit some allusion to the physical education which has gone to complete the bishop's missionary character, for this gives a lesson and example which may be followed with profit by numbers whose training, in other respects, must differ widely from his. We have often wondered at the sedentary, stay-at-home kind of life which seems to be led, by predilection, by numbers of those whose lot has been cast as missionaries in these distant regions. We say by predilection; because, though ready enough to confront toil and travel, as well as danger, whenever called on to change their sphere of exertion, their great aim seems to be, when this is accomplished, to settle down in a quiet and domestic routine, with little more of physical exertion than is necessary to perform their ordinary round of duty. Nor would we depreciate the advantages of 'quietness and confidence;' yet, on the whole, a little more taste for bodily exertion, a little more of the locomotive spirit, would probably add both to their own energies and to those of their pupils, with whom they would, moreover, be brought into much more frequent contact. The absence of such qualities is scarcely to be wondered at, when the original training of these men is considered. It has been frugal, and in a sense laborious, but almost always sedentary. How many Polynesian missionaries, Protestant or Romanist, can paddle a canoe, or navigate a twenty-ton yacht? How many have even that command of their own legs and wind which is attained by an ordinary Swiss tourist or Highland sportsman? Now, the proficient in all Eton and Cambridge manly science, the acknowledged chief of athletic exercises among the most athletic sons of men, was able to apply himself to his work with advantages which we feeble literary folk can only contemplate with envy and admiration. *Voir c'est avoir*, says the French proverb; and the two great and rugged islands of New Zealand have been fairly taken possession of, in this sense, by their bishop, and the few who could keep up with him, from one end to the other. Swimming the rivers, and climbing the mountains, the intrepid visitors performed, habitually, distances on foot which the natives themselves would only achieve in occasional fits of fierce exertion. But, above all, the aquatic accomplishments of the prelate enabled him to do much which, in that sea-indented region, was altogether beyond the power of the mere land traveller. He has made himself as practically familiar with the navigation of its seas, as with the topography of its English settlements and Maori villages of the interior.

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‘This is the only port of New Zealand (he says, speaking incidentally of Nelson in one of his visitation tours) where the Undine employs the service of a pilot: the outline of almost every hill, and the position of every rock, being by this time written on the minds of her master and myself. If there be any truth in phrenology, I believe that the map of New Zealand will be stamped on some part of the organic substance of my brain. It is this intimate knowledge of localities, derived from frequent visits, which gives such a peculiar charm to the whole country, and makes it seem like one’s own—and so it is: for, like the gypsies, I pitch my tent where’er I please, or anchor my floating palace in any sheltered cove; and wherever I go, by sea or land, I am received as a friend, and find some objects of moral and religious interest to leave upon the mind a pleasant recollection of the place.’ . . . ‘It may be an unusual taste (he elsewhere says), but I must acknowledge that seafaring is to me a source of enjoyment and benefit, from the vigorous health which it imparts, and the leisure which it affords for reading and thought. It is not that I dislike society, but that the incessant interruptions of a new community, requiring constant superintendence, leave me scarcely any time for myself.’—*Journal of 1848*, p. 52.

With the turn of mind and habits which these extracts display, formed by much experience and observation of society in many stages both of civilised and barbarous life, it will be no surprise to the reader, whether he concurs or no, to find that the bishop pronounces himself strongly against exclusive training for the missionary service, and constituting Protestant missionary colleges on the principle of Romanist seminaries: which has been often advocated by others, and in some cases, no doubt, found indispensable. His principle, on the contrary, carried into practice as far as his limited educational means admitted, was to avoid confining his students, either European or native, to that single though invaluable object—to exact no pledges as to their future life—to train them as men to be fitted equally for secular employment, should they embrace it, as for that missionary career to which he hoped to attach the best qualified among them. But on this subject likewise his own words will best convey his meaning.

‘If we had not been led by conviction, we should have been driven by necessity, to adopt our present plan, of associating our young men with the college in some secular capacity, without pledges as to their future course of life; but with the understanding that the bishop’s eye is over them all, and that, when their term of probation is ended, he will advise them whether it will be expedient for them to enter upon a stricter course of study, with a view to Holy Orders, or to persevere in the practice of the art which they have learned. It will be no reproach to a student if he should prefer the secular employment; nor will his parents have incurred any pecuniary obligation, as his charges
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at the College will have been borne, in great part, by the work of his own hands. This complex system gives a character to our institution which strangers can scarcely understand, who have been accustomed to the academic figments of dress and ceremony, which often veil more ignorance, and idleness, and vice, than, I trust, we shall ever have occasion to lament. There is an open and undisguised reality about our work, which seems to be highly favourable to the discrimination of character, and therefore to the due selection of instruments: a class of demure students in black and white, with face and tone of voice and manner conformed to the standard which they believe to be expected, would be a poor exchange for a healthful and mirthful company of youths, as yet unconstrained by pledges and professions, who show their true character in every act of their lives, whether of business or amusement. You will, I hope, excuse the length of this apology for our college system, for when a man is obliged to be singular, he owes to the world an explanation of his reasons for differing from it; without which, the first and just presumption would be, that he who departs so widely from the practice of his fellow men, as he cannot be an angel, must be a fool.'

These opinions lose nothing of their force from the circumstance that the confident enthusiasm of their author has received one of those heavy discouragements, without which no missionary enterprise seems to ripen to ultimate perfection. St. John's College, according to the last accounts, has been broken up, at least for the present, owing, as it is reported, to dissensions and untoward events wholly unconnected with the Melanesian experiment which concerns us at present. But, in one form or another, the views which gave birth to that foundation will undoubtedly survive, and the next attempt to realise them will proceed on the basis of dearly-bought experience.

Of the group called NEW CALEDONIA, which has very recently excited attention from the announced determination of the French Government to form a settlement there, it may perhaps be said that less is known than of any other considerable Polynesian region. Lying between 20° and 22° S., and 160° and 175° E., it commands, as will be seen by the map, rather an ominous advanced position with reference both to New South Wales and New Zealand. But its western flank is covered by one of the largest and most dangerous coral reefs of the world, nearly a hundred leagues in length; and between it and the coast of New South Wales the ocean is a perfect labyrinth of these treacherous islets, on one of which the great Australian navigator Flinders was lost. The chief island, called by some Balad (but Captain Erskine says this is only the name of a district), is reported to be 200 miles long and 30 or 40 in breadth, and possesses some of the finest harbours in the world. Port St. Vincent, on the
western

western or dangerous side, is said to be twice the size of Port Jackson, and equally secure. Forster, the companion of Cook, expatiates on the magnificent vegetation of this region—its strange columnar araucarias, resembling the Norfolk Island species, from which the Isle of Pines, one of the group, has its name. We have before us the plan of ‘Benjamin Sullivan, a retired officer,’ published at Sydney in 1842, for forming a British colony in these islands by the aid of a joint-stock company, ‘with a capital of three millions sterling;’ containing carefully developed calculations of means and results; the projector being ‘most happy to give his services in any capacity wherein they may be considered requisite for carrying it into effect’—one of those elaborate day-dreams which are conjured into existence by the working of the brains of thoughtful men in compulsory inaction—seeds scattered on the winds, of which, one, perhaps, in a thousand is caught up, and takes root somewhere in the minds of the practical and enterprising, to ‘grow, we scarcely trace how, into a great reality.

Captain Erskine, together with Bishop Selwyn in his little ‘Undine,’ visited the main island in September, 1850, but did not penetrate far into the interior. The natives they saw were of the ordinary Melanesian type, but more resembling those of Fiji than any others whom the Captain had observed. The country appeared cultivated with more than usual care, and the people in very strict subordination to their chiefs. They pass, however, for a bloodthirsty and ferocious race, and have, according to French authorities, a strong propensity, like the African negroes and savages of Australia, to believe in magical influences, and to persecute with great atrocity those who are suspected of employing them.

New Caledonia has hitherto been scarcely visited by Protestant missionary enterprise. Some teachers from Samoa attempted lately to form a community on the Isle of Pines, but were, we believe, driven away. The French priests have, however, laboured in this quarter for many years with a zeal and courage worthy of better results than they have obtained. It is not easy to obtain a connected view of these attempts from the loose and disjointed statements contained in the ‘*Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*,’ the only authority to which we have had access. We find that for several years there has been a ‘Vicar-Apostolic’ of Melanesia and Micronesia, whose headquarters have varied according to circumstances. One of these dignitaries, Bishop Epalle, was murdered about five years ago in the exercise of his vocation, at the Solomon Islands, in the neighbourhood of New Guinea. The priests, his companions,

nions, absolutely forbade the reprisals which a French officer would fain have exercised for his death, and the mission in that quarter has since been abandoned. Bishop Epalle has been succeeded in his vicariate by Monseigneur Collomb, titular Bishop of Antiphelle, whose head-quarters for some time were in New Caledonia. In 1843 Monseigneur Douarre, titular Bishop of Amata, with two religious laymen—M. Marziou, a merchant of Havre, and Lieut. Marceau, of the French navy—conceived the curious idea of establishing a ‘commercial and religious association *en commandite*, capital a million francs, in 2000 shares, for Melanesian trade and conversion. The company dispatched in that year a ship from Nantes, ‘L’Arche d’Alliance;’ and Père Rougeyron, one of the priests whom she carried to New Caledonia, describes the country in glowing language as a beautiful region of mountains, forests, and waterfalls—‘je n’ai pas vû de pays,’ he affectionately says, ‘qui me rappelât aussi bien mon Auvergne.’ But here our records of the progress of this pious company unfortunately cease. In 1845 and 1846 we find priests continuing to labour, with very indifferent success, among these impracticable savages; and in 1847 a ferocious onslaught on their little quarters in Balad, in which two priests were killed, and Bishop Collomb himself narrowly escaped with life. The assault was wholly unprovoked; but one of the party seems to have unfortunately exhibited a gun in self-defence, which heightened the exasperation of the assailants, and violent though deserved retribution was taken for it by the crew of a French vessel of war. The French occupation in this instance seems therefore to have been preceded for some years by the missionary efforts of their ecclesiastics; and, except as regards the rumoured intention to establish a penal settlement, we cannot bring ourselves to regard it as other than a blessing. It must certainly open to commerce and civilization a region which seems to lie beside, though adjoining, the line of our own direct influence. It can only promote the trade of our neighbouring colonies; and, whenever political events may revive the mutual fears and jealousies of past days, it will probably serve as a means of drawing together the bands of British brotherhood, and reminding our distant cousins of what the flush of wealth and prosperity may at times make them forget—that their interests, as well as their speech and thought, are in reality identical with those of Old England.

Far beyond the many constellations of islands with which, we fear, we have already wearied our readers, to the north and westward, the ocean is studded with still more numerous groups with which the European navigator has formed, as yet, scarcely a partial acquaintance—the Solomon Islands, the great archipelago
of

of the Carolines, the Pellews, and numbers more, conducting his steps to the mysterious confines of Japan, the Philippines, and the Spice Islands of the Dutch. But these we must leave unnoticed: as yet, indeed, they offer almost an untouched field to missionary enterprise. We have left ourselves only room for a hasty glance at the Britain of the southern hemisphere—New Zealand, a region under whose bright and temperate skies, widely differing from the parched Australian atmosphere, our transplanted race has already begun to expand in vigorous manhood. But alongside of our colonists there flourishes a still numerous and Christian nation, rapidly adopting the social life of England, as it has already adopted her faith. To rescue this people from the ordinary fate of conquered native races, and elevate it to the rank of a civilised community, is among the most interesting problems that remain to be worked out by British statesmen at the present day.

New Zealand is said to be inhabited by two families—the Maori and the Manga-Manga (said to mean, respectively, ‘indigenous’ and ‘imported’). The latter are thought to approach the Melanesian or Austral-Negro type, though by no means wanting in intellectual development. But the former furnish the noble and priestly castes; and also, we imagine, the bulk of the population. The male Maoris are among the finest specimens of the great Polynesian race; the women seem from most accounts to be inferior, not equalling the beauty of the sex in the Society Isles and Marquesas.

The loose statements of casual observers respecting the physical condition of the Maori race have been brought to something approaching a test of exact comparison by Dr. Thomson, surgeon to the 58th regiment, whose remarks on the subject have been included in a late number of the *Journal of the Statistical Society of London*, and in the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review* for April of the present year. The general conclusions at which he arrived are, that the average stature of male New Zealanders in the neighbourhood of Auckland was 5 feet 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, or two inches more than that of the Belgians (5 feet 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, Quetelet), and a little above Haller’s estimate of the mean height of men in the temperate countries of Europe (5 feet 5 to 6 inches), but considerably below the average height of students at Cambridge and Edinburgh (about 5 feet 8 inches), which students, however, we cannot regard with Dr. Thomson as average specimens, in point of stature, of the natives of Great Britain—they are probably much above it. Dr. Thomson found the average weight of the New Zealanders without their clothes to be 10 stone, which is ‘rather under that of the natives of Great

Great Britain' (here, again, he speaks of the picked classes of soldiers and students), and above that of the Belgians and French; while in strength (tested by lifting weights) they fell considerably short of British soldiers. It must be observed respecting the whole experiment, that the Maoris in question were indiscriminately taken from those who presented themselves at the hospital for vaccination, or worked on the government roads; excluding therefore, or nearly so, the class of Chiefs, whose personal superiority to the common people is notorious. Dr. Thomson measured one of these heads of tribes who was 6 feet 5½ inches high. Taking all the circumstances together, it must be regarded as confirming the high opinion generally entertained of their physical qualities. Their figure differs from that of Europeans. Their bodies are an inch and a half longer, and their legs, from the knee-joint, an inch and a half shorter. Their feet, according to English notions, are ill-shaped, for they are broader than with us, and about an inch less in length. 'Clothed,' says Dr. Thomson, 'in his native dress, the New Zealander looks like the lion of the forest; in European clothes he is squat and vulgar.' The number of the natives in the northern island is estimated at more than 100,000, though much diminished, and still, it is feared, diminishing; while in the great southern island 'Te Wai Pounamu' (absurdly called 'Middle Island' in official nomenclature, with reference to a third or southern one, which bears about the proportion to the others of the Isle of Wight to Great Britain) a few thousands only are to be found, to the particular convenience of the settlers of Canterbury and Otago, who are rapidly converting their unoccupied and open plains into a pastoral region on the Australian scale.

Over the early history of the New Zealanders, such as Cook* and his successors found them, we shall not detain our readers. It would but be to repeat descriptions with which our sketches of Fiji life must have satiated them. But to native ferocity and cannibalism were soon added (if possible) even darker elements of evil. English and American whalers and sealers, runaway

* A chief, who remembered the arrival of Captain Cook, was still living at the close of 1852, when he spoke at a meeting of the natives called together by the government to settle the compensation to be made to the owners of the soil for permission to work the gold-producing districts. He was accustomed to tell 'how they all thought that the ship was a large kind of whale, and that the men on board were gods; how for some time he himself, then but a little boy, was afraid to go on board; and how Captain Cook spoke little, less than the others, but took more notice of the children, patting them kindly on the head.' The work from which these particulars are taken—'Auckland, the Capital of New Zealand'—contains in a small compass an accurate and comprehensive account of the place, the climate, the inhabitants, and the commerce. It is published anonymously, but we have heard that it is the production of Mr. Swainson, the eminent naturalist.

sailors,

sailors, military deserters, escaped convicts from Australia, 'sawyers and lumberers, adventurers and evasives of every sort'—such were the first founders of European settlement in the northern island. They clustered there in considerable numbers, formed little colonies of their own—chiefly about the Bay of Islands in the extreme north, intermarried extensively with the natives, joined in their wars and political affairs, and introduced among them the worst blood, the worst habits, and the worst diseases of modern ultra-civilisation.

It was among a people thus prepared for the reception of Christianity that Mr. Marsden, colonial chaplain at Sydney, founded the first Church Missionary settlement in the Bay of Islands, in 1814. The Wesleyans followed soon after, establishing themselves, about 1822, at Wangaroa, on the Eastern coast. From these two points—both situate in the extreme northern peninsula which projects from the northern island—the work of conversion was carried on for many years with a steadiness and perseverance rarely equalled, and with perfect harmony between the two Christian communities engaged in it. The details may be learnt from the volumes of the Church Missionary Society, and from the Life of Samuel Leigh, by Mr. Strachan, which is among the volumes we have placed at the head of this article. Several years later (but before the assumption of sovereignty by Great Britain) a Roman Catholic mission, under Bishop Pompallier, also established itself at the Bay of Islands.

Very dark, indeed, were the prospects of the missionaries for many years. According to the common history of such events, the evils of heathenry grew darker as its extinction approached. The acquisition of European weapons and the example of European outcasts added great destructiveness to war, and fresh ferocity to the 'Utu' or Maori 'Vendetta,' the implacable demand of satisfaction for blood. The missionaries conceived that they had made an impression on one of the most powerful chiefs of the north, by name 'Hongi;' they sent him to England, where he attracted much notice, and obtained many presents. The wily savage exchanged them all at Sydney, on his return, for double-barrelled guns, muskets, and ammunition. Thus prepared, he started at once on a work of general conquest and extermination,—

'which,' says Colonel Mundy, 'he found no difficulty in effecting, when opposed only by clubs, spears, and stone tomahawks. Sweeping onwards from the north, he drove all before him—the great chief, Te Rauperaha, even flying from the "villainous saltpetre." Te Rauperaha, in his turn unseated from his hereditary lands, cleft his way towards the south, and, paying in the coin he had received, stayed not his

his blood-stained course until, crossing Cook's Straits, he had reached their southern shore on the Middle Island'—

where he established himself in his turn, by dispossession and massacre of the ancient inhabitants.

The wars of Hongi and Rauperaha were by far the bloodiest of which New Zealand tradition retains the memory. In a single action three thousand warriors were said to have fallen. Vast tracts were depopulated, and never again have, and probably never will, become occupied by the race of their former owners. The last deed of blood of the exterminator Hongi was his attack on the Wesleyan mission at Wangaroa, on January 10th, 1827:—

'In the vicinity of his camp the ovens were crowded with victims of war, while all parts of the human body, those of the mother and sucking infant, lay in undistinguishable masses. He pursued the flying enemy as far as Hunehuna, where they made a stand. During the fight Hongi stepped from behind a tree to discharge his musket, when a ball struck him: it broke his collar-bone, passed in an oblique direction through his right breast, and came out a little below his shoulder-blade close to the spine. This shot interrupted his career. The wound never closed; and the wind whistling through it afforded amusement to the sinking warrior.'—*Life of Leigh*, p. 278.

The condition of New Zealand, especially the northern part, was at this time truly fearful. The utter insecurity of native institutions and rights, and of life itself, against the terrible and new powers of destruction now wielded by the 'man-eating' warriors, seem to have produced a general recklessness and abandonment to sanguinary practices. Cannibalism became more common than ever: it was at this time that a horrible trade in preserved heads of New Zealand natives as articles of ornament prevailed for a short while. Infanticide, particularly of female children, began to threaten the utter extinction of the race. The suppression of the maternal instinct was so complete, that a substitute was actually found for it in the trifling impulse of maternal vanity. Mrs. Leigh, observing that

'the native mothers were proud of seeing their children with any article of dress peculiar to the *Pakeha* (European), employed her scholars to make several sets of baby-dresses. With these she clothed the infants in the families to which her young people respectively belonged. . . . In a short time several mothers arrived with their infants: placing them on the floor, they said, "These are your children, Mrs. Leigh: you must dress them like the Europe people." Mrs. Leigh would take the little creatures one by one into her lap and dress them. On returning them to their mothers she would say, "What beautiful children these are! See that you take great care of them. I will call occasionally and see how they thrive." It was generally found, that
when

when a native woman could be induced to preserve the life of her child for twelve or fourteen days, the strength of maternal affection was sufficient to save it afterwards from destruction. "In this way," said Mr. Leigh, "at a small expense, and in a short time, we saved scores of lives."—*Life*, p. 200.

We have no doubt that the great prevalence of this practice of female infanticide in the last generation is the main cause of that continuing depopulation which is observed in some districts in our own time. 'There is a great disproportion of the sexes throughout this district,' says Missionary Woon, of Waimaté, in the recent Papers: 'there are more men than women: and when a man has lost his wife he becomes unhappy and unsettled.' The same writer reports a diminution by deaths and removals of one-third of the natives in eight years. The same thing is reported to Governor Grey by Dr. Wilson, the medical officer in charge of the New Plymouth district.

'It is doubtlessly a sad truth, that in the rising generation one sees among them everywhere that, to whatsoever cause it is to be attributed, the number of the females has no relative proportion to that of the males.'

The leading missionaries abandoned their former seats for a time after the destruction of Wangaroa; and of that early seat of New Zealand Christianity we believe no traces are left. The operations of the missionaries can indeed scarcely be said to have begun in earnest until about the year 1831. Then a sudden and remarkable change took place. Perhaps the utter desolation produced by Hongi's wars—the breaking down of the power of old chieftains, the mixture of tribes, the confusion of rights and breaking up of old ideas, predisposed the minds of the survivors to the reception of the Gospel; but it was now embraced with all the imitative eagerness so characteristic of the race.

From that time forth their success was without a check. The general conversion of New Zealand, it may be said, was a work of little more than ten years. When Bishop Selwyn arrived in 1842, the greater part of the natives near the settlements seem to have already embraced Christianity; now, the heathens nowhere form more than a small and rapidly declining minority.

We must pass over the political history of New Zealand during this period: the assumption of sovereignty by Great Britain, the administrations of Governors Hobson and Fitzroy, the famous Treaty of Waitangi, acknowledging the rights of the native tribes to their lands, and the various comments and controversies to which it gave rise. Suffice it for our present purpose to say, that the 'land questions' thus raised produced at last, after many insulated acts of hostility between

natives and settlers, the singular and formidable 'rebellion' of 1845 in the Northern Island. The celebrated leader of that rebellion, 'John' (in native pronunciation Honi) 'Heké,' was, perhaps, rather an instrument than a ringleader. He was not a chief by birth: 'he lived as a boy,' says Colonel Mundy, 'in the capacity of servant at the Church Missionary Station at Paihia. The exterminator Hongi—Christian, like himself, by very loose profession—gave him his first lesson in war and his laughter in marriage.' By his handsome person, gallant address, and national boastfulness, he acquired great influence among the youthful and enterprising part of the community, while more legitimate leaders either looked on him with suspicion or used him for their own ulterior purposes. 'His longings took the peculiar form of cutting down the British flag-staff, which designing persons had taught him to regard as the symbol of Maori subjugation and slavery.' Three times he and his turbulent followers cut down 'Te Kara,' 'the colour,' the last time in 1844, at Kororarika, with great solemnity, 'after performing prayers with arms in their hands.' Want of regular military—and natural aversion to the alternative of committing settlers and savages to a desolating warfare—induced the local government long to tolerate his outrages. At last they sent for forces from New South Wales—but on the very day when these left Sydney, 11th March, 1845, occurred the strange and disastrous sacking of Kororarika by Heké and his comrades—much to the astonishment of the settlers and authorities. The details of the attack may be read in Colonel Mundy's work, and also in Bishop Selwyn's letter of April 1846 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel: for the Bishop was on the spot, and busied throughout the fire in removing the wounded, the women and children, and after its cessation in burying the dead. He mixed without fear or molestation among the triumphant victors—who not only respected him, but listened patiently to his remonstrances, and abstained, on his reproof, from emptying the casks of liquor they had captured. They warred against the soldiers and the flag, they said, not against the missionaries or the settlers. In the afternoon, says the Bishop,

'One of those circumstances occurred which mark, more than words can express, the confidence with which the old settlers live among the inhabitants of the country. I had gone about half-way to the Wai-mate, when I met a settler from Hokianga, riding quietly down to the bay, with one native on horseback behind him, to learn the particulars of the engagement. He had come thirty miles through the country from which Heké's forces were drawn, and was going to the scene of action: and I afterwards met him returning by the same route without the slightest apprehension of danger. The truth is, that there is something

thing in the native character which disarms personal fears in those who live among them and are acquainted with their manners. All suspicion of treachery seems to be at variance with the openness and publicity of their proceedings. Heké published beforehand his determination to attack Kororarika, the day on which it was to be done, and even the particulars of his plan for the assault.'

But surely we may go farther, and attribute much to what Colonel Mundy terms 'the great instinctive magnanimity of the Maori race'—and much to fifteen years of missionary training, which had converted war, from a mere display of animal ferocity to a game of even ultra-chivalrous loyalty.

It had, however, in no degree tamed their valour or abated their military skill. A series of partial military disasters to the British arms followed, ending with the unfortunate day of the 30th of June, 1845, when Colonel Despard, at the head of 400 British soldiers, was repulsed with the loss of one-fourth of his men, from Heké's strong 'pah' or stockade, at Waimate. It is not easy to calculate what might have been the results of a real and determined union against British supremacy at this juncture: but the Maoris were not united; many were on the British side—many passively disapproved of the proceedings of the rebels. Heké evacuated his famous stronghold, which was burnt by the British; but at the very same time his ally, the veteran chief Kawiti, 'was heard of, thirty or forty miles distant, busily engaged in erecting the most formidable work ever attempted in New Zealand, namely, the Rua-peka-peka, or the Bat's Nest.'

The following is Colonel Mundy's description of this famous fortress, which he visited two years later:—

'The height and solidity of the picquets composing the curtains, whereof there were two, distant some six feet apart, filled me with astonishment; nor was I less struck with the ingenuity displayed in the formation of the trenches and covered ways, between this double row of palisades and within both, from whence the defenders could take deadly aim along the glacis at the exposed stormers. Most of the loopholes for musketry were on the ground level, and, across the trenches in which the musketeers stood or crouched, were erected regular traverses, with narrow passages for one person, to guard against the *ricochet* of the British shot. The interior was, as has been said, subdivided into many compartments, so that the loss of one of them would not necessarily prevent the next from holding out.

'How these savages had contrived in a few weeks, and without mechanical appliances, to prepare the massive materials of their stockade, and to place them in their proper positions, deeply sunk in the earth, and firmly bound together, is inconceivable,—to be sure, the timber and flax grew on the spot, and the labourers engaged in the

work were working and preparing to fight for their native land and for liberty,—what more need be said? The pah was studded with subterranean cells, into which the more timid or prudent ran—like rabbits at the bark of a dog—when they heard the whiz of a shell or a rocket, or had reason to expect a salvo from the guns.’—*Mundy*, vol. iii. p. 236.

With infinite labour and perseverance the British guns were dragged through the impervious forest which surrounded the Bat’s Nest, in December, 1845, and brought at last to bear on it; but—

‘The actual capture of the Rua-peka-peka occurred somewhat fortuitously. The ‘Mihonari,’ or Christian portion of the garrison, had assembled for their karakia, or church service, on the outside of the rear face of the fortress, under cover of some rising ground. A party of loyal natives, wide-awake to the customs of their countrymen, approached under command of Wiremu Waka, brother of Tomati; and reconnoitred the breaches. Discovering the employment of the defenders, a message was sent back to the English, reporting this most righteous and laudable act of religion, but most unpardonable breach of military tactics, on the part of their hostile compatriots. And who shall say that this neglect of man’s ordinances and observance of God’s in the time of their trouble, did not bring with them a providential and merciful result? It led doubtless to their almost instantaneous defeat; but it saved them and the English from the tenfold carnage which a more vigilant and disciplined resistance from within their walls would have infallibly caused. An officer or two with a small party of soldiers and seamen stole quietly into the almost deserted pah, and further reinforcements followed quickly from the trenches. The Maoris, too late discovering their error and the movements of their foes, rushed tumultuously back into the work, and made a fierce but futile attempt to retake it. Hand to hand, and unfavoured by position, they had no chance against the British bayonet and cutlass. Battered and overpowered, they fled by the rear of the stockade, and the Bat’s Nest was ours.’

Thus terminated a war in which British energy and perseverance obtained at last the usual success, but against resistance of no common order. It is satisfactory to observe that the best judges concur in the opinion shared by Colonel Mundy with the governor, that ‘no probability exists of any extensive rebellion ever breaking out again in the country:’ but it is most important not to be misled either into over-security against the recurrence of such a calamity, or over-confidence in our means for its immediate suppression. As late as December, 1852, there were serious threatenings of armed collision between native tribes near the Bay of Islands, on some land question: suppressed, according to the Rev. Mr. Strachan, by missionary influence. And should such a misfortune recur, it will probably be found that the Maoris have lost nothing of their courage or tactics.

According

According to the governor, in his remarkable despatch of July, 1849, cited at length in Lord Grey's 'Colonial Policy,' they have learnt the weakness of their old system of fortification against the shell: they will construct no more 'pahs,' but trust to the natural strength of the country, and their own skill with the musket.

In November, 1845, while the war was yet raging, Sir George Grey assumed the command of the colony and of the strong military force which had been brought to defend it. The settlers were everywhere in dismay, and in some parts in serious danger: the relations between the races broken and hostile. Never was man called to the performance of a less promising task; for while the war (to use the language of Lord Grey in his work already cited) 'would have been converted into a mortal struggle between the European and Maori races by the slightest error of judgment on his part, and by his failing to unite with the most cautious prudence equal firmness and decision,' at the same time the angry disappointment of the settlers, and the intricate affairs of the New Zealand Company, were even more urgent and distracting than the causes of uneasiness from the natives. How he dealt with these former it is no part of our present business to show; but his management of the great native population under his government has been successful to a degree which no observer would have dared to anticipate; and the two volumes of Parliamentary Papers, which we have quoted at the head of this article, will furnish to those who sift them for the purpose invaluable records of his great ability, his consummate patience, his Christian humanity. Already familiar with a far lower and more despised race—the natives of Australia, to whose hearts he was the first and almost the only Englishman who ever found the way—he now applied all his energies to mastering the Maori language and the Maori character, and acquiring the habit of constant personal superintendence of their affairs. Instead of holding aloof from their former teachers, he threw himself into immediate and hearty communication with the missionaries; and no one has borne more decisive evidence than he, throughout the despatches before us, to the character of their services, in preparing the natives for British government and civilisation, and assisting him afterwards in diffusing their benefits: in his own words—

'Converting, educating, and training, by hourly, unremitting watchfulness and care (continued often by the same individual through long years of devotedness), winning the idolatrous barbarian to Christianity, making him a Christian in fact and in daily practice, and fitting him, by the knowledge of the arts of civilised life imparted to him, not only

to fulfil his duty as a citizen of a Christian state, but to rejoice in the change which had forced him to abandon barbarism and to adopt the customs of civilisation.'

Lastly, he brought the whole subject of native government, and the relations between the races, within the comprehensive embrace of a few distinct measures, partly having force of law, partly rules for the conduct of the executive: few in number, but based on calculation and forethought, and adhered to, through good and evil report, with characteristic tenacity. But here again we must allow the governor to speak for himself:—

'The measures which have been recently carried out for the advancement of the natives are—prohibiting the sale of arms and gunpowder, and the repair of arms; prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors; the enactment of an ordinance which provides the means of educating a large and increasing number of native children; the providing a tolerably efficient means of medical attendance in the most populous native districts; the employment of a native constabulary force, thus acquainting them with our laws; the enactment of laws for the adjustment of disputes between natives and Europeans; the employment of natives upon public works, where they are trained in various kinds of skilled labour and in the use of European tools and implements; and the providing employment generally for from 1200 to 1400 natives on the public works.'

To these must be added, perhaps as the most important safeguard of the whole, the rigid maintenance of the law by which all sales of land by native tribes, as of common ownership, except to Government, are absolutely prohibited; the local executive thus stepping in with constant and effectual vigilance between the native and the landjobber. To no single measure does New Zealand owe its recent exemption from international discontent and hostility so peculiarly as to this; and in proportion to its obvious utility is its unpopularity with that class of white citizens whose object is to impose at once on the simplicity or eagerness of the savage, and on the weakness of local officials against 'pressure.' Their great object throughout has been to devise evasions of the law, and then to proclaim it inefficient by reason of its liability to evasion; but hitherto with little success. And the matter is now become of less importance; for the law has nearly accomplished its purpose. A very large proportion of the available land has passed from the ownership of the tribes to that of the Government: those tribes which still hold out are thoroughly alive to the value of their possession, and can match either Government or squatter in driving a bargain; and the general diffusion of the notion of individual property among the natives is rapidly superseding that old principle of tribal ownership

ownership or dominion, the definition of which perplexed so greatly, a few years ago, the wits of colonial jurists and politicians.

The establishment of resident magistrates all over the country, to decide in a summary way on disputes between natives, was a measure which had its special object, besides its obvious advantages of a general kind. One of the inconvenient consequences which followed the universal adoption of Christianity was the relaxation of the tie between chief and vassal, master and slave. It would be a great mistake to judge of the general character of these feudal institutions merely by their abuses, monstrous as these have doubtless been. 'The chiefs feel as I do,' says the Governor in a despatch of April 1848, 'that the Maori laws, which compelled subordination and restrained the violence of the evil-disposed multitude, are being rapidly swept away, whilst the local government find it difficult, if not impossible, to spread their administration of the European law into the interior of the country so rapidly as the Maori law disappears.' And he subjoins a very interesting letter from the chief 'Tamati Ngapora,' pointing out the mischiefs arising from this deficiency, and arguing, with no small shrewdness, from Scriptural premises the necessity of a subordination of ranks. The 'resident magistrates' ordinance' seems exactly to have met the evil. They were whites, and therefore impartial; their courts followed Maori usage as interpreted to them, and were therefore popular. The papers before us are full of instances in which chiefs and people combined to repudiate their ancient mode of dealing with injuries, and resort to these tribunals for redress. Now indeed, in accordance with the eagerness and love of novelty which so curiously characterise them, their passion for the new amusement of litigation amounts to a public inconvenience. They have the same attraction towards British courts and law as the country people who flock to one of our remote assize towns. And odd enough are the mixed questions which sometimes arise out of the adaptation of Coke and Blackstone to antipodean requirements; as for instance, whether a chief is debarred from the truly British remedy of civil damages for conjugal infidelity, where the seducer has robbed him of the affection of one wife only out of several—a point which evidently affords abundant scope for the advocate's ingenuity.* An institution

* This subject of polygamy has proved an embarrassing one in New Zealand in more important ways. The adoption of Christianity, of course, tends to its abolition; but it is a knotty question for casuists, whether a native is to be required to abandon it before admission into the Church. Besides the arguments which Milton might have put forward against exacting such a condition, the more obvious one

institution of a very unobtrusive kind, namely the establishment of hospitals in all the populous parts (chiefly supported out of funds derived from the sale of land), has had perhaps even more beneficial effects. Its direct advantages have been very great: it has relieved numbers of sufferers whom native practice would have either abandoned as incurable or sought to relieve only by superstitious quackeries: it has mitigated, at least, that terrible evil which no care can wholly ward off, the spread of new diseases and mortality wherever natives and Europeans are brought in contact. But, indirectly, it has proved a great assistant to civilization. The natives, with their ready appreciation of everything useful to themselves, are ready and eager to avail themselves of these places of refuge: they have learned to connect the ideas of relief, comfort, and good treatment with that of government: and nothing can contribute so directly towards the last and most difficult result of all, amalgamation of races; for when side by side on the bed of sickness, even Saxon and Maori are apt to remember only their common humanity.

In this important respect, even the great agent of all, general education, has perhaps proved in New Zealand a less unqualified advantage. Here Governor Grey found the way already made straight before his arrival. The zealous exertions of missionaries of three denominations had not been in vain. The elements of instruction are widely spread among the Maoris. The Governor has availed himself of existing powers instead of endeavouring to create new ones—he has placed the fund which he felt himself entitled to devote to this purpose, in due proportions, in the hands of the English and Roman Catholic Bishop and of the Wesleyan Superintendent. We may deeply regret the necessity of such a distribution, but the strougest secularist can hardly disapprove of it. The Governor's own favourite establishments, the 'industrial schools,' counted, in 1851, 434 Anglican, 215 Wesleyan, and 53 Roman Catholic students (natives), probably representing with fairness the relative proportion of the sects throughout the colony. Education among the natives in general has now advanced a long way beyond elementary or merely Scriptural instruction. Not to speak of more solid acquirements, they have a strong taste for literature after their fashion—chiefly legendary and poetical. 'Robinson Crusoe' was translated by Mr. Kemp into Maori in 1851, and became a great and general favourite: the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was to follow. They have, as we observed before of Polynesians in general, a passion for

one occurs at once: What is to become of the poor repudiated women? The reader will find the matter seriously discussed in a recent paper in the Colonial Church Chronicle for January, 1854.

words—

words—a propensity to empty and unmeaning fluency. Religious, political, and commercial subjects are discussed with an endless amount of talk. Chiefs will sit up whole nights compiling endless letters to each other on trifling or imaginary subjects. ‘Their employments’ (quaintly says Dr. Rees, in a report to the Governor on the medical topography of the Wanganui district) ‘are, gardening, agriculture, fishing, spearing birds, making or repairing canoes, weaving mats (now seldom practised), ornamental carving, Divine services, religious and political discussions, and the general news of the day.’

But with all this advance in the use of their own language, they appear as yet to have done very little towards acquiring that of their conquerors. It was, as we have observed on a former occasion, a fixed rule of missionary discipline all over the Pacific to convey instruction in the native tongues; and the system thus begun on the authority of the teachers has acquired additional strength through the intense nationality of the Maori race. No European can obtain real influence among them without acquiring facility in their speech; while they will themselves employ that of the settlers no further than the absolute necessities of commercial intercourse require. This remains, to our minds, one of the most questionable features in the present picture of New Zealand. Certainly, so long as this marked distinction remains—and the present course of education tends to perpetuate it—there may possibly be harmony and co-operation between the races, but amalgamation in the proper sense of the word is impossible.

For the present, however, such considerations are out of place. All other tendencies seem for the time superseded among this energetic people by the desire to advance in material prosperity. They are adopting with eagerness the arts, and especially the gainful arts, of the settlers. All over the Northern Island, but chiefly in the neighbourhood of the settlements, they are vying with the most active of the latter in productive industry. The lower classes are engaged in road-making, whale-fishing, building, tending cattle, and tilling the soil; the chiefs becoming landed proprietors, millers (a particularly favourite profession), ship-builders, and ship-owners. ‘Of the coasting craft,’ says Mr. Swainson, ‘which trade between Auckland and the Bay of Islands, the most regular, clean, and orderly, and that which is commonly preferred by the public for the conveyance of passengers, is a vessel wholly owned and navigated by the natives of the country.’ With the usual passion of savages for newly-acquired equestrian pursuits, they have become expert horse-breeders and riders; and these islands, which possessed
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not one single specimen of the mammalia until Captain Cook brought them the pig and the rat, will soon furnish as pretty an irregular cavalry as ever turned out for war or the chase. To cite a late Report of the Surveyor-general of the colony :—

‘ While they yield a ready obedience to the laws of the Europeans, and, when questioned, admit them to be just and good, they seem to value those the most of all that enforce payment of debts and demands. All speculative theories are thrown aside, and they seem to have started with an energy quite surprising in the pursuit of gain, bidding fair to outstrip many of their early European instructors. They have now dispensed with the formerly all-important European character, once so indispensable among them, and to be seen in every village, “ the native trader.” He has been for the last three or four years unknown among them, being unable to make a profit by his trading transactions. They have all obtained some knowledge of arithmetic, and delight in exhibiting their skill. . . . They have now wise men among themselves to calculate the cubic contents of a heap of firewood, the area of a plot of ground, so as to sow two bushels of wheat to the acre, the live weight of a pig, and the value at 3*l.* a-pound, sinking one-fifth as offal. They esteem themselves first-rate horse-breakers, and I heard more than one lecturing on the mysteries of the turf to an admiring audience. Every recently arrived traveller, if he comes from any of the settlements, is closely questioned as to the price of pork, wheat, flour, and flax. The old persons may be seen in groups round the evening fire, chatting about the appearance of crops, and all subjects relating to them; the women being busily employed in making baskets to carry grain and potatoes, or in plaiting leg-ropes for driving their pigs to market. All other pursuits seem merged into habits of thrift; and the most engrossing subject that can be broached is the relative merits of two mill sites, over or under shot wheels, and the best means of raising 200*l.* or 300*l.* for the purpose of building a mill which shall grind more than one erected by a rival tribe. Such is the excitement on this particular topic, that they have, in their haste to commence the undertaking, employed in some instances very unprincipled or very unskilful workmen, and have lost considerable outlay.

‘ Upon first starting from our settlements, and after leaving the last farmhouse behind, one is apt to suppose that there ends the exertions of man to subdue the wild expanse of nature lying before him; but such is not the case. The natives present in their vast numbers a power, if well directed, of accomplishing much towards it, and are at this moment one of the most important features connected with the colonisation of this country.’—*Report to Governor, April 1852.*

How has this sudden burst of prosperity affected the religious character of the now Christianised people? Much, apparently, as similar causes have acted on other communities—producing good tempered with evil. The Maoris present no exception to the general maxim of the Psalmist and the great Greek moralist, that prosperous men are usually observant of outward religion.

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There is much apparent devotion among them, and much show of attachment to their various persuasions : no lack also of real faith and earnestness, though the Puritan phraseology and turn of thought in which they have been educated jar more on our perceptions now, in these days of their civilization and worldliness, than in the freshness of their first conversion. But their teachers complain, as might naturally be expected, of increasing deadness and lack of zeal.

'The state of the people,' say the Church Missionaries, in their Report of 1852, 'is, in fact, too much assimilated to that of nominal Christians at home.' 'Their spiritual does not keep pace with their temporal prosperity,' writes the Wesleyan Mr. Woon, in the same year ('Life of Leigh,' p. 496). 'They have not yet learnt the Scriptural lesson that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."' They now eat the finest wheat ; many are dressed with comfortable clothing, and ride on horses like gentlemen ; *while they ride, the missionary walks.* Meanwhile, whatever may be the case as to religious proficiency, controversy flourishes in this congenial soil. The disputes between 'Weteri, Haha, and Pikopo'—Wesley, Church, and Bishop, *i. e.* Romanist—are carried on with native volubility throughout the length and breadth of the land. Even in the wild region, beaten with constant rain, and indented with rock-bound friths like the Norwegian coast, which extends along the western shore of the Middle island—the last corner of this Polynesian world which wealth and population will probably reach—Mr. Brunner, the only explorer who has described its solitudes, found the same dissensions prevailing :—

'There are only ninety-seven natives, adults and children,' he says, 'living on the west coast, north of lat. 44° ; all of whom profess some form of Christianity ; twenty-nine of them are members of the Church, and sixty-eight Wesleyans. I am much astonished to find among the natives in these distant parts so much attention paid to their forms of religion, which are the Church and Wesleyan. Much animosity appears to exist between them ; and, although in some places there are only six or seven natives, yet they have separate places of worship, two schools, and are always quarrelling about religion, each party asserting its own to be the proper service to God.'—*Parl. Papers, Jun. 1850, p. 44.*

Surely the force of the *reductio ad absurdum* can go no farther. The Church of Rome, of which exclusiveness is the principle, must be judged by her own standard. But that Protestants cannot combine to redeem these miserable denizens of the uttermost corners of the earth, without instilling, along with the common truth, their profitless controversies about 'Weteri' and 'Haha,'
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is a fact so melancholy, as almost to tempt the ordinary reader to lay down the volumes of missionary records in despair. With whomsoever the fault may be, the originators and fosterers of such feuds seem to us worse enemies to religion than many to whom ecclesiastical nomenclature awards the title of schismatics.

These are, however, but spots of shadow in the general prospect. The old heathen state is passing bodily away—a new Christian polity arising under our eyes like the fabric of a dream. In the neighbourhood of the chief European settlements—to borrow the energetic language of Governor Grey himself—

‘both races already form one harmonious community, connected together by commercial and agricultural pursuits, professing the same faith, resorting to the same courts of justice, joining in the same public sports, standing mutually and indifferently to each other in the relation of landlord and tenant, and thus insensibly forming one people.’

And now—as if to complete, with dramatic accuracy, the strange transformation which the last nine years have wrought—it seems as if the actors with whose names we are most familiar in the busy politics of New Zealand were either disappearing together from the scene, or adapting their character to altered circumstances, so as to become absolutely new men. In May, 1850, our old enemy, John Heké, died at Waimate; being little above forty years of age. Colonel Mundy believes that

‘the immediate cause of the death of the Lion of the North was a sound thrashing administered by his wife! It is certain that the daughter of the great chief, Hongi, was very jealous of her low-born but handsome husband; and had cause to be so, up to the very day of his decease. Heké’s intimate friend and ally, Pene Tau, reporting his death to the governor, writes, “Thus it was: Heké was sleeping in the forenoon—he was sound asleep. Then came Harriett with a *huni* (a staff or club) and struck him on the ribs. When she had beaten him she threw him down upon the bed, and when he was down she showered blows and kicks upon him. That is all.”’

But it is worth mentioning—to show the sensitiveness of the natives to European appreciation of their notions and conduct—that the Governor has since found himself obliged to satisfy Harriett’s feelings and those of her tribe by a formal report to Downing-street, contradicting Pene Tau’s scandals, and certifying on medical authority that Heké died of consumption. The southern chief, Te Rauperaha, whom it had been necessary to detain in *surveillance* for eighteen months after the insurrection, died in 1849. He had been released two years before, and Colonel Mundy accompanied him to his home. ‘It is said,’ the Colonel informs us, ‘that he was well nigh broken-hearted when he found his grand old heathen pah, which stands close
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to the sea-shore (near Wellington), utterly deserted and in ruins, while the new Christian settlement is fully peopled, and flourishing like a green bay-tree.' His son, Thomson (Tomihoni) Rauperaha, is described as 'a discreet Christian teacher, and tea-and-toast man.'

'Thomas Walker Nene,' our active and gallant ally throughout the struggle of 1845, offered to Colonel Mundy to surrender the pension which he holds for his services 'if the Governor would get him a fine mill from Sydney . . . It is to be hoped that before very long he became, what was the height of his ambition, a miller on his own account, grinding corn at so much per bushel.' Yet this man was noted for acts of daring bravery in the olden day: once, 'when his blood and heart were high,' he walked alone into the pah of an enemy, called him out by name, and shot him dead for having murdered his friend and relative. But the most unaccountable of these changes seems to have come over the greatest savage of all, Rangihiaeta, the chief who, at the so-called 'massacre of Wairau,' killed with his own tomahawk, in cold blood, Captains England and Wakefield and fifteen other English prisoners; in revenge, it must be added, for the death of one of his wives by a chance shot in the skirmish.

'In 1849,' says a government surveyor in a report, 'the old chief pointed out to me the impregnable nature of his position, by calling my attention more than once to the large lagoons, morasses, dense forest, and high hills with which he is surrounded, giving me to understand that he would not be destitute of food while the lagoons supplied eels, the forest birds, *namaku*, or other food, on which, with occasional contributions from surrounding tribes, he and his followers could subsist. At this time the very mention of a road seemed to excite his indignation.'

He was shrewdly of opinion, that 'the only object of roads was to conquer New Zealanders.' Strange to say, he is now so bitten with what the surveyor calls the prevalent 'mania for road-making' among the natives of that part of the country, that, with the encouragement of a Roman Catholic missionary, he has induced his people to make three admirable lines of road through the heart of his own fastnesses, and drives his own gig, we are told, on his own highway. One of these roads he has designated the 'Governor's Backbone,' thereby, in native etiquette, making over the ownership and superintendence of it to the Governor.*

* Thus 'the great Heuheu of Taupo,' a powerful northern chief, once proclaimed that the splendid volcanic mountain Tongariro, one of the grandest natural objects of the island, was his own backbone. The result of which was, that the mountain was as inconveniently 'tabooed' to picturesque and other explorers, as certain Scottish glens are said to be by certain civilised chieftains.

Together with the principal native actors on this distant stage, we have now to bid farewell to the principal European. The bishop is for the present in England, explaining to his own countrymen the wants and history of his adopted race. And Sir George Grey has left his government—perhaps not to return. He has left it escorted by the prayers and blessings of thousands, whom he has seen raised, mainly through his own judgment and perseverance, from barbarism to civilisation. No man in our day, perhaps in any day, has accomplished such a task. And yet it is not to the governor that these simple and cordial people bring the homage of their attachment, but to the man. It is the charm of sympathy which has won them—the charm of his own deep and somewhat enthusiastic affection for the race which he knows so well and has served so truly. In the words of a poetical farewell to him from the natives of Otaki, which lies before us :—

‘Thy love came first, not mine :
Thou didst first behold
With favour and regard
The meanest of our race :

Hence it is that the heart o’erflows.’*

He may now depart in peace; his part is played out, and room is made for the exertions of new performers. Whatever judgment may be passed on other points of Governor Grey’s diversified administration—and it is his fortune to have singularly able as well as hostile critics, both here and in his own islands—the present age must needs do him justice as the founder of Maori civilisation, and we fervently hope that posterity may crown the judgment by pointing to the permanence of his work.

NOTE.—With reference to a statement at p. 84 of our former article on this subject, respecting the licensing of houses for the sale of spirits at the Sandwich Islands, under the British Commission of Government, in 1843, we have been since informed by one of the Commissioners that the licensees were expressly prohibited from selling spirits to natives. Our statement was taken from the account of Alexander Simpson, Secretary to the Commission, which omits to mention this circumstance.

ART.

* It was not only for his paternal government that Sir George Grey had an especial claim to this poetical tribute, for it is to him that the natives are indebted for the preservation of their old national songs. He published at New Zealand in 1853 a considerable octavo volume of Maori verse, which he had diligently gleaned for seven years in all parts of the islands. ‘The most favourable time,’ he states in his preface, ‘for collecting these poems was at the great meetings of the people upon public affairs, when their chiefs and most eloquent orators addressed them. On those occasions, according to the custom of the nation, the most effective speeches were principally made up from recitations of portions of ancient poems.’

- ART. VII.—1. *The Lives of the Queens of England, &c.* By Agnes Strickland. Vols. VI. VII. London. 1843.
2. *Memoirs of the Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton, K.G., &c.* By Sir Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G. London. 1847.
3. *The Romance of the Peerage, or Curiosities of Family History.* By George Lillie Craik. Vols. I. II. London. 1848.
4. *Lives and Letters of the Devereux Earls of Essex, &c.* By the Hon. Walter Bouchier Devereux. 2 Vols. London. 1853.

IT has been remarked by Sismondi, that the effect of the Salic law in the succession of a kingdom is to render the royal family more strictly national, while one in which female succession is allowed is perpetually exposed to the chance of receiving a foreign dynasty. Of the long line of kings of France every one was a Frenchman, while England and Spain have each been more than once transferred to foreign rulers through the operation of the contrary law. But it is a curious circumstance, that whenever this has occurred in England,* it has never taken place through the marriage of a queen-regnant, but always through that of some princess not in the immediate line of succession, whose posterity has appeared to claim the throne after several generations. Probably few persons seriously dreamed that the union of Margaret of England with James of Scotland would lead to that of the two British kingdoms under one sceptre; still fewer doubtless imagined, when the decorous Palsgrave carried off his laughing bride from the court of their first common sovereign, that within a century both realms would receive as their king the prince of a German state of which few Englishmen in those days had heard the name. But none of the queens-regnant who have preceded her present Majesty can be made responsible for the good or the evil of introducing new blood into the royal line. Two, indeed—if we count, as is hardly fair, the second Mary, three—of their number were married to foreign princes, but none left surviving issue, only one bore children at all. The present heir-apparent is the first who has derived the title of Prince of Wales from a maternal parent. And Elizabeth, the

poems.' The collection will form a curious study for ethnographers, and cannot fail to throw considerable light upon the former customs and ideas of this interesting race. Unless the task had been undertaken at once, it would have been vain to attempt it. The poems, Sir George says, are rapidly passing out of use and memory; and the ancient and figurative language in which they are composed is already nearly or quite unintelligible to many of their best-instructed young men. The metrical arrangement was obtained by listening attentively to the chanting of the songs by various natives at different times.

* The Plantagenet succession was hardly an exception: Matilda can be barely counted as a queen-regnant; and her husband and son were not more foreign to the English nation than the existing royal family.

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greatest of our queens, and one of the greatest of our sovereigns, desired no worthier epitaph than that 'she lived and died a Virgin Queen.'

But more than this, two among our queens-regnant have been conspicuously national sovereigns. The last Tudor and the last Stuart, the daughter of Henry VIII. and the daughter of James II., were the last of our rulers who were English by both parents. Their maternal ancestry was not drawn from Kings and Kaisers, but from simple English subjects, and those of no very exalted rank or pedigree. Both were indeed the daughters of peers, but neither Anne Boleyn nor Queen Anne was born in the peerage; the former indeed was doubtless the cause of her father's elevation. The whole dynasty to which Elizabeth belonged was one under which royalty was more thoroughly national than it had been for many centuries before, or than it has ever been since. The marriage of the Duke of York with Anne Hyde was looked on as something strange, and almost monstrous; but such was not the feeling a century earlier. The royal personages of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries intermarried more habitually with Englishmen and Englishwomen than those of any subsequent age, or indeed of any preceding one since the Norman Conquest. It was the point of time most favourable to such a practice. The last vestiges of its foreign origin had just been wiped away from the dynasty, and the aristocracy founded by the Conqueror; the system of modern European politics which regards all crowned heads as forming a distinct caste, intermarrying only within their own august circle, was not as yet fully established. In England again especially, the constant revolutions and changes of the succession brought the crown within the reach of remote branches of the royal family, who had nothing but their genealogy to distinguish them from the rest of the nobility of the realm. Anyhow the pedigree of Queen Elizabeth would have appeared painfully defective in the eyes of a German herald. She would have been utterly unable to make out her sixteen quarterings of royal or even noble dignity. We have oftener to pick our way through the obscure genealogies of rustic knights and plodding citizens than along the magnificent series of the Percies or the De Veres. As if to mock every notion of the kind, when any unusually illustrious name does appear, it is the result of some strange *mésalliance* which drew attention even at the time. Elizabeth's grotesque title of Queen of France might have been backed up by a lineal, though not male, connexion with St. Lewis and Hugh Capet, of more recent date than her descent from the 'she-wolf,' from whom that fantastic claim was originally derived; but this

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was only because a handsome Welsh gentleman had pleased the eye of a daughter of France, the widow of the conqueror of Agincourt. In tracing her direct royal descent through the contending houses whose claims had centred in her father, we shall not find a foreign ancestor until the two lines converge in a pair of whom any nation would have been proud, Edward of England and Philippa of Hainault. It is impossible to doubt that this thorough nationality of the Tudor and later Plantagenet sovereigns had something to do with the popularity with which they were almost always surrounded. Before and after, England had kings—Normans, Scots, or Germans—ignorant of her language, or careless of her interests: during this very period Mary lost perhaps more of the national affection by her Spanish marriage, than by a whole hecatomb of martyrs; but Henry VIII. and his younger daughter, whatever else they were, good or bad, were the thoroughly English offspring of English parents, identified in every point of language, habits, and feelings with the common mass of their people, who saw in their ruler only the most exalted of their own number, and did not abhor the despotism of one who was felt to be the true impersonation of the national character.

While both father and daughter were alike the objects of popular attachment during their life-time, the daughter alone has retained the affection of posterity. In fact we find it no easy matter to believe that our eighth Harry could ever have been a popular monarch. The England, however, of those days was used to see royal and noble blood poured out upon the scaffold; and there seems reason to believe that the strange compound of religions which he devised harmonized well with the feeling of his day. Men rejoiced to get rid of the never-failing grievance of the Pope's supremacy, and of some of the grosser practical delusions and superstitions; but the mass of mankind in all ages are alike attached to the religious ceremonies to which they are accustomed, and heedless about theological dogmas which they do not comprehend. Such a state of mind was exactly met by the church of Henry VIII.: national and regal vanity were alike flattered by the erection of an insular Pope in the royal person; men's senses were no longer insulted by the Rood of Boxley or the holy phial of Hales; but the divine might still maintain the orthodox faith of pontiffs and councils, and the layman was still surrounded at his baptism, his marriage, and his burial, by the same rites which were endeared to him and his fathers by the practice of countless generations. Henry appeared in his own time as a gallant and magnificent monarch, under whom the country enjoyed a peace to which it had been

unaccustomed for nearly a century ; he gave his subjects as much religious reformation as they desired, and no more than they desired ; his worst acts too were always done under a legal guise, for he found parliaments, judges, and convocations ready to sanction every caprice of his despotism. Such an one was easily forgiven those deeds of wanton bloodshed which have rendered his name a byword among posterity. The like too was the case with his daughter : the act which the warmest panegyrists of Elizabeth are driven to palliate as a dark stain upon her memory ; the act from which she herself shrunk, and of which she meanly tried to throw the responsibility upon others, was not even an error in the eyes of her loving subjects. Mary Stuart, the deposed and captive queen, excited no feeling of romance or chivalry in the breast of the ordinary Englishman of her own time ; he saw in her only the foe of his religion and the rival of his sovereign ; crowds of petitions prayed that justice might be done upon the offender, and her execution was hailed with the same signs of public rejoicing as a coronation or a royal marriage.

Elizabeth then, and all that pertains to her, is recommended to our attention not only by the acknowledged greatness of her character and the important events which marked her reign, but as a sovereign more thoroughly national and more thoroughly popular than any of her predecessors or successors during several centuries. She was not merely the sovereign, she was the head, the kinswoman, the representative of her people. Every feature of her character is thus invested with a special interest, one that is redoubled when we consider the foibles, the vices, and the crimes of which she stands convicted or charged. Elizabeth as drawn by her admirers, and Elizabeth as drawn by her enemies, appear like the portraits of two wholly distinct women. And yet neither portrait is to be set aside as an entirely fictitious one. We need not dispute whether the shield is gold or silver, whether the chamaleon is green or blue. The glorious qualities which are held up to admiration by the one side, the degrading weaknesses which the other points out to our contempt, are both of them plainly to be recognised in the records of her life. Our only business is to consider how the two could be so strangely intermingled in the same character, and how the most ludicrous and contemptible foibles never interfered with her veneration at the hands of that public opinion which is generally more disposed to forgive the crimes than the follies of its princes.

The knight approaching the shield from one side alone might well pronounce it to be all golden. The first aspect of Elizabeth's character is that of the wisest and mightiest of a line of rulers,

rulers, surpassed in might and wisdom by none that history has recorded. It has seldom been the lot of England to fall under the sway of *rois fainéans*, such as have made their dignity contemptible in the eyes of many foreign nations; a succession of them she has never seen. Most of our kings have been men of more than average ability; several of them have been men of pre-eminent genius. But, since the mighty Norman first set foot upon our shores, one prince alone has worn his crown who can dispute the first rank with the daughter of Henry VIII. and of Anne Boleyn. The first Edward, great alike in war and peace, the founder of our commerce, the refounder of our law, may indeed claim a place by the side of one who in so many respects trod in the same line of policy. He was the first, and, till Elizabeth arose, well nigh the last, who felt that the sceptre of the old Bretwaldas was a nobler prize than shadowy dreams of continental aggrandizement; before the true greatness of either of them, the glories of Crecy and Agincourt sink into insignificance. During the forty-five years which beheld England under the sway of Elizabeth, she rose from a secondary position among the powers of Europe to a level with the mightiest of empires. And this not by dazzling and unsubstantial conquests, but by the steady growth of a great people led on by the guiding hand of a great ruler. The best comment on this fact is the history of preceding and succeeding centuries. We can trace no germ of the gradual and comparatively peaceful progress of the nation in the wild aggressions which were the favourite policy even down to the time of Elizabeth's own father. Still less can we recognise the glorious England of Elizabeth in the despised England of the reign of Charles II., when she became a pensioner of France. Under Elizabeth arose that naval greatness which has since formed our chief glory: under her auspices Drake and Frobisher and Raleigh extended alike the dominions of their sovereign and the limits of the habitable world. She first raised her own England to the rank of mistress of the ocean, and laid the first foundation of another England on its further shore. She carried the name and the glory of her country into regions hardly trodden by an English foot since the days of Alfred. She could not only boast of hurling defiance at Parma and at Spain, but her diplomatic and commercial intercourse embraced the Czar of Muscovy and the Sophi of Persia. She was looked to by all Europe as the bulwark of Protestantism and of liberty, and was recompensed by the offer of foreign crowns which she had the wisdom to refuse. At home she established and maintained a government which for those times was both firm and gentle, a despotism which drew

its power from the national affection. Nearly her whole reign was one triumphal procession; everywhere her people gathered around her as round a parent; gracious and accessible to all, no petitioner was repulsed from her presence. Stern and unbending when necessity required it, she knew how to give way with grace, or, by anticipating remonstrance, to avoid the necessity of yielding. She reared up the fabric of a church, free alike from the superstitions of the Papist and the licentiousness of the Puritan. In abolishing a foreign jurisdiction and a corrupt ceremonial, she preserved a regular order of church government, and a ritual at once simple and decorous. And all this was essentially her own doing. She was surrounded by able counsellors; but no stronger proof than this can be given of her own ability. In days when kings governed as well as reigned, the predominance of a great minister is no doubtful sign of the existence of a great sovereign. And assuredly no counsellor, however able, could have forced Elizabeth into any course contrary to her own will and judgment. Whatever was done in the name of one who so dearly loved the authority she was born to exercise must, if not the fruit of her own mere motion, at least have had the deliberate sanction of her searching intellect. Versed in all the learning and accomplishments of her age, delighting in the gaiety and splendour of a court, she never forgot the duties of a real ruler in the idleness and dissipation of the vulgar mob of princes. She maintained the credit of her kingdom abroad without plunging into unnecessary or expensive wars; she encouraged the arts of peace without suffering the decay of a martial spirit; she maintained a magnificent court, without its being purchased by the misery of the nation. The true parent of her people, she won the love in which she delighted; she ascended the throne amid their acclamations; and if, from the satiety which comes with long familiarity, she did not descend to her grave amid their tears, her memory soon became dearer to them than ever from the contrast she presented to her inglorious successor, and remained thenceforward embalmed among the most precious recollections of their past history.

Let us now change our course, and approach the object of controversy from an opposite quarter. An aspect may indeed be found in which the shield can hardly be considered even as silver, but its material might well be deemed to be a baser metal. The mighty queen is transformed into a weak, if not a vicious, woman; her personal character is well nigh surrendered, and even her political capacity does not come out unscathed. Caprice, affectation, and coquetry appear as the leading features of the one; vacillation,

vacillation, parsimony, and persecution are stamped as the indelible characteristics of the other. From youth to old age she was the slave of the most egregious personal vanity: Queen and heroine, sacred Majesty and Defender of the Faith, were titles less acceptable to the royal ear than the flattery which extolled the royal person as surpassing the beauty of all women past, present, or to come. The sovereign of seventy was never more delighted than when her courtiers exchanged the respectful demeanour of subjects for a strain of amorous adulation which might have disgusted a sensible girl of seventeen. Her earliest determination was to live and die a virgin queen; but throughout her reign the strength of that determination was exhibited by continually running to the brink of temptation. Her whole life was a chronicle of love-passages, or what affected to pass as such. Every foreign prince who thought the throne of England a convenient resting-place, every subject who professed that loyalty and chivalry had been fanned into a warmer devotion, was sure of encouragement in the wooing, even though the winning might be denied him. The court of the virgin monarch was ruled by a succession of favourites, admitted to a perilous, if not a guilty, familiarity; the carpet knight and the dancing lawyer swayed the deliberations of her council no less than the grave statesman and the experienced warrior. But in proportion to the licence she allowed herself, was the severity of the discipline she inflicted on others. The refounder of the Protestant Church regarded the most lawful matrimony as something altogether unbecoming in the priesthood, and as a hardly allowable liberty even in the laity. The marriage of a bishop was expiated by the confiscation of a manor; that of a female of royal blood was the surest passport to the interior of the Tower. Her personal habits were those of one who had thrown off alike the dignity of the monarch and the gentleness of the woman; her diversions seem to have surpassed the ordinary brutality of the times; the 'most godly queen' interlarded her discourse with oaths worthy only of a Rufus or a John; she boxed the ear of one courtier, and spat upon the fringed mantle of another. The hand of the sovereign was open to receive, and shut when she should repay; her military schemes were ruined by an unworthy parsimony; at home she quartered herself in the houses of her subjects, and neither justice nor mercy ever stood in the way of her exacting to the uttermost farthing the pecuniary obligations even of her most honoured servants. Her government was constantly that of a despot; the rights of Parliament were openly jeered at; patents and monopolies enriched her favourites with wealth wrung from the scanty fare of the peasant and the artizan. Although the sincerity of her

her personal religion was doubtful, she enforced a conformity with her external standard by a rigorous persecution in all directions. While the fires of Smithfield still received an occasional Protestant, the lay votary of Rome had to struggle through life with confiscation or imprisonment, and his spiritual adviser lived in a perpetual apprehension that the last sight afforded him in this world would be that of his own bowels committed to the flames before his eyes. Vacillation and obstinacy contended for the mastery in her councils; the sovereign's will was indeed law, but that will seldom remained the same for two consecutive days. In great and small matters alike the 'varium et mutabile' betokened the true womanhood of one who had yet cast off the gentler feelings of her sex. No man could calculate on her course on a progress; no man could calculate on the ultimate punishment or ultimate pardon of a convicted offender. A marriage treaty was entered upon, broken off, recommenced, and finally repudiated; a death-warrant was alternately despatched and recalled, and the responsibility thrown at last upon her confused or deluded agents. Without lineal heirs, with a heritage ready to be claimed by a contending hereditary and parliamentary right, an absurd personal caprice led her to expose her kingdom to a disputed succession rather than give any one a direct and undoubted interest in her death. In a word, if she had attained to some of the virtues of the other sex, she had acquired with them some of its less amiable characteristics, while of her own she retained nothing but, to say the least, some of its most degrading weaknesses.

We are conscious of a certain amount of exaggeration in both these sketches, in which we have by turns spoken the language of her ardent admirers and of her bitter opponents. There are lineaments in both portraits which rest more on popular conceptions than on historical evidence, but both are true in the main, and each expresses one side of a strangely mingled and contradictory character, which cannot be better summed up than in the words of one of the most eminent of her councillors, that 'one day she was greater than man, and the next less than woman.'

It is with the private and personal character of this famous queen that we propose chiefly to deal at present. We have no intention of entering at large on the great external events of her reign. We shall not repeat the tale of the destruction of Spain's invincible Armada, nor engage in any minute consideration of her civil government or her ecclesiastical reforms. All these important matters we shall only regard so far as they throw light upon the individual character of her who was the chief agent in them.

them. We shall rather endeavour to draw a portrait of Elizabeth as she was received by Leicester at Kenilworth, or by Burleigh at Theobalds, as she hearkened to the courtship of Anjou, and mourned over the grave of Essex. It so happens that this more personal aspect of Elizabeth's character has of late years had the public attention called to it by several writers of very various orders. The greatest of the Queens of England has naturally commanded her full share of attention at the hands of their biographer, and the career of Elizabeth accordingly occupies a thick volume in the last edition of Miss Strickland's series. The writings of this lady, notwithstanding a pervading poverty of style and an equally pervading feebleness of thought, and notwithstanding the graver faults of frequent inaccuracy and almost constant partiality, are by no means without their use. They have doubtless been far more in vogue with the general reader than with the historical student, but we cannot but think they are more really valuable to the latter, both for the copious extracts they contain, and as pointing out sources of various and often neglected information. If not always a safe guide herself, she is at least useful as directing the reader to better and more trustworthy authorities.

Of our other writers, Mr. Craik has given us a valuable work under an ill-chosen title. The 'Romance of the Peerage' is not, as might be supposed, a collection of high-wrought scenes and anecdotes in which dukes and countesses form the actors; but is a work of much research and good sense, which should rather have been called by its secondary title only, 'Curiosities of Family History.' As tracing out in detail the private career, the family connexions, marriages, and genealogies, of many of the eminent characters of Elizabeth's reign, it is of great service towards drawing a picture of her court, its manners, and its morals.

The 'Memoirs of the Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton' are still more misnamed than the work of Mr. Craik. The book consists of little else than a collection of letters—the majority of them state documents—to which Mr. Harris Nicolas has attached a few very slight connective paragraphs and occasional brief explanatory notes. His principal efforts have been directed to correcting the errors in the lively but inaccurate notice of Hatton to be found in Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Lord Chancellors.' The genuine portrait of the supposed dancer in high places proves to have no resemblance in many important particulars to the fanciful sketch which the Lord Chief Justice has drawn; and besides the illustration which the letters afford of the true character of Hatton, they throw much light on both
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the personal and political history of the princess in whose reign he played so important a part.

Finally, Captain Devereux has well and wisely employed the professional leisure of which he complains in his preface, in putting together two volumes on the lives of three eminent members of his own family. We wish family pride always took a turn as profitable to the interests of knowledge and literature, though certainly there are many persons with as long a pedigree as Captain Devereux who could not find so much that is worth telling about the individual members of it. Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, is a name as familiar as any in history; Essex, the husband of Lady Frances Howard, though a less conspicuous character, is known to every one as the leader of the Parliamentary army; but the first earl, notwithstanding that he was indubitably the best and greatest of the three, will, we imagine, be almost a new discovery to the majority of the Captain's readers, and one which puts Elizabeth in a new and very extraordinary light. Captain Devereux's book is just what a biographical and family memoir should be—a help to history, but not trenching on its peculiar domain, and still less invading the tempting fields of romance.

With this general acknowledgment, we shall press into our service all the writers we have enumerated, along with those of earlier and more established reputation, in our attempt to give a general sketch of the courtly and domestic life of our greatest and weakest female sovereign.

Elizabeth was born at Greenwich Palace on the 7th of September, 1533. Every one remembers the rapturous exclamation of our great moralist—

‘Pleased with the place which gave Eliza birth,
I kneel and kiss the consecrated earth,’—

lines which seem to convert the Protestant queen into a sort of Our Lady of Walsingham, and to represent a visit to her birth-place as equivalent to a Pilgrimage of Grace. England was at that moment on the eve of the great religious revolution, of which Elizabeth's ^{birth} ~~we~~ ^{was} ~~earth~~ was in some sort the earnest. The monasteries were still standing; the bishoprics were still un-
plundered; the papal jurisdiction was not yet formally cast off; the papal ritual still flourished in all its splendour. But the die had been cast which had made an irreconcilable breach between England and Rome. The daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the aunt of Charles V., had been put aside from her royal dignity; and, in defiance of imperial and papal protests, the daughter of an obscure country knight had occupied the place which Queen Katharine had vacated. The marriage, the coronation, the birth, had

had followed each other in quick, in too quick succession. In the judgment of those who are precise in matrimonial chronology, the three events came too close together for the spotless reputation of Anne Boleyn, even if we regard the marriage of Katharine as so palpably null that no sort of process whatever was needed to set it aside. But as this last view was that in which the royal conscience ultimately settled down, Elizabeth came into the world presumptive heiress to the Crown of England, to the great disappointment of a father who passionately longed for male issue. Born to a throne, baptised with all the pomp with which the ancient ritual could surround a royal infant, in her third year she was converted into a merely illegitimate scion of royalty, being herself supplanted as she had supplanted her elder sister. Her mother had been got rid of by the twofold and somewhat contradictory processes of a divorce which pronounced her marriage null, and a beheading for adultery which necessarily implied that it was valid. Notwithstanding, however, the lack of raiment which seems at one time to have befallen the infant princess, and on which Miss Strickland becomes minute and pathetic to a degree in which male critics can hardly be expected to sympathise, it does not appear that she was ever treated otherwise than with kindness, either by her father or by her successive stepmothers. She was always recognised as a member of the royal family, and appeared as such on all public occasions. In fact, after Henry's hatred to Anne Boleyn had been forgotten in four succeeding marriages, another divorce, and another decapitation, there seems no reason why he might not have acknowledged Elizabeth as his legitimate child. For as the axe had fallen on the neck of Anne a single day before her place was filled by her successor, the recognition of her daughter would in no wise have affected the legitimacy of Edward VI. This act of justice was however deferred till Henry's last will and testament recognised all his children in the natural order of succession, though, in a strictly legal point of view, it is impossible that *both* Mary and Elizabeth could have been his legitimate offspring.*

Our main subject in considering the personal history of Elizabeth is of course afforded by those negotiations for her hand, which occupy well nigh the whole of her life. From the age of ten to that of seventy, her marriage was perpetually on the *tapis*. At the outset, indeed, her father had to offer her, and that in vain,

* It may, however, be said that, as each was the offspring of a mother recognised at the time as the legitimate wife, they both stood on a different ground from ordinary illegitimate children, with whom nothing but the merest legal subtlety could confound them. This practical common-sense view seems to have been ultimately taken both by Henry and by the nation at large.

first to a Scottish subject, and secondly to the heir of Spain and the Indies. Her connexion with Philip is certainly strange; he first refused her, then married her sister, then was refused by her, and finally became her great religious and political rival.

But passing by these mere political schemes, the private romance of Elizabeth's career commences at a tolerably early period. Her father's death left her at the age of fourteen, a girl of precocious intellect and attainments, of pleasing manners, endowed with a considerable revenue, a contingent right to the throne, and some claims to personal beauty. Whether her charms were either so extraordinary or so permanent as it was loyal to maintain during the first three years of the seventeenth century, it is certain that in the middle of its predecessor,* if not strictly beautiful, she was a well-grown girl, with a good figure of which she made the most, and with well-formed hands which she always took pains to display. The first wooer of one so well provided in mind, body, and estate, was no other than the brother of the woman for whose sake her mother had been sent to the block, and herself branded with a sort of modified and temporary bastardy. Thomas Seymour, the younger brother of the Protector Somerset, a handsome, ambitious, and unprincipled man, was a formidable rival to his brother, who had been placed in so much higher a position by the favour of Henry. A barony and the office of Lord High Admiral might have seemed a considerable elevation for the younger son of a plain Wiltshire knight, but it certainly was a small matter compared with the monopoly of power and honour enjoyed by his brother. Seymour is said to have been an old lover of Katharine Parr before the promotion of that lady to the highest and most dangerous of her many matrimonial positions. If his royal brother-in-law had cheated him out of the third turn, he at least remained ready to take advantage of the next vacancy; and thus, before Henry was well in his grave, he became the fourth husband of the liberated queen dowager. Whether the very brief period of her widowhood did not witness two courtships on her lover's part; whether, before he applied for the queen, he had not made an unsuccessful attempt upon the princess, is open to some doubt. But it is very certain that Katharine's fourth and not very prolonged experience of married life was embittered by the open attentions of her husband to the young stepdaughter to whom she discharged the office of a parent. It might almost be doubted whether an incident in the career of Elizabeth's own mother had not been transferred to a wrong place, when we read of the queen dowager's jealousy being excited by suddenly

* 'Well-favoured' and 'neat' are the strongest expressions contained in the well-known description of Nannton, p. 79.

finding her young charge in the arms of her husband. The opportune death of Katharine opened the way for his ambitious hopes ; his courtship was redoubled ; but instead of making him the brother-in-law as well as the uncle of a king, with a fair chance of being the husband of a queen and the stock of a new dynasty, it led him to what in those days was the usual fate of ambition—an execution by a bill of attainder, which was promoted by his brother, and at least not impeded by his royal nephew.

The details of Seymour's courtship of Elizabeth are somewhat extraordinary, and must have surpassed even the ordinary grossness of the age. Her biographer reveals a good deal, and further particulars, which a female pen might naturally refuse to transcribe, may be found in the less scrupulous pages of Dr. Lingard. It does not say much for Elizabeth that proceedings of this kind did not hinder him from winning her affections. She acknowledged that she would have married him, could he have obtained the consent of the Council—a marriage without that consent would, by her father's will, have forfeited her right to the succession—and it is difficult to see how anything but a genuine passion could have inclined her to a match in every way so inferior. When matters had really gone thus far, scandal, as might be expected, went still farther ; rumour asserted that she was pregnant by him, and even went so far as to forestall the fearful legend of Littlecote Hall,* and to speak of 'the child of a very fair yong ladie, borne and miserably destroyed.' The first of these assertions to her prejudice was at least sufficiently rife to require a direct denial on her part, which she makes, straightforwardly enough, and without at all mincing her language, in a letter to the Protector. Elizabeth, throughout her life, was fond of indulging in a cloud of pedantry and metaphor, through which it was sometimes far from easy to pierce to her real meaning, but, throughout life, she could, when necessary, speak to the point as well as any one. She complains that she is reported to be 'with child by my Lord Admiral,' which she repels, doubtless with truth, as 'shameful slander.' Without attaching any credit to a tale of this kind, we can hardly doubt that in Thomas Seymour we discover the first man who found the way to the heart of the royal maiden. But the love of Elizabeth was a perilous prize to win ; the first and the last who shared it perished on the scaffold ; and the fate of Seymour, of which she was but the occasion, was the precursor of that which *Essex* met at her own hands.

After such an affair and such rumours as these, the line which prudence dictated to her clearly was to conduct herself in such a

* See the notes to *Rokeby*.

manner as to make them seem their own refutation. She henceforth became the pattern maiden of her brother's court. 'Sweet sister Temperance,' as the young Edward playfully called her, amply merited that title as the very beau ideal of Puritan propriety. The eschewing of all earthly splendour of apparel was in those more rigid times a badge of orthodoxy, which it certainly ceased to be when Elizabeth herself became absolute alike over fashion and conscience. Her father had bequeathed her valuable jewels, but we are told that for some years they lay unnoticed; the arrival of a bevy of fine ladies from France turned the heads of all the fair dames of the English court, but the Lady Elizabeth remained unmoved; every other head was 'frounsed, curled, and double curled,' but the Lady Elizabeth alone 'kept her old maiden shamefacedness.'

But if, in her external adornment, nature was to have her own way, her mind was to be enriched with all the ornaments of the age. Learning was then the rage; the religious disputes of the time required every one to be a theologian; the recent discoveries of the masterpieces of ancient wisdom required every one to be a scholar. Italy, at that day, attracted all eyes, as at once the home of revived art and learning, and the battle-field on which the potentates of Europe had for forty years fought out their quarrels. French had ceased to be the native language of English kings and nobles, but its acquirement was as necessary an accomplishment in those days as in our own. Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, are said to have been nearly as familiar to Elizabeth as English itself, and she was also well acquainted with Spanish and Dutch. All these she had mastered, with the exception of the two last, which were later acquirements, before she was sixteen. Her tutor Ascham guided her through the New Testament in Greek, through the mysteries of theology as expounded by the old light of Cyprian and the new light of Melancthon; he read with her Cicero and Livy, the tragedies of Sophocles, and the dialogues of Plato: the orations of Isocrates were also a favourite study, to which she added a more practical fruit of the same age and city, than which no study could be more valuable for the future ruler of a great nation, the masterpieces of political strife bequeathed to us by the two great rival orators of Athens—Demosthenes and Æschines.

The death of Edward in 1553, and the eventual accession of Mary, brought Elizabeth into an altogether new position. The illegal and unjust will of the young king excluded her, no less than her sister, from the succession, and transferred it to the house of Suffolk in the person of Lady Jane Grey. How completely this proceeding was the work of the personal ambition of Northumberland,

Northumberland, is clear from the bare fact that Elizabeth was set aside. The good of the Protestant cause would have been best consulted by her elevation; but Northumberland would not have been in that case the father-in-law of the Queen; at least he does not appear to have dreamed then how near he would be to obtaining that position as a posthumous honour. The two sisters were thus for a while constrained to make common cause; Elizabeth refused a large bribe from Northumberland to resign her claims, saying she had none during her sister's life: she entered London side by side with the Queen, and, up to the time of Wyatt's rebellion, retained her proper position as heiress-presumptive. Yet she was at once heiress and rival. Probably no sovereign and his contingent successor were ever placed in a stranger relation to each other. Nothing but the unconstitutional power which had been vested in the will of their father could have brought them into any other position than that of open rivalry. According to every technical principle of law or theology, if Mary was legitimate, Elizabeth was not, and could therefore have no claim to rank as princess; if Elizabeth was legitimate, Mary was not, and Elizabeth herself was therefore the lawful Queen. Rivals too they were in every personal respect; Mary the head of the Romish, Elizabeth of the Protestant party; Mary, the daughter of Katharine, the wife of Philip, the representative of foreign connexion, amounting almost to foreign bondage; Elizabeth, the free English maiden, to whose hand every English noble might aspire, and round whose name every national feeling might freely centre. We might add, that a mean female jealousy might well have been expected to arise in the mind of the mature Mary, prematurely aged by neglect and anxiety, as she saw beside her a competitor in the full bloom of youth and grace. But in this respect at least Mary was unquestionably superior to Elizabeth, and no traces of rivalry of this description can be discerned at any time between them. While such manifold sources of jealousy were rife between the sisters, while Elizabeth's name was cried up by every disaffected party, while suspicions stronger than had brought many heads to the block accused her of actual complicity in Wyatt's rebellion, it was indeed no wonder that she became for a while the inmate of a prison. The wonder rather is, that with a strong party at home, backed from without by the most powerful prince in Europe, calling for her blood, she did not find the Tower a mere passage to Tower Hill. It was an age in which Henry had immolated his wives, Somerset his brother, Edward his uncles; it was unusual mercy or unusual prudence which spared Mary the guilt of a sister's as well as a cousin's blood.

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The details of Elizabeth's life during this period throw as much light upon the character of her sister as upon her own. We regret to learn that very soon after the change of sovereign our heroine entirely laid aside 'her old maiden shamefacedness,' and began to bedizen herself with all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Queen Mary had no objection, either of taste or of conscience, against arraying either herself or others in magnificent apparel. The fine clothes and jewels which Elizabeth had left untouched during the sombre reign of her brother were now called into active service; we are indeed told that it was only by sheer compulsion, in the character of a loyal subject and a dutiful younger sister, that she was induced to this act of backsliding; but it is at least certain that the habit, however unwillingly commenced, afterwards reconciled itself to the conscience of the royal maiden. We do not find that, when she had no one to consult but herself, she ever relapsed into her primitive innocence. The wardrobe bequeathed by Henry VIII. to the youthful princess must surely have been scanty compared with the three thousand gowns left behind her by the aged queen; and it is a sad fact that, when nature no longer allowed the processes of 'frounsing, curling, and double-curling' to be continued upon the genuine growth of the royal head, a selection had each morning to be gone through to determine which of eighty wigs was most worthy to lessen for that day the pressure of the triple diadem.

A graver change took place at the same time. With the outward badge of the strictest sect of Protestantism, Elizabeth gave up altogether the outward profession of the Reformed religion. She asked for Romish books to enlighten her mind, and their effect was speedily visible on her external conduct; she became a regular attendant at mass; she wrote to the Emperor himself for a due supply of crosses and chalices; she even invoked divine vengeance on herself if she was not a true Roman Catholic. Now, in an age of apostasy and dissimulation it is really no great accusation against a young woman left to her own guidance, and who seems throughout her life to have retained a lingering affection for some of the Romish tenets and practices, that she had not the courage to be a martyr. It is not every one whose vocation it is to go to the block with Fisher, or to the stake with Latimer; but experience might have taught her how vain are all human attempts to bind the conscience, and led her, when she attained to power, to refrain from condemning men to a death of torture and ignominy for the sincere practice of a worship to which she had herself once found it expedient insincerely to conform.

During

During the reign of Mary, as Elizabeth became at once of maturer age and nearer to the crown, it was only natural that the number of her wooers should increase. To one of them a romantic interest attaches. The noble house of Courtenay has obtained distinctions surpassing those of all other originally subject families. A branch of the house of Capet was content to merge its royalty in their name and inheritance; they have filled the throne of Constantine, and intermingled their blood with that of Plantagenet; and their Decline and Fall has been recorded by the same hand and in the same volumes as that of the Roman empire itself. Edward Courtenay was no very distant relative of the royal family; his grandmother, as well as Mary's and Elizabeth's, was a daughter of Edward IV.; but the family had already paid the penalty of so dangerous a proximity to the throne: the head of the father had fallen at the mandate of Henry, and the son had spent his youth within the precincts of the Tower. That Mary released him, took him into her favour, and restored him to a portion of his father's honours, are among the undisputed facts of history; that she designed him for her husband is at least probable; but an inquiry into the causes of his ultimate rejection lands us in a region of controversy, if not of romance. The old version is, that his passion for Elizabeth caused him either to reject, or to be rejected, by her elder sister; but the Roman Doctor Lingard and the female Protestant biographer, whose sympathies are usually with her Catholic heroines, alike repudiate it as 'romantic' and 'apocryphal;' while the former reveals the fact that it was on account of ignobler and less creditable loves that he lost the good will of his royal kinswoman. Whether any real passion on either side existed between Courtenay and Elizabeth must probably remain a mystery; but it is certain that their names were constantly joined together in the public voice; every malcontent who made Elizabeth his watchword invariably coupled with her the handsome Earl of Devonshire as the selected partner of her throne. The reason for the choice is obvious; no one else who could well be proposed as a husband for the princess stood in anything like so near a relation to the royal family. The houses of Scotland and Suffolk seemed to produce only female claimants; and Reginald Pole was at once farther removed than Courtenay from the succession, and was personally, of all men living, the least suited for the purposes of the conspirators.

Nor were foreign suitors wanting for the hand of our English princess. They began to pour in from divers quarters, north and south, some Protestant, some Catholic, some who wooed by deputy, others who pressed their cause personally. King Philip vehemently

vehemently supported the cause of his own kinsman, Philibert of Savoy ; but neither Philip's patronage nor Philibert's own presence could prevail on the obdurate maiden. From the other end of Europe, Christian of Denmark and Gustavus of Sweden applied to the princess herself on behalf of their respective heirs, both of whom we shall find appearing again at a later stage of our story.

There is something taking in the notion of an union between our great Elizabeth and the son of the great Gustavus. The latter may pass, in some respects, for a modified and improved Henry VIII. He had, in common with Henry, separated the Swedish Church from Roman usurpation, without eradicating, like reformers elsewhere, all traces of ancient church-government or of ancient ritual splendour. He did not, indeed, like Henry, behead or divorce his own wives, but he had a strong tendency to marrying the betrothed wives of other people. But if Gustavus far excelled Henry, his son Eric was hardly less inferior to Elizabeth. He was a pertinacious lover ; especially after he had become entitled to woo on his own account, but at present his suit was made entirely through the agency of his father. It is worth stopping a moment to point out the theory entertained by Gustavus as to the proper manner of conducting royal courtships. Elizabeth rejected his suit as not coming through the Queen her sister ; the Swede replied, that he designed first to address himself to her personally, 'as a gentleman,' and, if her consent should be gained, then to apply to her sister 'as a king.' He was doomed to be equally luckless in both capacities ; the maiden herself utterly refused the gentleman, and threw upon her Majesty the task of transacting business with the king.

We have now to view our heroine translated to a grander sphere. November 17th, 1558, was a joyful day for England, and long after was it observed as a national holiday. Mary had entirely lost, if she ever possessed, the affection of her subjects. Her somewhat austere virtues, her unbending rectitude, her sincere, though mistaken, piety, would have rendered her respected in private life ; on the throne they proved little better than stumblingblocks. Elizabeth, her inferior in every moral quality, was a born ruler, and her people had already learned to recognise her as such. Mary had done more for the cause of the Reformation than either Henry or Edward ; whatever lingering affection might have remained for the old doctrines or the old ceremonies was rooted up when they became identified not only with a persecution far more bloody than those of Henry, but with the religious supremacy of Rome, and the political influence of the hated Spaniard.

Spaniard. Elizabeth came to break alike the spiritual and the temporal fetter. No elective prince or ruler ever attained his dignity by a more unmistakeable 'vox populi' than that which guided Elizabeth to a throne marked out for her by the hereditary claims of a thousand years. Never was the sovereign more truly the embodied people. Herein we have the key to the tremendous powers which she so long exercised without a murmur. There is probably no despotic act of the Stuart period which may not be paralleled, in the letter at least, during the reign of Elizabeth, yet Elizabeth ran no risk of decapitation or expulsion, save at the hands of a few fanatics whom the nation abhorred. The law might be violated with impunity by the woman in whom the people recognised their own impersonation: a stricter observance was required from half-foreign princes, the chiefs of a court rather than the leaders of a nation. Hers was the chastisement of a parent; theirs the unwelcome infliction of a pedagogue. She knew well how far to go, and when to stop; if any grievance extorted murmurs which could not be despised, formal complaint was anticipated by a voluntary concession. Her successors never yielded till the time was past when concession would have been of the least avail. If the sway of her last few years was less parental than that of her better days, it should be remembered that forty-five years of such worship as no other human being ever received could hardly fail to have some effect in spoiling any child of man. Her popularity diminished, but it never quite wore out. No rejoicings masked joy at her death in acclamations at the accession of her successor.

But we have rather to deal with her in her more private and less worthy character. We are less concerned with the acclamations with which her rejoicing people welcomed her as she rode in royal pomp through the streets of London, than with the truly royal tact and grace with which she took care that not a tribute of affection should be lost upon her, nor a single subject find a repulse at the hand of his chosen Sovereign. Still more concerned are we with the fact that the person who rode next to her on the eleventh day of her reign was her Master of the Horse, the Lord Robert Dudley.

This name at once opens to us a whole train of inquiry with regard to the personal career of this mighty sovereign. We never picture Elizabeth in solitary greatness; she at once rises to our mind's eye as surrounded by a goodly band of statesmen and warriors, the sharers alike of the deliberations of royalty, and of the enjoyments of her lighter hours. And this illustrious train speedily divides itself into two widely-distinct classes. The two Cecils, and Walsingham, and Davison, to say nothing of the

VOL. XCV. NO. CLXXXIX. Q great

great Prelates who were her fellow-workers in her ecclesiastical reforms, never appear in any other light than the ordinary one of men intrusted with high political and religious functions. But Leicester and Raleigh and Hatton and Essex appear, on any showing, in a character for which the court of no other English queen has afforded a parallel; the *chronique scandaleuse* of their own day went so far as to refer them to a class for which analogies must be sought in the Neapolitan court of the fifteenth century, or the Muscovite of the eighteenth. It is unquestionable that the one class were the ministers of the queen, the others were the favourites of the woman. It is no less certain that they all adopted the language of lovers, and that some at least seriously aspired to a matrimonial crown. But their exact position with regard to their royal mistress remains somewhat of a mystery. That she indulged in strangely indecorous familiarities towards some of them is undoubted; that the breach of decorum ever developed into a breach of virtue has been often asserted, but never distinctly proved. Writers have generally assumed one side or the other according to their religious views. Dr. Lingard probably made it a matter of principle to head a page—'Elizabeth. Her Paramours;' while Mr. Sharon Turner doubtless found it equally binding on his conscience to devote several pages of impassioned argument to the assertion of her undoubted right to her favourite and familiar title. An illustrious monarch of her own time—Henry IV. of France—on whom both creeds in succession sat somewhat lightly, settled, or rather unsettled, the question by his declaration, that of three inscrutable mysteries one was 'to what religion he himself belonged,' and another, 'whether Queen Elizabeth were a maid.'

Before we directly attempt to unravel this difficulty of Henri le Grand, we must distinguish between Elizabeth's mere suitors and those who were advanced to the higher rank of favourites. The former were of all nations; the latter, with a single exception, were supplied exclusively from among her own subjects. Her excessive love of admiration, combined with her no less excessive irresolution and procrastination, led her to look with a certain degree of complacency upon a vast number of suits on which it is clear that she never for a moment cast a serious thought. Yet even these form a curious feature in the great picture of her life and reign, and it may be convenient to clear them off our hands before we proceed to examine that succession of her favourites, among whom the chronology of her reign may be divided.

First and foremost in the race after the new Atlanta was no other than Philip of Spain. The voice of scandal rumoured that he

he had looked upon her with a favourable eye even during the lifetime of her sister; at all events Mary could have hardly been in her grave before he was vigorously pressing his suit, whether of love or policy. How far a marriage between Philip and Elizabeth would have been abstractedly lawful, we may leave to be argued between Dr. Pusey and Sir Frederick Thesiger on the one hand, and Mr. Binney and Mr. Stuart Wortley on the other; but it is clear that the daughter of Anne Boleyn could hardly have married her sister's husband without tacitly assenting to her own illegitimacy. This argument was urged by her councillors, but, according to her invariable custom of never entering on the question of her mother's marriage, could not well have been openly set before Philip. His suit, however, came to nothing. The refusal of Elizabeth, as usual, was not very decided, but Philip seems not to have waited for a more explicit rejection.

Next came our old acquaintance, Eric of Sweden, who maintained a zealous and pertinacious courtship of three years. Gustavus allowed his younger son, John, Duke of Finland, to go and plead the cause of his brother. This was in 1559; the death of their father next year did not interrupt the wooing, which lasted till 1562. Eric seems, indeed, to have been really and truly one

‘*Qui nunquam visæ flagravat amore puellæ.*’

His suit by proxy was rejected; he would come himself; he had loved her in adversity, he still loved her in prosperity; not for her rank, but for her person and her virtues. God had inspired his love; for her sake he would give up his country and all that he had. She answered in the negative, both in French and English; but Eric would not believe in his rejection: she wrote in Latin to Gustavus; Eric called his father's scholarship in question, and affirmed he had mistaken her meaning. Gustavus died; Eric imagined that his brother was supplanting him in his wooing, as he eventually did in his kingdom; he recalled him, and pleaded by his ambassador; eighteen pined horses and two chests of bullion came as love-tokens; the lover himself was to follow. Public expectation was rife; painters went so far as to portray the majesty of Sweden and of England on the same canvas; the offending engravings were suppressed by proclamation, and Elizabeth's court and council were perplexed by the solemn question of etiquette, how the northern monarch was to be received, ‘the queen's majesty being a maid.’ One more letter, not of invitation, at last hindered his coming; the throne of the Goths and Vandals was finally shared by ‘Kate the nut-girl,’ while the crowns of England, France, and Ireland,

still remained as a glittering prize for all the adventurous spirits of Europe.

Philip, failing himself, recommended his cousin Charles of Austria. Jealousy of the Swede prompted a second northern prince to try the luck of his house in the person of his nephew, Adolphus of Holstein. The Austrian wooed by proxy, and gained nothing whatever; the personal courtship of the Dane was at least rewarded with the knighthood of the Garter and a pension for life. There came also on the same bootless errand a Scottish subject, the Earl of Arran; but he retired at the first rebuff; so that Elizabeth complained that, while kings and princes continued their suits for years together, a private Scot could not condescend to ask a second time. Dearly must she have loved the process of wooing for its own simple sake.

We need not detain ourselves long with a son of the Elector of Saxony; with the second courtship of Charles of Austria, which was rather a political one on her own part; with Catherine de Medicis' offer of her son Charles, which was hardly serious; or with Elizabeth's coquetry with Henry IV. at the age of sixty-three. More singular than these is a mysterious offer from the Duke of Würtemberg, of *assistance* to her majesty, in case she designed to marry, which assistance she 'graciously acknowledged, promising to deserve it hereafter.' Anjou will take his place in the list of her most highly-favoured suitors, and it is now time to run briefly through the list of her English admirers.

A simple knight, Sir William Pickering, was at one time deemed to have a fair chance of carrying off the prize which was refused to the monarchs of Spain and Sweden. A subject of higher rank, the last Fitzalan Earl of Arundel, ventured to imagine that his sovereign would condescend to occupy a place which had been previously filled by two successive countesses. The sentiments of this nobleman towards Elizabeth seem to have gradually verged from one extreme to the other. At one period of her sister's reign he had been urgent for her death; he then became the head of the party which supported her against the machinations of her enemies; and finally became a declared suitor for her royal hand. On Pickering the queen may have cast a momentary glance of favour; the chances of Arundel seem to have existed entirely in his own imagination. But both of them were far outshone by the abiding influence of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

This man was the younger son of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and grandson of Dudley, the minister of Henry VII. Father and grandfather had alike expiated their crimes upon the scaffold, whither they had been followed by a more guiltless victim

victim in the Lord Guildford Dudley, who for a moment held the place of king consort of England. Robert escaped the fate of grandfather, father, and brother; for thirty years he was the most influential subject in England; and in his end, whether or no he escaped the malice of domestic treason, he at all events kept his head and quarters from that posthumous exhibition which was the ordinary fate of politicians of his father's generation, and was not without examples in his own. The influence which this celebrated man attained over the heart of Elizabeth is the most striking example of mere personal favouritism in the whole course of her reign; of her other favourites most were men of respectable, some of illustrious, capacity; but neither at the council-board nor on the field of battle did Leicester exhibit powers sufficient to rank him with Essex, much less with Raleigh. His commanding person, his elegant accomplishments, his magnificent entertainments, and zealous profession of devotion to his sovereign, seem to have been the only merits by which he won his place in her court and councils. In the superstition of the time it was held that some mysterious influence of the stars had united the destinies of a pair said to have been born in the same 'auspicious hour.' Certainly, if we were to trust the most elaborate portrait of him which has come down to us, it was not for his virtues of any description that he attained his place in the royal favour. According to the libellous author of '*Leicester's Commonwealth*,' his habitual occupations were those of poisoning and adultery; the wrongs ordinarily perpetrated by a bad man in power, perversion of justice, removing landmarks, and the like, being rather thrown into the shade by his greater achievements in the other two lines. Desirous to marry the queen, he made away with his first wife, Amy Robsart; but, not having then fully graduated in his art, he set about the business in a clumsy way—'she had the chance to fall from a paire of staires, and so to breake her neck, but yet without hurting of her hood that stood upon her head.' Grown more expert by converse with Italian professors, the death of no small number of eminent persons was 'assisted' by his nefarious skill. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was poisoned in a salad; Lady Lennox fell mortally ill soon after a visit from the Earl; the Earl of Sussex 'received some dram that made him incurable;' Cardinal Chatillon, on the other hand, received a potion which killed him in a day. Lord Sheffield and the Earl of Essex paid the natural penalty of the beauty of their wives; in both cases the wife was seduced, the husband poisoned, the widow married. To add to all this, the second process took place during the lifetime of the victim of the first; but, to do the Earl justice, the licence which he assumed

assumed to himself he granted also to others; he even procured the disgrace of the Archbishop of Canterbury for not allowing the practice of bigamy to his Italian favourite, Giulio.

The greater part of these accusations, and many more of the like sort, are evidently the mere slanders of an embittered enemy. The charge of wholesale poisoning is one so easy to make and so hard to disprove, that it should never be credited without the strongest evidence. But putting aside exaggerations of this outrageous description, Leicester's character still remains one of much evil and little good. Like the second Buckingham of the Stuart reigns, he was the great patron of the Puritan party; but, like him, at no time of his life does he ever appear to have been remarkable for puritanic strictness of morals. The piety of his discourse and letters was highly edifying; he was regarded as an oracle on points of theology and casuistry; grave divines sought his judgment on subtle questions as to matrimony and continence, on which he seems to have acted at once as the spiritual director and the 'horrid example.'

The particulars of the event which has left the darkest stain upon his memory—the supposed murder of his first wife Amy Robsart, shortly after the accession of Elizabeth—have hitherto rested upon the reckless libels of the author of Leicester's Commonwealth, and the gossiping traditions collected by Ashmole on the scene of the tragedy, towards the close of the seventeenth century. Mr. Craik, however, discovered in the Pepysian Library a remarkable correspondence on the subject between Dudley himself and one Thomas Blount, which, though it presents the case for the defence, confirms in a singular degree the material circumstances which had been previously handed down to us. The first letter, dated Windsor, September 9th, 1560, is from Dudley, and commences thus: 'Cousin Blount, immediately upon your departing from me there came to me Bowes, by whom I do understand that my wife is dead; and, as he saith, by a fall from a pair of stairs. Little other understanding can I have of him. The greatness and the suddenness of the misfortune doth so perplex me, until I do hear from you how the matter standeth, or how this evil should light upon me, considering what the malicious world will bruit, as I can take no rest.' In order, therefore, that 'he may purge himself of the malicious talk that he knows the wicked world will use,' he begs Blount to cause a coroner's inquest to be held, and to see that the jury is composed of men who will 'search to the bottom of the matter.' Already the case begins to wear a suspicious aspect. Dudley at once leaps to the conclusion that he will be held to be the instigator of the murder—a proof at least that his character and his circumstances were,

were, by his own confession, alone sufficient to make it probable. Blount, again, by a curious coincidence, had just left the presence of his kinsman when Bowes arrived from Cumnor with the news, which renders it probable that Blount himself was the original and secret bearer of the intelligence, and that the accomplice had in reality been concerting with his principal the steps they were to take.

Two days afterwards (September 11th) Blount replies to the letter of Dudley, and relates the particulars he has gleaned. 'Methink, said I,' he represents himself as remarking to a person who had narrated to him the incident of the death, 'that some of her people that waited upon her should somewhat say to this. No, Sir, said he, but little; for it was said that *they were all here [Abingdon] at the fair, and none left with her.* How might that chance? said I. Then said he, It is said how that she rose that day very early, and commanded all her sort to go to the fair, and would suffer none to tarry at home; and thereof is much judged.' She is even represented as being very angry with any one who wished to stay behind; and the special witness named as attesting this improbable piece of passion for so motiveless a purpose, 'is Mrs. Odingstells, *the widow that liveth with Anthony Forster.*' One Pirtio, who appears to have been a female servant, is represented as confirming the tale.

On the 12th, Dudley again writes to Blount; and sends a message to the jury inviting them 'to deal truly in the matter,' the foreman of whom shortly afterwards put himself in communication with the suspected husband, while Blount assures his great kinsman that a portion of the twelve 'are very enemies to Forster,' and hints that they bear him 'malice.' In this, again, we have the overstatement of conscious guilt; for it is extremely unlikely, with a knowledge of the interest which Elizabeth herself would take in the inquiry, that the coroner would have ventured to select the notorious enemies of the presumed assassin to try the cause. A verdict was given that the death was accidental; and as far as we can judge from the evidence which remains, no other could have been pronounced, for there was not a single syllable of direct testimony to prove that Forster was the author of the deed. But when we consider how opportunely the death of Amy Robsart occurred for the ambitious projects of Dudley; how singular was the mischance of her being killed by a fall from the stairs; how obviously the tale is devised to account for the marks of violence upon the body; how greatly the suspicion of foul play is increased by the event occurring at the convenient moment when every one, except Forster, had been sent to the fair; how improbable was the story that the angry determination
of

of Lady Dudley herself was the cause of her being left unattended in the house; how still more unworthy of credit it becomes when it oozes out that the witness to the fact is the creature of the murderer; when these and many other circumstances are considered, it is almost impossible to resist the conclusion that the wife was assassinated that the husband might be free to wed Elizabeth. Such at any rate continued to be the opinion of the public, in spite of the evidence delivered at the coroner's inquest; and among the reasons which Cecil urged upon the Queen in April 1566 against her marrying the Earl of Leicester, this is one—that 'he is infamed by the death of his wife.'

So long as Dudley had the slightest hope of the coveted advancement, he naturally abstained from any matrimonial ties, though his courtship of the sovereign appears at no time to have interfered with his pursuit of the fairer beauties of her court. Lady Sheffield unquestionably bore Leicester a son in 1572, the year after her husband died; she affirmed that he was the fruit of a private marriage; the earl admitted the paternity, but denied the marriage, which the poor mother was at least unable legally to substantiate. She afterwards, during Leicester's life, married one Sir Edward Stafford; but she averred that she took the step only because she found her hair and nails falling off, owing to the earl's pernicious arts, and therefore thought it prudent to yield her claim to him and console herself with a more faithful husband.

This Lady Sheffield, née Douglas Howard, daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham, was a maternal cousin of Elizabeth's; so also was her rival the Countess of Essex. The maiden designation of the latter was Lettice Knollys, daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, Treasurer of the Household, who is perhaps most celebrated as the stern Protestant at whose instigation the fool broke her majesty's private crucifix. When her name is first brought into connexion with that of Leicester, she was the wife of Walter, Earl of Essex, the first and greatest of the three heroes of Captain Devereux's biographies. At an earlier period Douglas is described as having an unsuccessful rival for Leicester's affections in her own younger sister; and from herself they wandered to the Countess Lettice, though the latter was several years her senior. Thus far the tale seems undoubted; but we are not called upon to believe the whole cycle of crime in the full proportions given to it by the author of the Commonwealth. In his envenomed pages Leicester and Lady Essex appear as something more than *Ægisthus* and *Clytæmnestra*, adding to the crimes of the latter another of which they are not accused, the destruction of their own unborn child. Mr. Craik admits the adultery, but
acquits

acquits Lettice of a share in her husband's death, leaving the charge apparently 'not proven' against Leicester. Captain Devereux rejects the whole story; and he certainly shows that the evidence tends to the belief that Earl Walter was not poisoned either by Leicester or the countess. But we can hardly admit his argument, that, if Leicester had won Lady Essex before her husband's death, he would not have married her two years after. The great obstacle to their marriage was clearly to be found in the hopes which Leicester had hitherto cherished of marrying the Queen; if these had vanished in the mean while, he may not have objected to a union which may have accorded with the dictates of his heart, while the lady would doubtless in any case have preferred to be lawfully married rather than remain a paramour. This requires us to look a little back.

For six years at least Leicester seems to have reigned undisturbed in the royal affections. In 1564 a new object crossed the path of Elizabeth. Christopher Hatton, afterwards Lord Chancellor, is commonly said to have danced himself into the Queen's favour. It is however certain, as Sir Harris Nicolas has shown, that he was not a mere dancer, that his abilities as a statesman were eventually found to be considerable, and that he possessed, if not learning, at least tact and sense enough to carry him respectably through the arduous functions of the Marble Chair. But it is equally certain that Hatton's position seems to have been, more than that of any other of Elizabeth's favourites, a strictly personal one. It may be remarked of all of them that they were seldom promoted to any of those great offices of state which were reserved for the Burghleys and Walsinghams. Hatton indeed proved in the end an exception, but his career of advancement was for a long time especially slow. For several years he attained neither rank nor distinguished office; yet he was high in the Queen's favour, which, in his case, took the very unusual form of munificence. He remained for some years only Mr. Hatton, the Gentleman-Pensioner, and then became Sir Christopher Hatton, the Vice-Chamberlain; but manors, church lands, and small lucrative offices flowed in upon him with a lavish stream, and his portion of plate on New-Year's Day averaged from twice to four times the allowance of the greatest nobles and highest favourites. The jealousy of Leicester was raised: * he is said by Lord Bacon to have introduced to the Queen a dancing-master whom he affirmed to be more worthy of her favour than Hatton,

* Many years afterwards (1584), when the only legitimate son of Leicester died, Hatton wrote him a friendly and pious letter of consolation, to which the Earl replied in the same strain. The hopes of both were then at an end, and their old rivalry appears to have been succeeded by natural feelings of good will.

as being more skilful in the art by which the latter had won his place in her regard. 'Pshaw!' quoth her Majesty, 'it is his trade.' But, what is more important than anecdotes of this kind, we cannot fail to be struck with the fact that the year in which we first find Hatton at court is also the year in which Elizabeth made that proposal of a marriage between Dudley and the Queen of Scots, with regard to which so many conjectures have been hazarded. It is just possible that, if she were now smitten with a new passion, she may have really wished to provide her former lover with so honourable a place of banishment. Nor is the 'playful tickling' of his neck, during the ceremonial of his investiture as Earl of Leicester, which most historians have recorded after Melvill, inconsistent with the supposition. The whole history of Elizabeth shows that the supremacy of one favourite did not exclude others from some share in her regard. Hatton may have been for the moment so far in the ascendant as to procure Leicester's removal, although some lingering affection for the latter may still have existed in her heart. In a word, she was not quite off with the old love, even when she was on with the new.

Again, this very same year was the one in which she listened with so much more apparent seriousness than before to the suit of a foreign prince, Charles of Austria. Is it not possible that she may have felt her own weakness, and have wished to put an impassable barrier between herself and both her native admirers? That she did not persist in this purpose; that Leicester gained ground; that he ventured to ask for a final answer; that Burghley had seriously to argue against the marriage; that she finally promised at least to marry no other subject, are simply instances of her ordinary irresolution and change of purpose in such matters.

However this may be, Leicester and Hatton both continued to be favoured by their royal mistress. In 1572 she appears to have bestowed her regard upon some fresh object, and Hatton consulted his friend Mr. Dyer upon the best means of maintaining his ground. It is evident from the reply that his own idea was to shame his fickle mistress by reproaches. His friend advised a submissive course, and urged, among other reasons, that 'though in the beginning, when her Majesty sought you (after her good manner), she did bear with rugged dealing of yours until she had what she fancied, yet now, after satiety and fullness, it will rather hurt than help you.' 'You must consider,' he said further, 'with whom you have to deal, and what we be towards her; who, though she do descend very much in her sex as a woman, yet may we not forget her place, and the nature of it as our sovereign.' In 1573 Hatton fell sick, and went abroad for his health, from whence he wrote

wrote some letters to the Queen, which confirm the inferences that would naturally be drawn from the language of Dyer; for they are the letters not of a subject to his sovereign, but of an ardent lover to his mistress: 'Bear with me,' is the conclusion of the first of these rhapsodies, 'my most dear sweet lady. Passion overcometh me. I can write no more. Love me, for I love you. Shall I utter this familiar term, Farewell? Yea, ten thousand farewells! He speaketh it that dearly loveth you.' A few days later, and he sends a second effusion, which contains these remarkable words:—'I would I saw your world at home, *how some seek that I have done*, which they shall find never. Some hope well and haste them on, but waste shall be their hire; and some despair, whom I allow the wisest, but not the most happy of these men. But, madam, forget not your lidds that are so often bathed with tears for your sake. *A more wise man may seek you, but a more faithful and worthy can never have you.*' Pardon me, my most dear sweet lady, I will no more write of these matters.' Hatton was her Majesty's 'sheep' as well as her 'lidds'—a contraction for eyelids—and he delights in his correspondence to call himself by these familiar terms of endearment. Nothing can be plainer than that he sought the Queen in marriage, and that she had encouraged the courtship. Many years after (1584) he acknowledged his 'too high presumptions towards her Majesty; but, madam,' he added, 'leave not the causes of my presumption unremembered; and though you find them as unfit for me as unworthy of you, yet, in their nature, of a good mind they are not hatefully to be despised.' Suitor after suitor made the false but natural inference that, when Elizabeth gave or seemed to give her heart, she would also give her hand.

During all this time Leicester never appears to have entirely abandoned hope till the crisis of the famous courtship of Anjou. This began to assume a more serious character in the summer of 1578: in September of that year Leicester married Lady Essex. We are told that he had previously married her privately, but that old Sir Francis, her father, being more wary than his daughter, and fearful that she might be cast away like her predecessor, insisted upon a second marriage, which was indeed to be kept secret, but of which the legal validity was placed beyond doubt. It strikes us that the synchronism this year is no less worth noticing than that which occurred fourteen years before. Is not the explanation something of this kind? Leicester had now for twenty years been in pursuit of his object; he had done all that mortal subject and lover could do: he had perhaps killed his first wife; he had certainly abstained from giving her an indisputably lawful successor; he had wooed and worshipped year after

after year, and all in vain ; three years earlier, perhaps as a last desperate effort, he had given his sovereign such an entertainment as never sovereign had received before ; his masques had been played, his bears had been baited, his fire-works let off, his purse emptied, and all to no purpose : he was neither the Queen's husband nor more likely to become so than at the beginning of his suit ; and now, after so long an interval, she was again beginning seriously to listen to a foreign suitor. Meanwhile, if the attractions of the Queen still retained their force, those of the woman may be supposed, in the ordinary course of things, to have considerably decayed ; if he had once loved Elizabeth Tudor, he now loved Lettice Devereux ; he turned, in mingled despair and pique, from his old fruitless pursuit, and grasped the object within his reach. We do not wish to judge the fair Lettice harshly, but we can certainly see nothing in a marriage under these circumstances inconsistent with the supposed amour during her husband's lifetime. The main reason why he should prefer a mistress to a wife was at last removed, and she might easily insist upon a legitimate sanction being given to their connexion.

But in any case the marriage was kept secret from the Queen, till Anjou's agent, Simier, revealed it. Elizabeth's vengeance seldom fell lightly on those about her who married without her consent, and a marriage between her lover and her cousin was likely to be visited with more than ordinary severity. Leicester's marriage, especially at such a moment, must have been felt as a most stinging offence. It was a direct satire on her irresolution and inconstancy ; it was a public proclamation that she had ceased to charm, or, at least, that she was not worth waiting for indefinitely. Pique might have led him to the act, prudence might resume its reign and prompt its concealment. Simier, the deputy lover of Anjou, if not a lover on his own account, naturally strove to set Elizabeth against Leicester, and, to bring matters to a head, revealed that he was now actually again a married man. Her wrath at the intelligence was as violent as might have been expected ; he was commanded to confine himself to Greenwich Castle while a berth in the Tower was preparing. It was only the intercession of his constant adversary, Radcliffe Earl of Sussex, which saved him from a dwelling which so often proved a pathway to the block. The Countess herself, who had ventured thus openly to become the rival of her sovereign, was never afterwards, except on a single occasion, permitted to appear at court. Yet the influence of the husband of Lettice was not permanently less than that of the wooer of Elizabeth ; he still remained supreme in the court, and he tried his luck in the government of the camp. A patent was prepared, conferring on him

him the unheard-of title of Lord-Lieutenant of England and Ireland, and death alone seems to have hindered his actual investiture with its somewhat indefinite functions. Scandal affirmed that he fell into the snare which he had so often laid for others. In 1588 our friend Lettice, though now on the wrong side of forty, could, like the Queen herself, still command admirers. Christopher Blount, afterwards her third husband, was reported to be already her lover, and Leicester was rumoured to have drunk of the same cup which he had drugged for her first and noblest partner. Anyhow, he died suddenly; Elizabeth wept for the man, but the Crown debtor was quite another being, and his goods were presently sold for the benefit of her exchequer. Lettice lived to see her last husband perish on the scaffold in the same cause as her celebrated son by the first; but she herself abode in the flesh till 1634, when, at the age of ninety-four, she could still walk 'a mile of a morning.' Few other subjects of Charles I. could probably remember the death of Henry VIII. Born in the year which saw the execution of Cromwell Earl of Essex, she found the title revived in her own person; and had six more years been allowed her, to live out her full century, she might have seen the commencement of the struggle in which another Essex, her own grandson, fought by the side of another Cromwell.

The courtship of the Duke of Anjou, younger brother of Charles IX. and Henry III. of France, is certainly one of the most curious features in the reign of Elizabeth. He was nearer obtaining the prize than any other pretender, native or foreign, and seems to have been the only foreigner who had any real chance at all. As a mere matter of negotiation this courtship was spread over a great number of years, and its full length and tediousness may be followed in Sir Dudley Digges's folio, intitled 'The Complete Ambassador.' But its culminating point lasted from 1578 to 1582. Like Eric, Anjou at first wooed by deputy, but, like Eric too, beginning to suspect the presence of a rival in his agent, he came over to press his own cause. The story will be found in any history of England. Elizabeth, in her forty-ninth year, was unquestionably enamoured of the young prince about half her age; they were actually contracted, and it seems to have been as much as the arguments of her ministers, the entreaties of her personal attendants, and the general voice of the nation, could effect, to prevent this grotesque union from being actually accomplished.

During the latter part of her reign the queen confined herself to favourites chosen from among her own subjects. They were, to the very last, required to assume the demeanour and language of lovers; but we hear no more of any serious or definite proposals

posals of marriage. Raleigh shone for a while as the rival of Hatton, but the place of Leicester passed, on his death, to his young step-son, Robert Earl of Essex. As the son of Lettice Knollys he was of course a distant cousin of Elizabeth's; and some surprise has been expressed that he never found the disgrace of his mother act as a bar to his advancement. The life and character of this celebrated man have been well traced out by his kinsman and biographer. He is one of those persons who just miss of being truly great. With an assemblage of individual qualities of the noblest kind, there was yet wanting some ruling principle to mould them into a character of harmonious excellence. He is nevertheless by far the most attractive hero of Elizabeth's reign. The wise men of her council, her Burghleys and Walsinghams, may be honoured as they deserve in their own department; Leicester is more likely, on the whole, to excite censure than to win esteem; but for Essex we feel something like a personal affection. His frank and impetuous disposition, his personal accomplishments, his chivalrous daring in war, his more honourable mercy in the hour of victory, create an interest in him which mere statesmen and mere courtiers alike fail to excite. He obtained the rare distinction of being at once the favourite of the sovereign and the idol of the people; his personal qualities were those just suited to win the heart of the Queen, while his whole demeanour was no less adapted to conciliate popular affection. Even his foibles and vices were of a nature which the public at large is always willing to extenuate. He might be occasionally insolent and imperious alike to sovereign or subject; his gallantry in war might be but little tempered by the calm forethought of the true general; his gallantry in peace might often degenerate into licentiousness; but all these things might be readily forgiven in the young, high-spirited, and generous Earl. Like his step-father, he united a profession of religion with a neglect of its duties: but what in the one was probably but pharisaical hypocrisy, was in the other the common alternation of sinning and repenting. No man ever accused him of treachery, or duplicity, or secret poisoning; even in ordinary court intrigues he was liable to be distanced by every competitor. He probably never affected a sentiment which he did not feel, except—we cannot forbear the exception—when he employed the language of amorous devotion to his aged mistress. He died on the scaffold with more of legal guilt than most political victims of his age, but we may be sure with no treason or conspiracy in his heart of hearts. Elizabeth loved him as she had loved no man before; his death embittered many succeeding moments of her life; and, in the opinion of some
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about her, contributed to bring down her grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. More than a year after his execution she told the French ambassador that nothing now contented her spirit, or gave her any enjoyment: she spoke of Essex with sighs, and almost with tears, and was so much moved that De Beaumont found it necessary to give the conversation another turn. Yet so inveterate was the passion of Elizabeth for the game of courtship that six months later the same ambassador announced that she had been seized with a new inclination for a handsome Irishman, the Earl of Clanrickarde, who was said to resemble the ill-fated Essex. But he made no response to the advances of the Queen, who then declared that she could not love him because he recalled her sorrow for the man who had perished on the scaffold.

The main facts of the life of Essex are among the most familiar portions of English history, and for the details we cannot do better than refer our readers to the volumes of Captain Devereux. He has carefully investigated the well-known story of the ring which Lady Nottingham is said to have kept back from the Queen, and thereby to have procured the Earl's death; but, though nothing can be fairer than his statement of the evidence, we dissent from his conclusion that the tradition is true. But, instead of discussing these tempting questions, we must pass on to a more general estimate of the relations in which both Essex and his predecessors in the affections of Elizabeth actually stood to the sovereign, at whose court they were certainly something more than councillors or administrators of the royal will.

We have before observed that the private character of Elizabeth has been more frequently treated according to theological partizanship than weighed in the balance of historical impartiality. The delicate question of the exact relation between her and her favourites is one which, naturally enough, is rather evaded by both her female biographers, Miss Aikin and Miss Strickland. Dr. Lingard insinuates all he can to her prejudice; Mr. Sharon Turner takes up the gauntlet on her behalf with more zeal than discretion; Sir Harris Nicolas, perhaps in this matter a better authority than either, seems doubtful, but certainly inclines to the unfavourable view. Let us endeavour to look impartially on both sides. Were Leicester, Hatton, and the rest, more than the favourites,—were they the actual paramours of Elizabeth? That they were more than political counsellors, that they were personal favourites, is evident: and we think there can be no doubt that the Queen was, in the strictest sense, 'in love with' more than one of their number. It is perfect nonsense to talk, as has been done both in her time and in our own, of Leicester standing to her in the relation of a friend and a brother; it is palpable

palpable that her feelings towards him were those of an enamoured woman; and she repeatedly declared that, could she prevail upon herself to marry at all, he would be the man. Now such a marriage would have been contracted in defiance of every consideration of political prudence, and could only have been the result of a real passion. To argue that Leicester was not on the footing of a lover because Elizabeth did not invariably grant his requests, and because she even seems on some occasions to have designedly thwarted him, argues a strange ignorance alike of human nature and of the famous dictum of the Latin Grammar touching the ‘*amantium iræ*.’ Because the daughter of Henry VIII. loved her royal power above all things, it does not follow that she did not love Robert Dudley second to it; because she fluctuated between the offended queen and the loving woman, it does not follow that the latter character never prevailed at all. Mr. Turner might as well argue that Henri le Grand had no love for the fair Gabrielle, because he told her that he had rather lose ten such mistresses as her than one such counsellor as Sully. Hatton too, in the letters edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, addresses her with all the fervour of a real passion, widely different, as appears to us, from the affected and inflated language of Essex at a later period. Her love for Anjou led her to the brink of a marriage which would have made her the laughing-stock of Europe. When we come to Essex, the enormous disparity of years may perhaps have mingled a little of the tenderness of the grandmother with that of the mistress; but it is impossible to believe that her feelings towards him were exactly those which she entertained towards Lord Burghley or Archbishop Parker.

But because Elizabeth was deeply and passionately enamoured of a succession of favourites, it is by no means necessary to leap to the conclusion that she actually sacrificed her honour to any one of them. Her calumniators and her admirers alike commonly argue as if passion implied vice; one side reasons that, because she was in love with Leicester, she must have been his mistress in a criminal sense; the others argue that, because she was ~~not~~ such a mistress, he could have been only a friend or a brother. But surely it is very possible to entertain a strong passion, and yet, from various considerations, to abstain from either its lawful or its unlawful gratification. It is surely possible for men or women to go on for years under the influence of such a feeling, running themselves into danger, and yet actually avoiding destruction, indulging, it may be, in perilous familiarities, and yet never taking the final step. Elizabeth, we have no doubt whatever, ran herself into great danger; she indulged in

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most unbecoming and almost degrading familiarities; she went to the very verge of virtue; but there is no positive evidence that she ever actually overstepped the line.

The most definite accusations against her come from the pens of envenomed enemies, religious and political. The Spanish and Popish factions, the partizans of Mary Stuart, had every motive to blacken the character of their great adversary. It will not do to admit 'scandal about Queen Elizabeth,' on the testimony of Cardinal Allen, or of the famous letter of the Queen of Scots. Yet even statements of this kind have a certain weight; they prove, at least, that she was not qualified to have been the partner of Cæsar; she might be above crime, but she was not above suspicion. Mr. Turner, a loyal subject of King George III., asks indignantly whether any one would hearken to similar accusations if brought on similar testimony against Queen Charlotte or any other equally respectable lady. Undoubtedly not; but then no calumniator—none certainly in the position of either the Scottish Queen or the English Cardinal—would be so devoid of worldly wisdom as to bring them. Mr. Turner seems not to have known that calumniators, of any skill in their trade, commonly observe a certain verisimilitude; they at least endeavour to hit a real blot. They distort and exaggerate; they improve follies into vices, and vices into crimes, but they seldom attribute qualities to which the character assailed absolutely presents no approximation whatever. Aristophanes never accused Nicias of fool-hardiness, or Lamachus of addiction to the principles of the Peace-Conference; Punch never hints that Mr. Cobden is a pensioner of the Sultan, or that Lord Shaftesbury holds a private retainer from the Vatican. To take Mr. Turner's own example, we are not aware that any man ever breathed an insinuation against the spotless virtue of Queen Charlotte; but, if we are not mistaken, her Majesty's real foibles were often made the subjects of exaggerated caricature. Elizabeth's calumniators must have had some ground to go upon; that is to say, her conduct was undoubtedly imprudent and unguarded; they of course chose to set it in the worst light, and probably invented the appropriate details. It is clear that rumour was sufficiently rife to be a matter of grave political consideration. One of Burleigh's objections to the marriage with Leicester was, that it would have been felt to be a confirmation of the prevalent reports that they had already dispensed with that ceremony. Camden, who was no Papist or Spaniard, testifies to 'the public jeering and scandal which followed, as was but natural, on the strange legislative enactment which denied all right to the succession to any but the Queen's 'natural issue.'

Mr. Turner gravely argues that Elizabeth's everlasting boasting and prating about her 'virginity' is of itself a sufficient proof of her indubitable retention of that jewel. To us it seems that, except for the different manners of that age, it would have told entirely the other way. We should now-a-days immediately suspect a woman who perpetually sounded a trumpet before her on so delicate a subject. But such a conclusion with regard to Elizabeth would be as unreasonable as the opposite. Our notions on those matters have reached such a height of delicacy, that not only would no respectable woman go about asserting her own chastity, but she would even consider praise on that head as itself an insult, as implying the possibility of conduct of an opposite description. But such was hardly the feeling of Elizabeth's time. A lady then took it as a compliment to be addressed as 'right virtuous;' and perhaps where Leicester had the ascendant it was consoling to be assured of the fact. Miss Strickland, with the notions of a lady of our times, is naturally scandalised at the fact that the Queen condescended to point out to a foreign ambassador that the position of their respective bedrooms showed the impossibility of the familiarity attributed to her and the Earl. A less delicate generation may have thought the surest proof the best. Elizabeth probably made these perpetual assertions of her own virtue as a sort of answer to the scandals against her; but it can really prove nothing either way that she wished the word *VIRGINITATEM* to appear in conspicuous letters upon her grave, or that she manifested a visible satisfaction of countenance when a Cambridge orator enlarged before her with great unction on the excellence of that monastic perfection.

As for the more precise charges brought against her, we may leave Dr. Lingard and Mr. Turner to discuss the exact topography of the palace after the changes which made the demonstration of royal chastity mentioned in the last paragraph no longer available. Leicester's chamber became after a while contiguous to her own—for a reason, according to Elizabeth herself, which neither friend nor foe seems willing to accept, namely, that his health suffered in his former quarters. The passages in the Hatton Correspondence have certainly also a suspicious air. 'If,' says Sir H. Nicolas, 'the expressions used by Dyer are to receive their usual interpretation, it is difficult to disbelieve the reports which were then so prevalent.' We must confess that the dark hints contained in these letters have done more to shake our confidence in the perfect virtue of Elizabeth than all the minutiae of scandal preserved by the rival Queen. The most natural interpretation would, we agree with Sir H. Nicolas, be that least favourable to the character of Elizabeth. But it
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is not absolutely conclusive. It proves that Elizabeth's passion for Hatton had carried her to lengths quite unbecoming her position; it does not positively prove that it had carried her to the extremest lengths of all. On our notion of the relation between them, she did certainly 'descend very much in her sex as a woman;' and perhaps 'frailties,' not used in the technical sense, might not be too strong an expression. Still this testimony is quite explicit enough to hinder us from pronouncing a positive judgment in her favour, though individually we certainly incline to that side of the balance, and they are almost damaging enough to convert our verdict of 'Not Guilty' into one of 'Not Proven.'

But we think the more favourable estimate of Elizabeth's character in this respect is perfectly consistent with facts. She inherited the susceptible and inconstant disposition of her father and aunt, together with the levity of demeanour which brought her mother to the block. Passion led her to the very brink of vice; pride, prudence, and principle combined to keep her from actually passing it. But why did she not marry? That keen observer and pleasant gossip, Sir James Melvill, told her the reason very clearly: single, she was both King and Queen; married, she would have been Queen only. Strong as was her passion for her successive favourites, she had a stronger passion still, the love of rule inherent in her Tudor blood. Her father could gratify both at once; his Annes and Janes and Katherines never interfered with his undivided royalty; but the husband of Elizabeth could hardly have failed to be, if not a master, at least a partner. Besides this, her egregious personal vanity delighted in the mere process of courtship; the maiden Queen was the mistress and lady-love, the Aslauga and Gloriana of every man who chose to turn troubadour in her cause; the wife of Eric or Anjou, of Leicester or Hatton, must have been content with a more practical and decorous homage. In earlier days she diligently inquired of Melvill as to the comparative beauty of herself and her Scottish rival; she diverted her diplomatic cares by taking the ambassador's opinion as to the respective merits of the French, English, and Italian 'weeds;' hearing that Mary was her superior in height, she pronounced her stature in excess, as surpassing that measure which was 'neither too low nor too high.' She not only refused the Swedish King a share in her portraiture, but she suppressed by proclamation all the efforts of the limner to depict her countenance as unworthy of the original, and put forth her own likeness by authority for the admiration of her loving subjects. And this weakness grew upon her with her age. Even when her face was 'wrinkled,' her teeth 'darkish,' her hair 'tawny, *but not her own*,'

own,'* she still loved to hear how her ambassador in France set light by the beauty of Gabrielle, because of the far more excellent mistress whom he served. It gladdened her heart to hear how Gabrielle's lover himself took her picture ('which nevertheless came far short of her perfection of beauty'), "beheld it with passion and admiration, kissed it, vowed that he would not forego it for any treasure, and that to procure the favour of the lively picture he would forsake all the world.' She was not easily satisfied with hearing how Raleigh 'could not live alone in prison while she was afar off;' how he had been 'wont to see her riding like Alexander [?], hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph, sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orpheus.' She forgot the Queen in the woman when Essex told her that he 'had been more subject to her natural beauty, than as a subject to the power of a king; for her own justice did conclude this within law, but the other his affection made to be infinite.' She rejoiced to hear how he 'preferred her beauty above all things;' how, 'since he was first so happy as to know what love meant, he was never one day, nor one hour, free from hope and jealousy.' Under her frowns he was 'overcome with unkindness, as before he was conquered by beauty;' when on foreign service, 'he spiritually kissed her fair royal hands, and thought of them as a man should think of so fair flesh.' But how great must have been the disappointment of their owner to find that, in his private discourse, she was described as 'an old woman as crooked in mind as in body.' Surely, by his own reasoning, this treason against her 'natural beauty' might be held as more worthy of the block than any dereliction in the duty of 'a subject to the power of a king.'

Closely connected with Elizabeth's celibacy were two singular features in her character which are closely interwoven with one another; her dislike to marriage in others, and her unwillingness to declare her successor. The former, though one of the least amiable features of her character, seems to us to tell in her favour with regard to her own personal virtue. It was the happiness of lovers in any form, lawful or unlawful, to which she

* Heintzner, p. 34. Allusions to her age were not ever likely to be hazarded in her presence, except through inadvertence, as in the instance reported to his master by the Scotch ambassador, Lord Semple of Beltheis, in 1599, and quoted by Miss Strickland. 'At her Majesty's returning from Hampton Court, the day being passing foul, she would, as her custom is, go on horseback, although she is scarce able to sit upright, and my Lord Hunsdon said, "It was not meet for one of her Majesty's years to ride in such a storm." She answered in great anger, "My years! Maids, to your horses quickly;" and so rode all the way, not vouchsafing any gracious countenance to him for two days.'

had so rooted an objection; in others clearly, because it was a satisfaction which she had denied to herself. If she frowned on Leicester for marrying her cousin, she imprisoned Raleigh for seducing her maid of honour. But the hardest measure she ever dealt was to the Earl of Hertford and Lady Katharine Grey, her persecution of whom really justifies the strong expression of Captain Devereux,* 'that of all the generous and kindly emotions which warm the human heart, not one, as far as we know, ever found a resting-place in her bosom.' A furtive marriage, in one so near to the royal house as Katharine, hurried her and her husband to the Tower, and, by a still more cruel mockery, their inability to bring legal evidence of the ceremony was visited by an ecclesiastical process for incontinency. The poor lady sank under her wrongs, falling a victim to the refined malice of Elizabeth, as her elder sister had done to the open severity of Mary.

There was probably no time when it was less clear to whom the reversion of the royal estate of England lawfully appertained. Claimants there were in abundance. Mr. Hallam enumerates fourteen—but there was some objection to every one. Many of the claims, many of the objections, were indeed alike utterly futile; still there was enough to be said for and against each to render the question extremely complex, and to make a legislative settlement highly desirable. Hereditary right was in favour of the Scottish line, the descendants of Margaret, the elder daughter of Henry VII.; but Henry VIII., in pursuance of the power specially vested in him by Parliament, had preferred those of his younger sister Mary, the widow of Lewis XII. and wife of Brandon Duke of Suffolk. But there were doubts whether the descendants of Margaret's first husband, King James, were not excluded as aliens, while her second marriage with the Earl of Angus, from which the house of Lennox derived its claim, was very commonly regarded as invalid. In opposition to the rights of the Suffolk family, doubts were alleged whether Henry's will was duly signed. It was further whispered that Charles Brandon was at the time of his marriage with Mary the husband of another woman, in which case that princess would have left no legitimate descendants at all. Passing by this question, her line was scattered through various families, noble and ignoble, some of whose pretensions, as we have just seen in the case of the Hertford branch, met with but poor acknowledgment at Elizabeth's own hands. With the events of the previous century before their eyes, men might well dread the prospect of

* i. 191.

a civil war between the royal lines of *Stokes* * and Stuart, to say nothing of the more distant rights of the Infanta of Spain, or the claims of the Holy See to the lapsed fief with which of old it had invested John Lackland. The Houses of Parliament, naturally enough, continually petitioned her Majesty either by her marriage to give the country a rightful and indubitable heir, or at least to allow some definite settlement of the succession. The Journals of Parliament of those days, which may be studied in the folio of Sir Symonds d'Ewes, contain some of the richest pieces of quaintness that we have ever come across. The two Houses in Elizabeth's time seem to have dreaded nothing so much as the old stigma of '*Parliamentum indoctum*.' They ransacked the history of all nations that ever existed, and of some which we suspect never existed, to find precedents for their proceedings, and, above all, arguments to prove that Queen Elizabeth ought to marry. In 1562 Mr. Speaker Williams, after offering her Majesty one subsidy and two-fifteenths, exhorts her to select a husband, but not till after he has likened her to Cyrus and Alexander, and 'Etheldred, a king in this realm,' and has even dived further into a still more remote antiquity, quite beyond our powers of research. She is compared to 'Palestina the queen, reigning before the deluge, who made laws as well concerning peace as war;' to 'Ceres the queen which made laws concerning evil-doers;' and to 'Marc, wife of Bathilicus, mother to Stillicus the king who enacted laws for the maintenance and preservation of the good and well-doers.' This last reference is quite above us, but we suppose there is a delicate hint as to the desirableness of another King Stillicus being brought into the world to carry on his mother's good government over England and Ireland. In 1566 the Houses are content to draw their instances from events better known to ordinary understandings. The Lords prove by the instances of Abraham, Hannah, and Elizabeth ('whose name your Majesty beareth'), the advantages of leaving posterity; by those of the Empress Constance and of Pedro King of Aragon, that even religious votaries may for the good of kingdoms enter into the nuptial bond: by those of Moses and David they demonstrate the advantages of naming a successor; by those of Alex-

* Let it not be forgotten that Frances Brandon, Duchess of Suffolk, daughter of Mary the French queen, and next in succession to Elizabeth under the will of Henry VIII., took for her second husband her Master of the Horse, Adrian Stokes. By her first marriage Frances had only daughters—Lady Jane Grey and two others; and at the time of her second she was by no means so old as to render it improbable that she might become the mother of a son who would have been at once the heir apparent to the house of Stokes, and the heir presumptive to the crown of England. Unluckily however the marriage did not prove fruitful, so that in a few years all chance of a *Stokes dynasty* succeeding to those of Plantagenet and Tudor passed away, probably for ever. See *Romance of the Peerage*, ii. 268.

ander and Pyrrhus the evils which result from the contrary course. Mr. Speaker Onslow follows in the same vein, but confines himself to a single precedent; as her Majesty has defended the faith of Abraham, her faithful Commons trust that she may share Abraham's desire of issue. But neither prayers nor precedents, nor the plainest dictates of policy, could ever induce her to name a successor; she would give no one a direct interest in her death, while she continued to look with an evil eye upon all the numerous claimants of her heritage. In utter defiance, not only of the extreme theory of divine right, but of the commonest principles of a hereditary monarchy, it was made a matter of imprisonment and *præmunire* to maintain any one to be her heir, except that mysterious 'naturalis ex ipsius corpore soboles,' of which we have already heard. Never till her death-bed, at least, would she entertain the question, and even her dying declaration in favour of the King of Scots is now held by the best historians to be apocryphal.

In money matters Elizabeth does not shine. She boasted of sparing her subjects' pockets, but she certainly sometimes personally accepted of their gold and silver under circumstances which, according to our notions, were hardly princely. It was objected that her numerous progresses were often dictated by a desire to spare her exchequer by quartering herself upon her wealthy and hospitable subjects. To receive Elizabeth was a costly honour, which sometimes entailed the ruin of the entertainer. Her Majesty went beyond the precedent of King Xerxes himself; she not only exacted both dinner and supper for many succeeding days, but a well-filled purse of gold had to be prepared against her departure, to serve as the viaticum of the royal guest. A gift of the like nature, paid in hard cash into the royal palm, was also commonly expected when any municipal body was formally admitted to the royal presence. Yet were these very progresses among the surest means by which her nobler kingcraft sought to maintain the popularity which she so dearly loved. Not a subject was repulsed from her presence; every Englishman might have a personal audience, and personally plead his grievance before the English Queen. On such occasions her tongue was kept back from curses, and her hands from blows; these were the portion of courtiers; good words and gracious smiles were the portion of her people. Prelates, and earls, and councillors trembled before her, but she knew well how to avoid the fatal rock of sovereigns; she took care never

'cerdonibus esse timenda.'

In the particular department of finance no claim of service
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or familiarity was admitted. Debts were rigorously exacted from the dead Leicester and the living Hatton ; but the strangest tale of all is that of her pecuniary dealings with the first and noblest Earl of Essëx. This gallant nobleman, on his expedition to Ireland, entered into a partnership with the Queen, by which they were to divide its expenses ; but as the Earl wanted ready money, he borrowed 10,000*l.* of the Queen at 10 per cent., and mortgaged various estates, under penalty of annual forfeiture of a manor of 50*l.* yearly rent. The details may be studied in Captain Devereux's volume : suffice it to say, that many a fair manor had to be sold to defray the cravings of the royal money-lender, and that his young successor inherited 'little or nothing towards the reputation of an earl's estate.'

Elizabeth was coarse and savage in her personal tastes ; we should almost think beyond the standard of her time, though from her capacity she might be fairly expected to have risen above it. We are told that she never mentioned the name of God without a marked pause and the addition of the epithet Creator ; but there must be an implied exception of those cases in which the name was employed as the vehicle of the frightful oaths in which she constantly indulged. It was the vice of the age, but a vice from which a woman, a Queen, and such a Queen, might have been reasonably expected to be free ; a vice which we can hardly conceive attaching to her sister or to her sister's victim. The same may be said of the barbarous nature of her favourite diversions. The reign of a maiden Queen might well have been selected as the period to wipe out the national disgrace that the pleasures of Englishmen invariably involved pain to some living creature. But Elizabeth delighted in bull-baitings and bear-baitings beyond all recorded example ; even the harmless ape was called upon to contribute by its sufferings to the royal diversion. In the nobler sports of the field the skill and the excitement seem to have been less prized than the actual butchery ; the stag, hunted down by man and beast, was brought to receive its death-wound from a hand which might more gracefully have been raised to command its deliverance. On some occasions she strangely mingled devotion and cruelty, while she ransacked the frozen zone to find objects for her inhuman pastime. She went to hear a sermon at St. Mary's Spital, two white bears following in a cart—we need not say for what purpose they were destined at the conclusion of the discourse. Did the Church of England contain a divine courageous enough to have filled up the interval with an exhortation from the text—'The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast ; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel'?

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From the inferior animals the step was in those days counted but small to the inferior types of the human race. Here Elizabeth has the additional guilt, not merely of continuing, but of commencing iniquity. In her reign, and under her auspices, England became first infected with the guilt of the slave-trade.

Such were the many failings which disfigured the fair fame of 'Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland; Defender of the true, ancient, and Catholic Faith; most worthy Empress from the Orcade Isles to the mountains Pyrene.'* We have had to deal mainly with her private and personal character; her more strictly political crimes or errors—if the first we must mention deserve either name—the imprisonment and death of the Queen of Scots, the embowellings of the Papist, and the burnings of the Anabaptist, are beyond the limits of our present subject. We have only to conclude with the remark already made, that her very failings form, in truth, the clearest testimony to her general greatness. The more we condemn the woman, the more we must admire the Queen. Vain, irresolute, capricious, mean, cruel, jealous, jeoparding, if not surrendering, the choicest jewel of the female character, she never lost the love and veneration of her people: she has never failed to shine among the most glorious lights in the page of history. How great, then, must have been the intellectual grandeur, the capacity for government, the discernment of merit, which have in the eyes alike of her contemporaries and her successors obliterated moral failings of so deep a dye! Her faults are not even on the grand scale of criminality which might have seemed in a manner in harmony with the grandeur of her nobler qualities. They are the petty vices and weaknesses of a vain, malicious, and mean-spirited woman. Yet this same woman takes her place, by common consent, among the very ablest of our rulers: forty-five years of glory did England owe to her, between the contemptible administration of her immediate forerunner and her immediate successor; and the longer we contemplate her chequered nature the more we are impressed with the truth of the dictum which we quoted at starting, that in Elizabeth there were two wholly distinct characters, in one of which she was greater than man, and in the other less than woman.

* Such was the style of her proclamation. See Strickland, vol. vi. p. 66.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Speech of Lord Lyndhurst, delivered in the House of Lords on Monday the 19th June, 1854.* London. 1854.
 2. *The Russians in Bulgaria and Rumelia in 1828 and 1829; during the Campaigns of the Danube, the Sieges of Brailow, Varna, Silistria, Shumla, and the Passage of the Balkan by Marshal Diebitch.* From the German of Baron von Moltke, Major in the Prussian service. 1854.

THERE is an instinct of self-preservation in all communities. That instinct has overcome the aversion to war which is one of the prevailing sentiments of our time. The present conflict with Russia is regarded in England as essentially a people's war, upon the principle affirmed in the brief old maxim that 'princes fight for victory, the people for safety.' The issues of this strife, no matter how glorious to our arms, involve no gain to our power. The contest demands immediate and costly sacrifices: the sacrifices are yielded without a murmur. It proffers no accession of dominion; dominion was proffered as the reward of peaceful connivance. Egypt and Candia did not tempt our diplomacy, and the knowledge of the meditated bribe has inflamed still more the resentment of the nation. Yet the danger we apprehend from the enemy does not menace us in our more evident and material interests apart from the general cause of the human race. We fear no invasion of our shores—there is no ancient grudge of rival commerce. Even an attempt on our Indian possessions seems to us too remote and chimerical for substantial alarm. Nor, on the other hand, is the dormant military spirit aroused by the remembrance of hereditary contests. Here, our remembrances are of alliances, not warfare.

It may be said that political differences supply the place of hostile reminiscences; that between England and Russia there is the necessary antagonism between free opinion and despotic rule. Unquestionably such antagonism exists, and contributes towards that enthusiasm for the war, which, nevertheless, it could never in itself have created. All educated men recognise the same distinction as the Greeks did between the established order of states and the individual ambition of rulers. The Greeks called Polycrates, who subjugated his native Samos, a tyrant; they did not call Xerxes a tyrant, but the Great King. National animosities when purely political are felt rather for those who have risen to be autocrats than those who receive autocracy in right of birth, and exercise it by the sanction of the governed. Yet the Emperor of France is popular, and his alliance, the boast of the former government, is the strength of the present; while all men, educated or ignorant, join in their dread of the Czar, who is called 'father' by his

his people, and who, till recent events, enjoyed a high reputation even among free states for constitutional temperance in the exercise of hereditary power. Nor is the war with Russia popular alone amongst those portions of our community who consider themselves the warmest admirers of democratic liberty, and would fain be the iconoclasts of all images embodying the idea of irresponsible authority. While Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright have done what lay in their power to damp the ardour of the populace they have been accustomed to sway—while Whigs have been hesitating and Reformers timid—the chiefs of that party held to be the least fascinated by abstract theories of liberty, and most disposed to respect the forms of established convention, have been the first to insist upon vigour in the prosecution of the war and guarantees in the re-establishment of peace. We must look then to some cause for the favour which a conflict at once so vast and so indefinite—so onerous in exactions—so barren in profit to dominion and commerce—has found with all classes and sections of our people. The cause is concentrated in one word—a word that comprises a thought more important than dominion or commerce—than hereditary rivalry—than even liberty itself—for it is the end and development of liberty; that word is *Civilisation*. The people have felt that this is a war in which all states that can boast to be civilised—all that desire fair expanse for internal energies, and complete independence of foreign obstacles in the way of domestic progress, have a vital and permanent interest. We repeat that the popular feeling enlisted in this contest has been the instinct of self—to preserve what?—*Civilisation*.

No sympathy so intense and universal is ever in the main erroneous. It is to the multitude what the advocates of mesmerism contend that clairvoyance is to the uninstructed individual—often erring in detail, and blundering in the remedy prescribed, but strangely correct in the general diagnosis of disease. Here, what is detected by clairvoyance is approved by science. What the people obey as instinct, all true statesmen confirm as policy. That which the throne of the Western Cæsars was to Theodoric, the throne of the Eastern Cæsars would be to Nicholas. The barbarian would pass from the outskirts of civilization into its citadel; the destinies of the world would be gradually changed; and if, as in those primal conflicts of nature typified in the old Greek theogony, light were to return at last, and a Helios come to replace the Hyperion it had dethroned, it would be as a new sun looking over a new condition of the earth. The consequence to Europe of such a calamity it would be impossible to exaggerate. Russia, at this time, happily for mankind, is proverbially
inert

inert and feeble for the purposes of aggression. A mode of conscription so odious that her recruits must be kept in chains until they are broken into drill—a length of march across her own dominions that exhausts and decimates her armies before they arrive at the place of action—the necessity of transporting vast magazines of food, with a commissariat as defective as is that of all nations where human life is held in contempt—these and many other causes, too well known to require detail, justify that report of her weakness as an invading power, which the four great military authorities of Europe made to their respective states. Give her Constantinople—let the Osmanlis be expelled or exterminated—and these causes cease, or become but of trivial importance. On the frontiers of the civilised world, amidst the granaries of the East, distances vanish; Nature supplies the defects of the commissariat. It is one thing to march an army from Moscow, another to launch it upon Europe, fresh and vigorous, from the barracks of Stamboul. No country in the globe unites like Turkey in Europe facilities for extension of empire and security from assault. The difficulties which a Russian army has now to encounter in the invasion of Turkey may give some notion of what Turkey would be in the hands of a Russian conqueror: earth could scarcely afford a mightier stronghold for a mightier ravager. Ever since the time of Peter the Great the tendency of Russia is invariably towards maritime outlets for its gigantic resources: but what outlet like the Bosphorus? to use the words we have seen ascribed to a Russian writer, ‘St. Peter thirsts for the bath of St. Constantine.’

That the Czar should have disavowed all immediate intention to occupy permanently the capital of the Bosphorus is natural enough; that the policy of any statesman should have been influenced by such disavowal seems to us not more an unwise credulity in the professions of an individual who had every motive to deceive, than a blindness to the inevitable action of natural circumstances upon national ambition. Take from the cabinets of France or England any one of their most sagacious ministers, place him in the councils of the Russian Czar, suppose him asked for his opinion as a politician what should be the object to which Russia should aspire for the fullest development of her own resources, and the most commanding influence over the fate of her neighbours—would he not answer, ‘Constantinople’? It is true, if you permit him a conscience, he might say with Aristides, on the proposition for destroying the fleets of the Hellenic allies, ‘the most advantageous, but not the most honourable.’ Individuals have conscience, dynasties have none.

No political calculator puts forth his ultimate objects: he
seeks,

seeks, on the contrary, to propitiate opposition to the intermediate steps by concealing the final goal. Nay, he often conceals it from himself. We see this every day in the policy which is called sometimes Reform, and sometimes the Movement. The man whose favourite theory is a democratic republic does not invite the House of Commons to extend the franchise, or substitute the ballot-box for open voting, on the ground that such changes will lead the way to the form of commonwealth he affects. On the contrary, he seeks to conciliate apprehension and counteract resistance by declaring that the measures he advocates would best strengthen the aristocracy and secure the throne. So it is with schemers for the opposite extreme of politics. The democrat and the despot alike steal to their end. But there is this difference between the two: the prudent statesman does often preserve the most valuable elements of order and duration by compromise with the claims of liberty and innovation; but never yet has any statesman served the ends of liberty by conceding the first demands of the despot.

The Czar was, no doubt, however, sincere when he assured the British Minister that he had no intention to seize Constantinople. Seize it! No; he desired simply to weaken, and so to surround it, that Constantinople might, in the inevitable progress of events, rather melt into a treaty than be captured by the sword. To establish a protectorate over the large majority of the European subjects of the Porte—akin to Russia itself in religion—was so obviously to leave the ultimate conquest of the Ottomans to the lottery of political discontent and religious animosities; so obviously to arrogate the power that might incite the rebellion and incapacitate the control; so obviously, whenever the time arrived, to appear—*Deus ex machinâ*—as the champion of the one party and as the dictator to the other; and in some excess of Moslem fanaticism, or in some crisis of Ottoman anarchy, make the usurpation of ambition seem the triumphant revolution of Christianity, or the sole guarantee of social order,—that there is scarcely a mechanic in England who did not solve the enigma which so strangely bewildered the Cabinet. Frankly enough—when the Czar said to Sir Hamilton Seymour ‘that he would not tolerate the permanent occupation of Constantinople by the Russians’—he stated that he would never permit whatever alternative was left to that occupation. ‘It shall never,’ he declared, ‘be held by the English, French, or any other great nation. I will never permit any attempt at the reconstruction of the Byzantine empire, or such an extension of Greece as would render her a powerful state; still less will I permit the breaking up of
Turkey

Turkey into little republics, asylums for the Kossuths and Mazzinis, and other revolutionists of Europe. Rather than submit to any of these arrangements I would go to war, and as long as I have a man or a musket I would carry it on.' But if the Ottoman rule is to cease, as the Czar predicted and prepared for; if no other great nation is to hold Constantinople; if the empire—whatever it be called, Greek or Byzantine—is not to be reconstructed by a people amalgamated from its various tribes, nor, on the other hand, be parcelled out into petty commonwealths: what remains for Constantinople except to be sunk into the Bosphorus? or, much as the Czar might regret the force of circumstances which thrust greatness on him, to merge into the appanage of Russia? True, the adjacent territories might be conveniently disposed of; 'the great nations' might receive each an 'accommodation,' without altering the relative balance of power. The provinces to one, Egypt to another, and so forth. But Constantinople!—but the unrivalled harbour, which can float all the armaments of Europe, yet be guarded by a chain at its entrance—but the sublime fortress that overlooks two quarters of the globe—but the emporium of a commerce which flows thither as by the spontaneous law of nature, without effort, without fail—what of Constantinople? The Czar might divide amongst all legitimate claimants the property of the dead man; but, with usurpation as with murder, the grand difficulty would remain—how to dispose of the body!

We must be pardoned if we appear to insist overmuch upon a view of the subject so superficial and familiar, because that is precisely the view which we fear more refining politicians may disdain hereafter as they have disdained hitherto. All the real substance of this war—all the future consequences to result from the mode in which the war is to be terminated—are involved in our adherence to the conviction that the ultimate object of Russia is the acquisition of Constantinople: all the objects for which we engage in the conflict will be lost, victory could achieve nothing to compensate the waste of treasure and blood, if the articles of peace leave to Russia the same stealthy facilities for that acquisition, which have been hitherto the weakness of the Porte, and the terror of the Christian nations. Even if we grant that previously to the war the Czar held the conquest of Constantinople too remote for practical consideration, the war itself has necessarily forestalled the ordinary progress of time. If he first armed merely to occupy the provinces, we could scarcely now suppose that he would forbear from occupying the capital if the fortune of the war could

could place it in his power ; the, capital once occupied, there could be no loss for a pretext to destroy for ever the throne of the infidel Musulman, and crown, in the name of the Christian cause, the victorious Godfrey of the new crusade.

We waive for the present all inquiry into the conduct of the British Cabinet in the preliminary negotiations. We sympathise with the general view of that conduct at which the practical sense of the public has arrived. No one can give to the Government credit for penetration or firmness in the earlier transactions. But the instant war was resolved upon, blue-books lost their interest as authorities for party censure, an amnesty for anterior offences was conceded in the unanimous desire to support the executive in carrying out the will of the nation, and on the tacit proviso that there would henceforth be no paltering with the grand principles which had enlisted the heart of England in the strife.

The first successes of the Turks startled those who have not studied the campaign of 1828 (as it is told in the narrative of Baron Von Moltke, with a spirit and precision unsurpassed by Polybius), and gave a signal contradiction to the mechanical philosophy which estimates the forces of nations by the figures set down upon paper. Those successes—the intervention of Austria, backed by vast military preparations—rumours, some false some true—the oozings from cabinets, adulterated by the channels through which they passed—have lately given a new turn to expectation. The public have extended their views from a war which they had first regarded as one of indefinite duration to the prospect of a speedy peace. The question men ask each other has ceased to be, ‘What are the chances of the contest?’ but ‘What shall be the conditions of the peace?’ And this is, in truth, the paramount and essential question. The public anxiety found its utterance in the remarkable speech which Lord Lyndhurst addressed to the House of Peers on the 19th of June. Nothing has been said in either House of Parliament upon the Eastern question during this session which has so luminously placed before the public its own thought, or defined with so accurate a precision the policy by which our Cabinet should be guided, and which our armies should accomplish.

Lord Lyndhurst commenced by calling attention to the following passage in the memorandum transmitted by the Cabinets of Vienna and Berlin to their envoys at the Diet of Frankfort:—

“ Both Cabinets have agreed with those of Paris and London in the conviction that the conflict between Russia and Turkey could not be prolonged without affecting the general interests of Europe, and those also of their own States. They acknowledged in common that the maintenance

maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman empire and the independence of the Sultan's Government are necessary conditions of the political balance, and that the war should, under no circumstances, have for result any change in existing territorial positions."

'Now, my lords, I apprehend it is perfectly clear, according to the correct interpretation of that passage, that, when it is stated that "the war should, under no circumstances, have for result any change in existing territorial positions," it means "territorial positions" as between Turkey on the one side and Russia on the other. The passage is not expressed with so much precision as to be free, perhaps, from all doubt; but if any doubt does exist, it will be effectually removed by referring to another document—the protocol of the 5th of December—to which the paper to which I have referred relates. In that passage the Four Powers express themselves in these terms:—

"In fact, the existence of Turkey in the limits assigned to her by treaty is one of the necessary conditions of the balance of power in Europe; and the undersigned plenipotentiaries record, with satisfaction, that the existing war cannot in any case lead to modifications in the territorial boundaries of the two empires, which would be calculated to alter the state of possession in the East established for a length of time, and which is equally necessary for the tranquillity of all the other Powers."

'It is, therefore, perfectly clear, from the document to which I am now referring—the protocol to which the other document relates—that, according to the agreement between the Four Powers, no alteration is to take place, whatever be the result of the war, in the territorial limits between Turkey on the one side and Russia on the other. In other words, according to the principle laid down by the Four Powers, whatever may be the result of the war, as far as relates to territorial position, the *status quo ante* is to remain established. Now, my lords, it may be said, and properly said, that the protocol and the passage to which I have referred were framed previously to France and England entering into war with Russia. Undoubtedly that is so; but after that war had been entered into, the representatives of the Four Powers again met for the purpose of confirming what they had previously done. In the former protocol and documents they had stated what they considered to be the principle of the alliance or connexion between the Four Powers; and after war had been declared by us and France against Russia they met again to sanction what they had previously done, and in distinct terms they stated that they confirmed the principle upon which the former protocols had been founded. Under these circumstances, therefore, and considering the principle upon which we are now acting, and upon which France and the Austrian and Prussian Powers are acting, as well as we, it is extremely difficult to come to any other conclusion than that, whatever be the result of the war, we are finally to put an end to it by restoring Russia to, and leaving Turkey in, precisely the same state as that in which they were anterior to the commencement of hostilities. The document to which I first referred adopts the same language, and after the passage which I before quoted it goes on to say—

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“ The last of the protocols shows that, although France and Great Britain have entered into the war against Russia, the four Cabinets invariably adhere to the principle proclaimed heretofore by them in common, and have united in regard to the basis on which to deliberate as respects the appropriate means for obtaining the object of their endeavours.”

‘ In conclusion, after the passage to which I refer, they come to this determination—that the principle laid down in the original protocol is to be acted upon, whatever may be the end of the war in which we are now engaged. Now, my lords, that that is the principle upon which Austria and Prussia are acting is free from all doubt, because, according to their actual statement, if Russia were to agree now to withdraw from the Principalities, and at the same time to enter into a guarantee as to the integrity of the Ottoman empire, there is no doubt that neither Austria nor Prussia would take any part in the further contest. And if that be true with respect to those two Powers when they are acting in common and on one common principle with the two other Powers, it appears to be clear almost to demonstration—and I must come to that conclusion unless I hear something to convince me to the contrary from the noble earl opposite—that at this very moment the Powers are acting upon the principle, that if Russia should assent to admit the integrity of the Ottoman empire and the independence of the Sultan, and should consent to guarantee that integrity, we must be content to terminate the war upon that principle. Now, my lords, in this paper Austria herself appears to me to be acting inconsistently with that principle, and I do not know how to reconcile the part of the paper to which I am about to allude with that to which I have already referred—I mean that part of the paper which relates to the navigation of the Danube. The navigation of the Danube is stated in that paper, by Austria, to be of the utmost importance, not to her territory and her subjects alone, but to the whole of central Europe ; and in that paper the importance of the navigation of the Danube, and of its freedom from all interruption, is enlarged upon in the strongest possible terms—but, my lords, not in terms by any means stronger than the importance of the subject warrants—its importance, not to Austria alone, nor to central Germany alone, but to the whole of the civilized and commercial world ; and I say, therefore, my lords, that we must not conclude any peace, we must not put an end to this contest, unless we insure the free and uninterrupted navigation of that important river.’ *

Lord Lyndhurst proceeded to show how Russia, having, by the treaty of Adrianople, secured to herself both banks of the Danube, from its mouth to a considerable distance upwards, had effectually interrupted the free navigation of that river, in disregard or evasion of all the remonstrances addressed to her by the other powers ; and the orator impressed on his audience, with all the force of his manly logic, that ‘ unless we remove

* Speech of Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Lords, June 19th, from the report in the *Times*.

Russia from her present position, and unless the limits which she now holds are changed, it is impossible to secure for the future the free and uninterrupted navigation of the Danube.' Can this be arranged by treaty? No! Well might the noble speaker exclaim, 'I have no faith in a treaty of that kind with Russia; it would not be worth the paper on which it might be written.' If then we desire to be true to the object asserted by the Allied Powers, and if we narrow that object to the relief of the Danube from the vexatious obstructions now imposed upon the commerce of which it is the viaduct, it is impossible to subscribe to the principle laid down in the memorandum and the protocols referred to, viz., 'that the *status quo* as far as territory is concerned is not to be altered.' It is only by dislodging Russia from her settlements on the mouth of the Danube that the free navigation of the river can be insured. Again, as Lord Lyndhurst briefly observed, we have encouraged the Circassians; we have supplied them with arms; are we to restore to Russia the chain of forts by which Circassia is harassed and commanded?

These are but single points on which to fix our attention, but they imperatively lead to the general question—If Russia be placed in the same situation as she was before the war, where is our security that the whole dispute will not be re-opened at some moment more favourable to Russia but less propitious to Europe? Such, enforced by ample and masterly illustrations from the secret diplomacy of St. Petersburg, is the argument which has been addressed to Europe by a statesman, whose venerable age and authoritative position lift him above the ordinary passions of party, and whose wisdom here is not the less clear and impressive because it warms into eloquence by zeal for the great interests of humanity, and resentment for the bloodless statecraft by which Russia has construed, with Punic fraud, the treaties she has extorted with Scythian violence.

Since the date of that memorable speech, the victory of the Circassians in the Pass of Dariel, and the active assistance which in the further development of the war the Western Powers will necessarily afford to that brave population, still more compel the Allies in policy and in honour to secure the independence of Circassia in any subsequent conditions of peace. It becomes all important, therefore, that there should be an early and clear understanding with the cabinets of Vienna and Berlin as to the impossibility of retaining the notion of a *status quo* as an element in pacific negotiations. This is the more essential since Austria is placed in the position of the probable mediator—in case the stubborn pride of the Czar should give way less perhaps in the hour of defeat than from the vantage ground of some temporary

temporary success ; and it would be most unwise to leave any doubt upon those leading principles on which alone mediation should be accepted by England and France, in the councils of an arbiter at the head of 300,000 men.

It is impossible to deny that the Earl of Aberdeen's reply to Lord Lyndhurst's speech was, more by individual passages than its general tone, 'a heavy blow' to the Government, and 'a great discouragement' to its supporters. The noble Earl has since wisely taken occasion to add to that reply an elaborate sequel or key, which, if it is not to be called a 'retractation' of his former speech, is a new construction of the text. We are reminded of the ancient oracles, which never retracted the dicta they enounced, but which, when they found it necessary to explain what appeared to the ignorant a mistake, proved that the wise sayings should have received an interpretation precisely opposite to that which the erring sense of the multitude had assigned to them. We are glad, however, that we are relieved from the necessity of criticising Lord Aberdeen's reply to Lord Lyndhurst, by the reply which Lord Aberdeen has volunteered to himself. We accept the vindication of his motives and the glossary of his language. There are some points, nevertheless, in the noble Earl's general exposition of policy upon which we shall hazard a few remarks, and these shall not be on the weaker parts of the first address, but on the general bearings of the second. We think that Lord Aberdeen does not exactly conceive the true ground of the public anxiety, nor the true cause of the alarm which his earlier statement occasioned. The question on the public mind was not What shall be the conduct of the war? but What do our Ministers consider to be its object? Not Shall we want energy in fighting the enemy? but Shall we not show infirmity of purpose when we come to make peace with him? In a word, we were not alarmed for Lord Raglan and Admiral Napier—all our apprehension centred itself in Lord Aberdeen. War did not frighten us—peace did. Accordingly, we should have been better pleased if there had been less guarded reserve as to the general conditions upon which the peace, that Lord Aberdeen argued 'might be nearer than we thought for,' should be concluded, and as to the material guarantees for its maintenance. We thank the Minister for assuring us that the *status quo* is no longer tenable, but we do not in the least gather from his speech what departure from that *status quo* will content him ; nor what may be the due frankness of language with which he will make known to the Cabinets of Austria and Berlin the views and objects of England. In this crisis, we do not quite comprehend the melancholy jest, that his sole communication to the

famous councillor of Austria, was 'his best remembrances,'—in a message through a lady. That illustrious epicurean, Beau Brummell himself could not appear more sublimely indifferent to the vulgar necessities of human business. All Europe is at war: all Europe is anxious to know what part in that war Austria proposes to take; and the Prime Minister of England—whom, in the simplicity of our hearts, we had supposed to be in close and urgent communication with the Prime Minister of Austria upon matters involving the honour of England and the tranquillity of the world—exonerates himself from so unjust a suspicion by assuring us that the only communication that in such an emergency he has deigned to transmit to Prince Metternich, is 'Give him my best remembrances.' The ideal hero of Horace stands before us:

' Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solidâ
Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.'

Seriously, is it too much to expect, after the publication of the memorandum addressed by Vienna and Berlin to the Diet at Frankfort, that the Cabinet of Great Britain would lose not a moment in making a full and manly statement of the nature of those deviations from the *status quo* upon which the contract of peace is to be signed? When the First Minister of the Crown says, in the present state of the war it is 'unwise to lay down conditions,' we must put some qualification on the dogma. Austria and Berlin having already published the conditions on which they appear disposed to negotiate for peace, in the memorandum by which they define what they regard as the object of the war, it would be most unwise on our part not to specify to those powers the differences of opinion which exist between them and ourselves. Vague generalities on such a point will only beget certain misunderstandings. Were it a war for dominion, like that which Napoleon waged on Europe, the conditions would of course vary materially with the fortunes of the strife. But if it be a war of safety and justice, we do not see that the substantial requisites of peace can be greatly altered by any temporary triumph of either belligerent. If we could force our own terms on the Czar at St. Petersburg, at the mouth of our cannon, we should be sorry to ask more than would effectually secure the cause for which we have taken up our arms. If we found the Czar holding his council within the walls of the Seraglio, we should blush for England if we accepted less. In the former case, whatever we enforced as gratuitous humiliation,

or

or in the spirit of profitless^d revenge, upon such a power as Russia, we could not preserve; in the latter case, the resources of England would be a fable, and her proverbial endurance a popular delusion, if we could look upon a Russian victory as a final settlement of the dispute. The terms required do not then appear to us to depend on the vicissitudes of the war so much as on a clear comprehension at the onset of what should be those objects for which we are risking the blood of our sons, and on which we have staked the honour of our country. And although Lord Aberdeen explained that he did not mean to say that he would consent to a return of the Treaty of Adrianople, we are still ungracious enough to feel dissatisfied by the qualification he puts upon his former words; we trembled to hear him add: 'What I said was, that as by that treaty there had been twenty-five years of peace: if by any treaty which the fortune of war enabled us to make we could secure peace for twenty-five years; I said then, and I say now, that, considering the instability of human affairs, we should not have done amiss.'

We think we do amiss altogether when we contemplate at this juncture any treaty that may procure a peace with Russia on behalf of Turkey in any way resembling that peace which is thus twice set before us as a precedent—a peace full of the germs of war. We think we do amiss, in advocating on behalf of the human race the cause of all time, when we formally bound our hope to the purchase of reprieve for a single generation. We think we do amiss when we announce that we shall be content to derive no more permanent security from a contest in which we have engaged with all the force of our military and naval power, than from a settlement in which we confined our exertions to writing a despatch after the business was at an end. Lord Aberdeen professes to be pre-eminently a lover of peace, but the nation love it more, for they will not be satisfied, like him, to shed their blood and squander their finances for a hollow truce of five-and-twenty years. They think with us, that we shall do sadly amiss if we incur the terrible calamities of war for so small a gain. It is now known through the work of Major Moltke—that the English Government ought to have learned at the time—that the Turks in the war of 1828 and 1829, which terminated in the Treaty of Adrianople, would, with the moral support of the other powers, have come off the victors. But Lord Aberdeen was overawed by the apparent might of the Czar. He told Prince Lieven 'that the Cabinet of London desired that the war should be terminated to the honour and advantage of Russia;' evidently because he despaired of Turkey; and hoped no doubt by good wishes for the success of the Czar, while

while the conflict was raging, to purchase a claim to influence the conditions of the peace. Russia did what might have been expected. No sooner had she crushed the Sultan, than she paid no attention to the representations of a pretended friend and a pusillanimous foe, and Lord Aberdeen, when the whole transaction had been settled past recall, found himself under the necessity of making a formal, because useless remonstrance against the treaty of Adrianople. Notwithstanding the superiority which, under disadvantages almost unparalleled, the Turks had displayed in the war, Russia was thus left with the *prestige* of invincible power. It is this delusion which has emboldened her to put forth her unprincipled demands, and has seduced others into granting them. It is this delusion that we hope at last to see destroyed, that henceforth Russia may be more afraid to threaten, and Europe may have greater courage to resist. If the armies of Nicholas are overthrown, his territories curtailed, his protectorates abolished, we believe that we may look, under the blessing of God, for a lengthened peace, and we should think that we did amiss—grievously amiss—if we limited our expectations and exertions to a brief lease of five-and-twenty years.

But not only is such language amiss in itself, it is made still more so when we consider that we are looking to Austria as a future mediator, entreating that power to place itself in a position which may awe Russia into pacification; while we have every cause to suppose that the terms proposed by Austria would not be those that the people of England would desire our Cabinet to accept. And it is clear that those terms may materially depend upon the knowledge, how much or how little would satisfy the expectations of the first adviser of the British Crown. It is not enough at this time to say, 'We will not return to the Treaty of Adrianople:' without any imprudent rashness, we think that Lord Aberdeen might at least have said what were the old articles which are not to be replaced, and given, by the tone and spirit of his speech, some clue to his sentiments as to the new articles that he would deem it essential to frame. So much is said about squaring our course to the fortunes of war, that if Adrianople were again to be captured by the Russians, we are left to surmise that the noble lord might content himself, as he did in 1829, with an eloquent and masterly statement of the evils to be apprehended from a treaty issued from that conquered city several months after it was signed. Nor does this surmise appear altogether unreasonable; for Lord Aberdeen takes care to tell us that he greatly erred in the evils he was then led to anticipate; that 'though the treaty was in the highest degree disastrous and prejudicial,' it is obvious that we

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were under a most exaggerated alarm for its consequences. So practical a statesman may therefore—should the temptation present itself—convert the experience of the treaty—of which the provisos were disastrous but the consequences harmless—into a precedent for assenting to one not dissimilar in spirit though differing in a few trifling details; may say then as he says now—‘however mischievous these conditions, nevertheless we have had proof of the vigour, the energy, the courage, and the heroism with which the troops of the Turkish empire can maintain its independence; we need not, therefore, be alarmed for Europe—these are really but usurpations on paper—and if we gain twenty-five years’ peace, considering the instability of human affairs, we shall not have done amiss.’

Our uneasiness is not lessened by Lord Aberdeen’s discovery that ‘Satan is wiser than of yore’—that, ‘since the treaty of Adrianople, Russia has looked to an extension of political influence rather than to the question of territory—has sought to obtain the same object by different means—by means *calculated not so greatly to alarm the European powers.*’ Thus, in fact, the treaty itself was ‘not altogether so amiss’—it originates or dates a chance of policy more safe for the European powers. We are compelled to dissent altogether from this proposition. We repeat what we stated at the commencement of this Article, that the policy of Russia never foregoes the hope of the ultimate conquest of Constantinople; the political influence assumed in Turkey is but the slow and sagacious progress towards the territorial acquisition; the political influence she seeks to exercise in the Christian cabinets is but for the end of disarming or frittering away the combined opposition, which they otherwise would make to her final bound upon her prey. And that this is no speculative opinion, Lord Aberdeen ought to have known from the very negotiations which preceded the war. Can he have forgotten all that passed between the Czar and Sir Hamilton Seymour? Can he have forgotten the Czar’s desire to separate England from France by secret understandings to the advantage of the former? Can he have forgotten the territorial acquisitions proffered to England in return for her political influence? Can he have altogether banished from his memory the avowed and frank declaration of the Czar that his political influence in Turkey was necessary to him in order to secure hereafter such territorial partitions of the Ottoman empire as seemed good to his Imperial Majesty? And was there nothing in all these consequences, not only of the treaty of Adrianople, but of the previous position of Russia in respect to Turkey, out of which the treaty grew, more alarming to Europe than all that threatened

threatened her from the rude ambition of Catherine? If Satan be wiser than of yore, does the improvement in wisdom make him less dangerous to the souls that he seeks to annex to his dominion? But it is not only passages in Lord Aberdeen's ministerial explanations, which, while affecting philosophical temperance, offend by their untoward indiscretion: it is the whole tone and spirit of those speeches which appear to us to betray the worst kind of imprudence—prudence out of season, and out of place.

When a people voluntarily submit to the burthens and confront the calamities of war, from a just and noble sympathy with human rights audaciously invaded; when the ministers of that people encourage them to the contest, and must rely on their zeal for its endurance; it does not become the man to whom they look as their natural leader to apologise for the enemy—to reason away the magnitude of the cause—to lay himself open to a single suspicion that his whole heart is not in the war, and his private honour not inseparable from that of his country in the conditions on which peace may be restored.

We desire to do no injustice to Lord Aberdeen: we acknowledge his past services; we respect his high repute; we do not for an instant doubt his sincerity. But we are amazed to find so practised a diplomatist so ignorant of the value of words, and the importance of appearances to the substance of things. It is unfortunate when we must say of one who speaks to the world on behalf of England, 'Do not judge him by his words;' and 'Whatever he appears is no index to that which he is!' We do not forget that we have in France an ally high-spirited and susceptible, with long established prejudices against our plain good faith, and that even now a large portion of her population views with suspicion and distaste her banners floating beside our own. We do not think that language like Lord Aberdeen's is calculated to secure the cordiality of our alliance with France, nor to strengthen the hands of her Emperor in his endeavours to render it popular with the malcontents. We know that in Prussia and in Austria we have confederates only to a limited point; and we do not think that the language of Lord Aberdeen is calculated to make them believe that we should stubbornly refuse the peace that they might be disposed to advise. Lord Aberdeen's language contracts the treaties they may now be meditating. We have an enemy who has some cause to say that Lord Aberdeen's language in preliminary negotiation was not that which prepared him for the war that followed; and we think it a misfortune that Lord Aberdeen's language now may leave the Czar equally unprepared to expect that Lord Aberdeen's anxiety for peace, with his confession that he had greatly exaggerated the consequences

consequences of the Treaty of Adrianople, may not induce his consent to compromise for twenty-five years the chance of Russia's territorial acquisition by the admission of her political influence. In a word, we should rejoice to see the true sentiment of Great Britain faithfully represented by the lofty tone and magnanimous aspect of the Minister to whom Europe looks for the expression of our opinions and the solution of our policy.

Lord Aberdeen tells us that that we cannot force Austria to do more than it is her inclination or interest to do. Certainly not; but we can in time prevent the false position in which the Western Powers would be placed if they retained in their protocols and manifestoes the assertion of the *status quo* in the territorial arrangements of the Turkish and Russian belligerents, and Austria were to obtain from the Czar an agreement to peace upon that condition. Should we assent to such condition we in reality betray the cause of Turkey, and indeed of all the mighty interests to humanity which that course involves or represents; should we refuse it, we should seem to belie our own unretracted profession; give to Austria the pretext to arrange her own separate terms with Russia; convert her alliance into neutrality, or probably find a new enemy in the mediator, who could accuse us of bad faith in rejecting the terms to which we had not previously expressed our determined dissent. Nothing now should content us unless we can extirpate the dragon-seed, from which again at any moment can spring up armed men. We should have been satisfied, before drawing the sword, with the evacuation of the provinces; now, our aim is to destroy both the pretext and the facilities for converting those provinces into a Russian camp of occupation. The treaties of Kainardji and Adrianople are no longer to be claimed as the charters of usurpation; they are annulled—they are no more. The Russian Czars are no longer to possess, under the title of religious protectors, a lien upon the heritage of Turkey. The religious protectorate must cease. We consider this object paramount to all. We have a right to assume, as the necessary consequence of an alliance with Christian powers, that the fair rights of the Christian populations in the Turkish empire will be established by the Sultan, and be rendered the more safe and durable when no longer crippled by the jealousies inseparable from Russian interference and domination. The constitution of the Wallachian provinces must be freed from the elements of revolt; the Russians must be no longer the guardians of the mouth of the Danube; Sebastopol must no longer exist as the stronghold of terror to the freedom of Circassia and the sovereignty of Constantinople. We should most carefully

carefully distinguish between punishment for past, and prevention of future crime; between a war of revenge and a war of policy. We do not desire brilliant but useless actions, the plunder of commercial cities, or the ruin of distant forts; we desire that throughout all our strategy, all our diplomatic negotiations, one object henceforth should be steadily kept in view, viz., the entire emancipation of Turkey from the control of the Russian Czars. No treaty that leaves a pretext to insinuate that control should exist; no territorial arrangement that enables Russia to command and garrison the entrances into the Ottoman empire, much less, as at Sebastopol, threaten the capital itself, should be permitted. *This* is the object of the war. Austria may not recognize it; her recognition will depend on the degree of our success and the firmness of our tone. But from first to last, it should never be lost sight of by the Western Powers.

We think it idle now to raise the question on which preliminary negotiations were discussed—the mischievous question which has been the *fons malorum*—how far the Turkish empire can maintain its place in Europe? One thing is clear, that the vitality of states must be judged by the rallying power they evince in the crises of danger. Of this power Turkey has shown herself marvellously possessed. Even in the war of 1828-29, when Mahmud in his haughty refusal of the treaty of London had lost all aid and sympathy from the Christian monarchies—when Greece was torn from his throne, when his fleets were destroyed at Navarino, when his armies of undisciplined recruits seemed little likely to replace with effect even the turbulent valour of the Janissaries—it is startling to see the energy with which the country met the invasion of Russia—delayed her march, baffled her generals, resisted her sieges, wasted her forces; and, yielding at length, recovered from pecuniary extortions that statesmen prophesied would leave her bankrupt, maintained the national spirit—the proud desire of redemption; and rose with as superb a crest as if never bowed at Adrianople, against the first renewed aggressions of her gigantic foe—undaunted at the moment when her present allies seemed about to desert her, and the statesmen of France and England urged her to accept the peace which would have signed away her independence. The existence of nations is not to be calculated only by the numbers of their population, by the monies in their exchequer; and perhaps it is amongst the reasons why a dominant race, established as a minority in the country it has subjugated, endures so long,—that the very condition of its tenure is in the moral force of its valour; and the valour is perpetually maintained by the sense of superiority and the danger which surrounds

surrounds the few who control the many. This was the true secret why the Spartans, placed amidst subject populations of Helots and Perioeci, retained their ascendancy longer than the more opulent and seemingly more healthful commonwealths of Greece.

But, in reality, Turkey took a new life from a cause hitherto scarcely noticed in its ultimate effects upon the vitality and progress of that empire—the destruction of the Janissaries. These troops—as it is well said by Baron Von Moltke—‘which had involved the Porte in continual dissensions with other nations, were everywhere beaten in the field, so that the Janissaries might be looked upon as the real cause of the diplomatic embarrassment and the military decrepitude of the Porte.’ The existence of this Prætorian Guard incapacitated the Turkish government from any amalgamation with the councils of Christian powers: the Divan could promise nothing with certainty—the Janissaries could revoke its decisions; it could accomplish no reforms which interfered with the immunities, or offended the prejudices, of that privileged and intolerant soldiery. The presence of the Janissaries depressed both the military and the national spirit of the people; why should the people take care of the empire—were not the Janissaries there to protect it? Mahmud was to Turkey what Peter the Great was to Russia—with less good fortune, less power, less of that robust sense which the royal shipwright had matured in a dockyard; but still, like Peter, Mahmud was the rude founder of a new era—the first of a race who recognized the necessity of progress and hewed away the primeval granite of inert and stubborn custom, which had blocked up the capacities of movement. Nature had given to Mahmud the faculties most essential to practical reformers—a judgment at once quick-sighted and far-reaching, a resolute will, and an unrelenting courage. If these capacities were deteriorated, and often counteracted by concomitant infirmities, we must be indulgent to the circumstances which were so hostile to the development of his native intellect. But if he had done nothing more than destroy the Janissaries, he would be entitled to the gratitude of his successors; the same stroke which relieved the throne of its insecurity freed the people from an incubus. From that period Turkey has achieved the elements of sovereignty and progress—the power to control her own armies and the liberty to form her own councils. It is true that the Ulemas, or ‘Servants of the Law,’ may in times of great popular excitement intimidate the Divan; but they serve as a machinery, however rude, for representing the sentiments of the people—both in its virtues and its excesses; and if on the one hand they stimulate

to fanatic zeal, so on the other hand they often sustain patriotic purpose.

There is nothing now in the condition of the Turkish empire which threatens dissolution, or forbids a healthful, if gradual progress. And we must not lightly estimate the advantage which historical experience warrants us to hope she may be destined to gain from the friendly intercourse with Christian powers, and that impetus to every energy which follows the repulse of invasion. War, no doubt, is an evil in itself, deserving all the epithets bestowed on it by the philosophy of the closet. But still, in the philosophy of life, there is one war which often advances the civilization of states more efficiently than centuries of peace—it is the war in defence of the native soil—the war for independence from foreign yoke. Had the Persians never invaded Greece, would Greece ever have become the instructress of the world? The Osmanli too may have his Marathon and Salamis. There is no need to exaggerate the capabilities of this empire. We do not say that a Mussulman dynasty can avail itself to the utmost of the immense resources of European Turkey—can pour into its treasury all that might be borne to the quays of Stamboul from the Three Rivers and the Twofold Sea—fill the Golden Horn with formidable fleets, or overawe the Germanic kingdoms with gigantic standing armies. It is not our belief that the government of the Porte can raise the Ottoman empire into a first-rate power; nor is it to the interest or for the safety of the world that a first-rate power should bestride the straits, that it could lock against the commerce of the globe. Our interest—the interest of all civilization—is but to render Turkey in Europe the most effectual barrier in our power against the encroachment of a barbaric force. We have no necessity to re-create an Eastern Cæsar, but to block out the inroads of a northern Attila. It is enough for us if we can read in the map ‘Turkey in Europe,’ instead of seeing in that gigantic chart which spreads from the Baltic to the Wall of China—a new district robbed from humanity, and inscribed in red letters ‘Turkey in Russia.’ We dismiss at once as an obsolete chimera all idea of amalgamating Greeks and Armenians, Servians and Bulgarians, into some new empire to replace the Ottoman rule. Long before such elements could struggle into shape, Austria and Russia, united by common interest and common fear, would quell the mere mob of insurgent tribes. What time and the natural tendency of internal circumstances may hereafter produce on the relative position of the Ottoman rulers and the Christian subjects enters no farther into our policy than to secure for the latter the rights of conscience, and due securities from civil oppression. Our course is as clear
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to wisdom as it is to honour. We find a power already established in Turkey, with ancestral attributes of national integrity and independence—that power, under very adverse circumstances, has shown a courage and temper to assist the object of civilized Europe in maintaining its own stronghold against the progress of Russian ambition. What more could Greek and Armenian, Servian and Bulgarian, fused into one commonwealth, do? This power, then, it is our business to confirm and strengthen, and not to lay down those arms we have taken up in its defence until we have cleared every class of its native subjects, every rood of its legitimate dominion, from one single diplomatic pretext to usurp its authority, from one single territorial hold by which the garrison of Russia can awe its councils and threaten its existence. Unless we effect this, we shall not have preserved the independence of Turkey; we shall only have postponed to a more convenient time the liabilities to destruction. We may sign what cabinets may call a peace, but the common sense of mankind will know that we have relinquished all for which it was worth while to contend; all which a rare and felicitous combination of circumstances—that no statesman the most sanguine can expect hereafter to command—warrants us to believe we could permanently accomplish, for a blotted parchment and a hollow truce.

As we write, events march, and enforce the views for which we contend. War recedes, and peace threatens to re-appear in a shape to justify the apprehensions we express. The siege of Silistria is raised; the Russians have quitted Western Wallachia, and have taken up positions in Moldavia; and diplomatic interferences are again spoken of. By a separate treaty with the Porte, Austria has placed herself under a more direct pledge to co-operate with the Western Powers; and, in reply to a renewed summons of the German States for immediate evacuation of the provinces, the Czar announces himself not unwilling, 'in respect,' it is alleged, 'to Austria,' to resume negotiations on the basis of the Protocol of the 9th April.

'As I suck blood, I will some mercy show,'

saith Ancient Pistol. If this news be confirmed, we trust that it will be something very different from 'remembrances' that Lord Aberdeen will convey to Prince Metternich. Respect to Austria may induce the Czar, at a moment of humiliation and defeat, to re-invite mediation at Vienna; but before any kind of sanction is given to such an attempt by the Western Powers, no doubt must exist as to the complete good faith of the proposed mediator. If, as Lord Aberdeen says—often as bold in the wrong place

place as he is timid where boldness would be prudence—‘ France alone is more powerful than Russia and Austria put together,’ France and England united are surely in a position to obtain from Austria the respect she receives from Russia. That respect will be shown by the nature of the terms she may consider due to the dignity of those powers. And, if the valour of the Turks has deprived us of the occasion to divide with them the glory of defeating their invader, we must at least not incur the disgrace of losing by friendly negotiations what our ally single-handed has effected by force of arms.
